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DON ALFONSO XIII

BOOKS BY MAJOR CHAPMAN-HUSTON
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DAISY PRINCESS OF PLESS. BY HER-
SELF.

FROM MY PRIVATE DIARY. BY DAISY
PRINCESS OF PLESS.

IN PREPARATION:

FOUR REVOLUTIONS AND SOME
THINGS BETWEEN.

(*In collaboration with* H.R.H. PRINCE
ADALBERT OF BAVARIA.)

BAVARIA THE INCOMPARABLE.

(*In collaboration with* H.R.H. PRINCESS PILAR
OF BAVARIA.)



de Lantini

[Signature] *[Signature]*
23 I. 1931.

DON ALFONSO XIII

A Study of Monarchy

BY

H.R.H. PRINCESS PILAR OF BAVARIA

AND

MAJOR DESMOND CHAPMAN-HUSTON

LONDON

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, W.

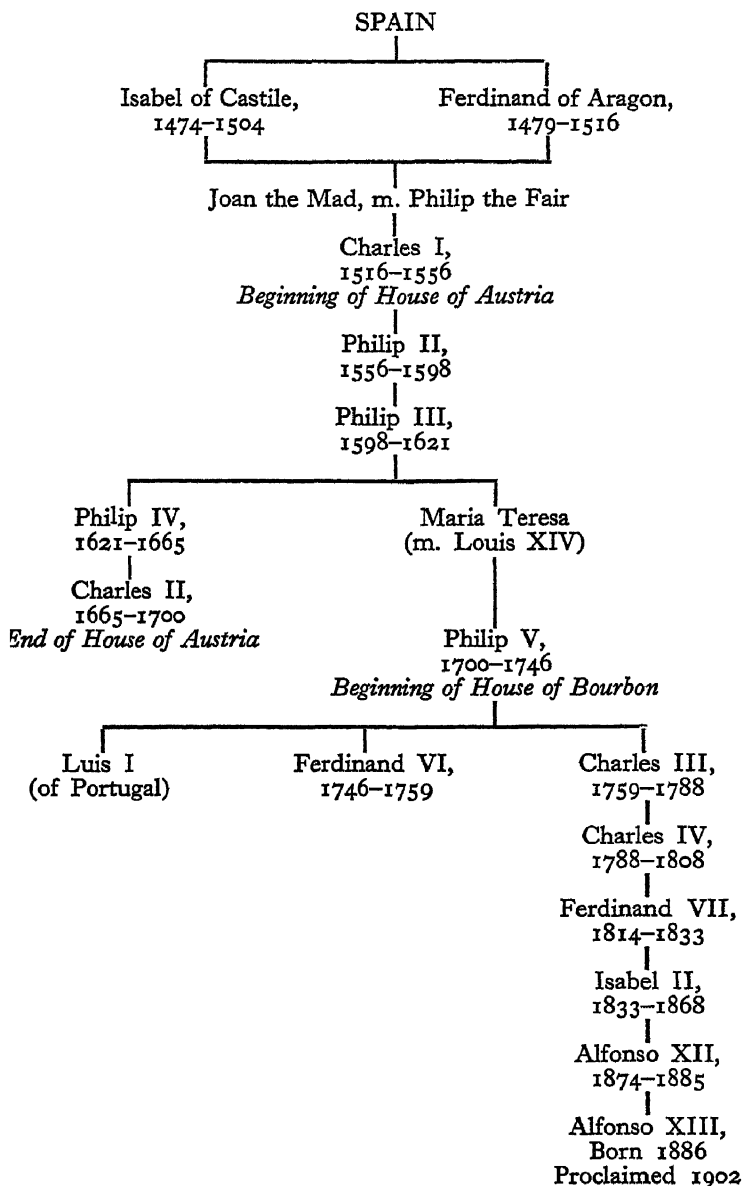
First Edition . 1931

DEDICATED
TO
THE FRAGRANT AND GRACIOUS MEMORY
OF
DOÑA ISABEL FRANCISCA DE BOURBON
Infanta of Spain
Countess of Girgenti, Princess of the Two Sicilies

THE EVER-FAITHFUL FRIEND AND SERVANT
OF THE SPANISH PEOPLE AND A MODEL OF DEVOTION
TO HER COUNTRY AND SOVEREIGN

BORN IN HER BELOVED CITY OF MADRID IN 1851
SHE DIED A BROKEN-HEARTED EXILE IN PARIS A FEW DAYS
AFTER THE OUTBREAK OF THE REVOLUTION OF APRIL 1931
AGED EIGHTY YEARS

CHART SHOWING AUSTRIAN AND BOURBON DESCENT OF KING ALFONSO XIII



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INTRODUCTION

SPAIN, the most genuine country of the West, with its directness, its instinct for the human, personal and dramatic, its strong individualism, its local character and independence, is a fascinating country to visit and describe, but a difficult country to govern. One can count on no homogeneous mass: each Spaniard must be wooed and conciliated, one by one. It is a little like digging a huge field with a spade. The great majority of the Spanish have always been and still are Monarchist, but the Spanish idea of unity is oneness, not union, and they are Monarchists in a somewhat peculiar way. Each Spanish Monarchist seems mystically anxious to become the King's Prime Minister or dictator, and when that cannot be he is inclined to retire into the shell of indifference, aloofness and resentment. After the proclamation of the Republic a Conservative ex-minister admitted that he had voted Republican at the municipal elections of April,¹ not because he wanted a Republic (far from it!), but because he was in a discontented mood. Another prominent Conservative, an impulsive ex-Premier, a man of temperament so mercurial as to deceive nobody, stated that the King had told him that he was the only man who had never deceived him. Each individual case is full of interest and unexpectedness, but to

¹ 1931.

one wishing to work for the interests of Spain as a whole there are the elements of despair. A well-known Madrid newspaper (*A.B.C.* of April 15, 1931) remarked that

“ misrepresentation of the King and his constitutionalism was the work of persons and groups which, having no contact with public opinion, could only rise or fall through the difficult choice of the Crown in the confused crises which they devised, and then according as each fared it praised or blamed the Crown.”

An admirable sentence of the present book, dealing with the days immediately before the fall of the Monarchy, conveys the same impression: “ Everyone seemed to advise the King as though the decision and its outcome merely concerned him personally or his Party.” Certainly, if King Alfonso did not become a confirmed cynic, that was due (apart from his religious faith) to his sense of humour and sportsmanship rather than to any circumstances of the latter part of his reign.

In order to understand Spain one must not only have travelled in Spain, but have lived among the Spanish people and made acquaintance at first hand with the Spanish peasantry. One then realizes that beneath the noisy minorities, the passing phases, international fashions and party cries there remains something permanent and profound, like the great silent sea beneath its waves and foam: a spirit of loyalty and conservatism, strongly tenacious of the past and devoted to its traditions. This great national traditional mass of silent opinion, the mass of silent workers, is represented by the Church and the Monarchy; but politics is not a connecting link. The Spanish are deeply interested not in politics but in life, in the personal drama from day to day. To politics, domestic and

international, but especially to constitutional parliamentary politics, the Spanish people remains indifferent. How often one hears the phrase *No tengo política* said with the virtuous air of one saying "I do not gamble" or "I do not drink." This indifference had a twofold effect: it weakened the hands of the Spanish politicians and preventing them from ever becoming statesmen, making them leaders of office-hunting clans, not representatives of great national forces¹; and on the other hand it enabled the revolutionaries to take advantage of this apathy in order to possess themselves of the political machinery and allowed them to court international opinion rather than the opinion of the Spanish nation. It was significant that during the 1923-1929 dictatorship a small group in Paris kept assuring the world that the Spanish people was groaning in chains, an announcement which the Spanish people could only receive with surprise and laughter. Similarly, it was very significant that in the elections of April 1931 "the rural vote was treated as entirely negligible." (See p. 362.) Constitutional liberty appealed to almost as small a group in Spain as the freedom of religious worship (there is to be plenty of freedom now but no worship, it seems); but both sounded well in the ears of foreigners unacquainted with Spain and with the genuine Spanish toleration which transcends mere forms and formulæ. In the same way the con-

¹ This lack of public opinion is the burden of complaint in the Conde de Romanones' book *Las Responsabilidades del Antiguo Régimen* (1924). Cf. pages 1, 13, 22, 52 (foreign affairs); 58 (Tangier); 71 (Morocco); 117 (Parliament); 337 (Army administration); 344 (finance); 350 (legislation); 353 (elections).

tinually cited facts of five thousand Spanish villages only reached by bridle paths and of the large proportion of Spanish illiterates were likely to make most impression on those who knew Spain least. Those acquainted with the illiterate Spanish peasantry, with their fine character, native dignity, pure speech, courteous manners, abundant knowledge (minds stored with wise proverbs, ancient lore and traditional poetry) and practical insight and ability, and with the happy, healthy life in those villages, could only compare them to their advantage with the conditions in more "advanced" countries. (The way to interest the Spanish in education and book-learning would be to make them not compulsory and common, but a difficult privilege.)

Among the educated, the misreading of Spanish history and constant misrepresentation of the reign of Philip II and of the causes of Spain's decadence could not but react on the Spanish intellectuals and the Spanish Liberals. For many years there was scarcely a foreign book written about Spain which did not lament Spain's backwardness and point to intolerance and bigotry as the reasons. Many of these books have recently appeared in Spanish translations, and Spanish youth, reading these books originally published in nations evidently more prosperous than Spain, was fed on these misrepresentations at the very time when foreign opinion concerning Spain and Spanish history was gradually altering and when Spain was ceasing to be a backward country. With all the strength born of youth and ignorance, they believed that by revolution they were going to transform Spain, which was a happy country, into some kind of

earthly paradise ; and to those convinced that the Church and Monarchy had brought Spain to decay it was vexatious to see Spain attaining greatness again under Church and Monarchy.

King Alfonso XIII's reign had, indeed, been period of perhaps unexampled progress. Literature, art and science flourished and were personally encouraged by the King ; a magnificent new University was founded by the King at Madrid ; agriculture improved on a large scale ; irrigation and afforestation increased year by year ; the weird region of Las Hurdes was transformed through King Alfonso's initiative ; magnificent roads were built ; electricity reached the humblest villages ; the cities everywhere increased wonderfully in size and splendour.

" This reign," wrote a Spanish Republican, " was to be the most important, the richest in historical meaning since that of Charles III. Under Alfonso XIII Spain becomes an industrial nation, reaches the highest level of population since her pre-Roman days, returns to full membership of the world of culture which she had all but led in the sixteenth century."¹

Abuses ? There are injustices and abuses in every country and under every political system. It is even alleged that under republics abuses abound which would not be tolerated for an instant under a monarchy. The history of the republics of the last half century show that the evils from which Spain suffered, excessive individualism, encroachment of minorities, enrichment of middlemen, maladministration, are those which tend to become aggravated under a republic. On the other hand, to no other country in Europe can monarchy offer greater advantages than to Spain.

¹ S. de Madariaga, *Spain* (1930), p. 187.

A revolution is commonly attributed either to widespread discontent and material misery or to a love of liberty reacting against despotism. That of Spain in April 1931, peacefully carried out but most wanton and destructive in character, was due to neither of these causes; as is often the case with revolutions, it sprang out of increased prosperity, not distress, and out of the clash of ambitions based on this new prosperity. The Catalanists altered their policy of isolated rebellion, which had proved costly to themselves, and set themselves to stir up revolution in the other regions of Spain; the old story of the monkey and the chestnuts. The Basques, Catholic and Monarchist, hoped to regain some of their ancient privileges. There was a separatist party in Galicia. Communists, syndicalists and socialists stirred up agrarian trouble in Andalucía and spread subversive ideas among the workmen of the cities. The main difficulty of the revolutionaries was the great mass of the people, which was benightedly loyal or indifferent, or both: loyal to the King, indifferent to politics. The Radicals and Liberal Democrats confessed lugubriously that they made no headway: the people remained Conservative. The Catalanists complained bitterly that the Catalan people was not at their back. At the beginning of 1931 the Republicans could in no sense be called a national party but they were well organized politically, and derived new strength *for the moment* from their alliance, by the pact of San Sebastian, with the Catalanists, Bizkaitarras, Socialists, Syndicalists, and Communists. They found it convenient to throw all the blame for the Dictatorship on the King, although it was due to the King

that the Dictatorship came peaceably to an end. Primo de Rivera was dead ; the King remained.

Tribute has frequently been paid to the King's charm, quickness and courage, his sensitive sympathy, his stimulating influence, his peculiar combination of *llaneza* and distinction. Less has been said of his practical statesmanship and cautious foresight. With infinite patience King Alfonso XIII steered the ship of State through years of confusion and turmoil. He acted as a moderating as well as a stimulating influence, welcoming the most progressive ideas in legislation, checking the exorbitance of individual groups. General Primo de Rivera's rule was no doubt arbitrary as well as beneficial ; but one can only pray that the Spanish people may never have to endure arbitrary rule *without* the King's controlling authority. During difficult years the King worked steadfastly to bring order and progress out of dissension and inertness. He had to work with the tools ready to his hand. What these tools were is pretty well known, something of them will be seen in the following pages. Even the best of them, Don Antonio Maura, was a difficult man to deal with, full of sudden impulses and sensitive resentments.

During the final crisis the King could not get into touch with his loyal subjects. As a practical man, with an exquisitely sensitive awareness of a situation, he realized that, although the majority of the nation was Monarchist, the Monarchy was not for the moment a working proposition. He had done everything in his power with the instruments at command, putting up a fight which won him the admiration of the world. One weapon remained : he might throw his country into civil

war; but he would rather stab himself. Some may think that it was a mistake for the King to leave Spain, and that even a sharp touch of civil war would have been preferable to the suffering and evils now in store for that unfortunate country. But if it *was* a mistake (and in judging the point one must always remember that no one knows Spain better and loves Spain better than King Alfonso, who was working for Spain before most of the present-day Republicans were born) it was a generous mistake, that of a man who had always set Spain above all other considerations and had aspired consistently to be "the first in devotion to his country," and whose only crime was to have loved his country more than the Constitution, unlike those who hold that republican or constitutional principles should be a sacred strait-waistcoat into which the people must be ruthlessly fitted. What admits of no doubt is the ineffable hedging and irresponsibility of the politicians at that time, and the way in which the Republicans, by throwing in their lot with the enemies of public order, mortgaged the future of their country.

Those who know Spain from within knew that the country continued Monarchist at heart. To observers at a distance it might well seem otherwise. The people in Spain, especially the mobs of the cities, is easily manipulated. Those who were in Spain in 1910 and in 1917 know how movements apparently national were organized and maintained by a few international agitators and were connected with movements in Portugal. But at any rate the general election of June 1931 was to be free; it was to show Europe whether Spain was really and truly Monarchist or Republi-

can. But, although the Provisional Government ostentatiously refused to interfere in the election, it found someone who would. A series of Communist outrages, later (after the election) almost energetically condemned by the Government, made it dangerous to come forward as a Catholic or a Monarchist. The elections were free in the sense in which, according to a famous Spanish quatrain, thought is free in the eyes of a Radical: "Free thought loudly I proclaim, and down with him who does not think as I." After this systematic intimidation scarcely a hundredth part of the parliamentary candidates (over a thousand candidates, belonging to twenty-five parties) was composed of Monarchists. Surely the world must now be convinced that Spain is Republican (were not the elections orderly?), that there is no longer divorce between the politicians and the people and that the Spanish nation was frankly and loyally represented in the general election: *franchement et loyalement*, as Dumas' milady would say, with her *indicible expression de duplicité*.

The King stood for democracy and the Spanish nation as against the despotism of minorities. He left to the Republic a splendid heritage: a country rich and prosperous, endowed with all the instruments of modern progress, and on terms of friendliness with the other European Powers. The Republic is likely to need these advantages. Aware of its weakness, that of a minority resting on other minorities (those of the Syndicalists and Socialists), it has a gigantic task before it in attempting to fit the Spanish people into the Republic. The troubles of an old woman driving home pigs from market is a trifle in comparison. In order to do this

effectually it must undermine the Roman Catholic religion (separation of Church and State, destruction and expulsion of the Religious Orders); transform education (introduction of lay schools, abolition of Roman Catholic schools and colleges); weaken the family (facilities for divorce); and redistribute wealth (appropriation of land, imposition of special taxes, a direct tax on capital, and all those other ingenious devices of which other countries are becoming a trifle weary).

But the process will be confronted by three great obstacles. The tendency in Spain is either towards unity or towards fragmentarism, cantonalism, chaos. Already we have twenty-five political parties, strikes, murders and incendiarism in all parts of Spain; talk of a Catalan Republic, a Basque State, a Galician State, a Free State of Andalucía: presently no doubt each village will be proclaiming itself *Nosaltres Sols* and setting up the free State of Mozuelas de la Carballeda and the Republic of Salanillas de Bureba.¹ Secondly, in the ignorance of the Spanish peasantry it may plausibly for the moment be alleged that one rich man makes a thousand poor; but since the destruction of wealth—however enchanting the cry—in fact begets poverty and unemployment, the disillusion resulting is likely to lead, after some Communist excesses,

¹ When *The Times* of May 27, 1930, remarked that the Spanish people had to choose between the reigning Monarch and King Chaos, Professor de Madariaga, intimately acquainted with the character and conditions of his country, answered in *El Sol* (Madrid) that the anonymous writer evidently had an axe to grind! It seems never to have occurred to him that a foreigner might like and admire the Spanish people sufficiently to wish to save them from a dismal fate.

to a saner reaction. It will be realized, for instance, that the King's wealth, such as it was, was a means not of impoverishing but of enriching the Spanish people; as the authors of this book remark, his concern was primarily not with money but with results beneficial to Spain. Thirdly, the Spanish people, often illiterate, has a shrewd insight into character and is a good judge of men. It has a great fund of good sense and *gramática parda*. It may be indifferent to politics and inclined to believe with downright Samuel Johnson that "most schemes of political improvement are very laughable things"; but when it comes to interference with its own welfare and way of life (as in the period of group anarchy immediately preceding the *pronunciamiento* of September 1923) it can become a dangerous people to meddle with and can assert its native independence.

The only way to reduce the Spanish peasantry may be to treat it as the Russian *kulak* is being treated. Woe to the Communist Napoleon who attempts it! The Spanish people, apparently apathetic, has still a great power of resistance. Narrow and fanatical? By no means: it is only that, like the Basques, they cling to the essential things. But suppose the Republic to have surmounted all its difficulties, to have escaped anarchy, chaos, and civil war, and become peaceful, united, stable and national. The Spanish nation would still have to lament the loss of a great public servant, the most patriotic and progressive of Spaniards; like his aunt, the Infanta Isabel, Spanish of the Spanish: a loss by which the whole nation is sensibly diminished. The humblest man who chooses a career and works at it to the best of his

ability for thirty years is not lightly dismissed: a king cannot choose his career, but that does not make the injustice less. A foreigner can only presume that all is not well with Spain when she rejects ideas and persons that are very Spanish. "What we now see is not Spain."

On the whole one may have faith in the love of justice, the innate sense of rightness and the practical good sense of this chivalrous people. It is only because the Spanish often fail to realize that the King is not the most powerful but the most burdened man in Spain that they leave him without support. No doubt "a great wave of vulgarization is sweeping over the world" and "the finer values of civilization are slowly but surely being destroyed"¹; but the most naturally aristocratic of peoples is not vulgarly inclined and is unlikely to remain long the dupe of international agents. In the long run it will choose what is best for Spain's good name and prosperity as well as for its own happiness and for liberty and progress as opposed to the tyrannical and retarding action of minority groups and factions. Gradually the Spanish people will recognize the immense debt it owes its King, not only in external affairs but in domestic politics. And the illiterate peasantry doubtless will soon see where its true interest lies. It was said long ago that "a monarchy is the best government for the poor to live in and a republic for the rich," but there is an even older saying that "a house divided against itself cannot stand." Spain had only to wait in order to see country after country of Europe come to its senses socially, politically and financially, or go irrevocably to ruin. Spain's

¹ Lawrence Hyde, *The Prospects of Humanism*, London, 1931.

revolutionaries are a generation behind the time. The modern Spaniard is he who sees the fatal ills inflicted on other countries by revolutionary legislation and seeks to avoid them for his own.

To those who would have the materials to enable them to distinguish between true and false democracy a well-informed account of Spain during the last fifty years is of great importance. The authors of this book from their personal knowledge (Major Chapman-Huston was in Madrid during, and for some months before, the Revolution and was received many times by the King at the Palacio de Oriente) have written a vivid and exact narrative which is profoundly moving in itself and contains valuable material for the future historian.

In the bewildering succession of events of which Major Chapman-Huston was thus an eye-witness he showed not only an artistic power of concentrating unerringly on dramatic incidents and significant detail, but a sympathetic insight into Spanish character and the aims and ideals of the real Spain such as it is given to few foreigners to possess. The Princess Pilar, Don Alfonso's first cousin, has intimate memories of the King and his family, dating back to the end of the nineteenth century. Her knowledge of the Spanish Court and its ceremonies and of the life and character of the King and the Royal Family may be said to be unique, her quick eye and keen sense of humour having enabled her to make the most of her unrivalled opportunities.

The King is seen here not against a background of empty anecdote but as part of the history of his time. The writers have faithfully drawn the picture of a great Spaniard, a truly representative

man (representative, that is, of the true Spain), who will always be numbered among the greater Kings of Spain. His very mistakes have been generous mistakes, worthy of a great people and a great king. By an apparent paradox, a paradox which is becoming too frequent in the twentieth century, his reign ended in failure because it was a triumphant success.

AUBREY F. G. BELL.

July, 1931.

THE AUTHORS' INTRODUCTION

I

HERE we have a man : Don Alfonso XIII is not a king from a mediæval stained-glass window, nor a pink and white baroque figurehead from the eighteenth century : still less is he a regal nonentity. To paint honestly the portrait of any man is perhaps impossible. A pen inspired only by love or admiration will not do it : nor, in the modern fashion, will one dripping dislike and cynicism ensure success. Too close or too distant a view means distortion. Whether subjectively or objectively sought for, truth can still evade. A man while living is hard to paint ; dead he is harder still because to question him is impossible. Questions must then be addressed to his survivors, who tell, not the truth, but their truth. A real man—and it may be assumed that no one wants a portrait of a uniform or a tailor's dummy—if questioned fairly and disinterestedly will, at least, tell you his own truth. And for each of us our truth is the truth : all the difficulties of painting a portrait of a man are greatly intensified if that man be Don Alfonso XIII of Bourbon and Hapsburg, Catholic King of Spain. In many ways he is a representative man ; perhaps one of the most representative men alive. It may well be that the truth concerning a human being can only be arrived at intuitively : nevertheless, a bald list of prominent characteristics may help : vivid, ingenuous, human, sporting, expansive, reserved,

dignified, a hard worker, hard player, hard fighter, good friend, magnanimous foe ; practical, realistic, elusive, gallant and brave beyond all living men, not merely brave with the red-hot courage of war, but with that far rarer far finer courage that lives every moment in the sight of death ; death, sudden, hideous, treacherous ; and lives calmly, happily and smilingly. The man who has always put Spain and his destiny first. The man of unremitting toil, whose reign has been one long political perplexity. The man who knows the great loneliness of being King of Spain. The man who has won, and kept, some of the finest friendships in the world, and who has again and yet again been betrayed by those on whom he counted and whom he loved. And yet, there is no bitterness, no fundamental disillusion, no cheap cynicism. He never knew a father, therefore to him his mother was all in all. He gave her reverence, untarnished love, a spotless devotion, and the grave has not divided them. Born a King without brothers or uncles ; without equals, without superiors. No background, no shelter ; save the mother's heart, no defence. Reared, not in a cradle tucked quietly away in the happy, safe obscurity of a home ; but on a throne for all to gape at, to criticize, to wonder at ; to respect and revere ; but never, never to come near and greet with a caress or a cuddle. Governors, tutors, equerries—yes : but they all kiss the boyish hand and see not childish curls but the ancient crown of Saint Ferdinand. Can this man, born of a dead father, brought up so, can he be as other men ? We look, and wonder. We want to know. Can we know ?

Well, here is the story.

II

THE genesis of a book is always of some interest.

Deep down in the heart of every fair-minded person in the world lies a strong impulse to speak for those who cannot do so for themselves. It is an immutable convention that Kings must keep silent; they may not enter the arena of public controversy and conduct their own defence. Hence this volume. The difficulties in writing it have been endless: yet difficulties can be stimulating, and the task, however inadequately performed, was well worth while.

Don Alfonso XIII is the best known and least understood man in the world to-day. Their very familiarity with his outward doings, his personal acts and appearance, has blinded most people, even amongst his own countrymen, to the deep reality of the manhood behind the glittering King. He has reigned for nearly thirty years, which is longer than any other monarch except Queen Wilhelmina of Holland and King Victor Emmanuel of Italy. Born a King, and succeeding to the throne when he was sixteen, he has served a longer and more intense apprenticeship to his job than any living Ruler. A man of vivid, intense vitality, unusual gifts, and great magnetism he has all the Bourbon charm and can, like his grandmother Queen Isabel II, arouse frenzied devotion or frenzied opposition. You can love, or hate, Don Alfonso XIII; the one thing you cannot do is to ignore or be indifferent to him. In other words, he is a complete man. Spain, with one of the most illustrious of histories, is one of the most difficult countries in the world to govern as that history amply proves. Probably the most widely gifted, highly civilized and individualistic

people alive, the Spaniards steadfastly refuse to fit into any machine-made mould or conform to any conventional type : always putting life before mere living, they think dramatically and pictorially and, being by nature aristocrat and idealist, demand perfection. Their mentality and outlook give them powers of criticism which, not being sufficiently balanced by powers of co-operation and sustained effort, make them in the mass more destructive than creative. This is why anarchism has always appealed to them. Havelock Ellis says :

. . . Spaniards, peasants and workmen alike, are attracted to the ideals of Anarchism. There is no country in which Collectivist Socialism of the Marxian School has made so little progress as in Spain, and Anarchism so much progress. This has been the case for at least forty years.¹

Don Quixote went about destroying facts in his passion to recreate ideals. The Spaniard's thirst for perfection is, like all spiritual thirsts, a deadly and destructive thing. His quest for the ideal, like all spiritual quests, must be followed alone. An Anglo-Saxon, thirsting for the things of God, cannot face the great aloneness, and therefore seeks to hide his unbearable sorrow and regret by marching with the shouting crowds : the clamour dulls the inner voice. The Spaniard, more nearly right and far more courageous, follows the opposite course, looks inward, stumbles on—alone. Such men cannot be led to storm the utmost heights ; they cannot be dragooned or driven one yard. This intense sense of being *hombre*—man—leads, in modern conditions, to endless paradoxes and difficulties. Yet it is probably the most priceless asset left alive by the stranglehold of modern industrial

¹ *The Soul of Spain*, London, 1908.

civilization. It is doubtful if this civilization can be preserved; more doubtful still if it is worth preserving: but, if it be either, it is only the rich genius of the type lying at the roots of the Spanish character that can save it. This genius must be set free so that it may save the world. The abiding fascination of Don Alfonso is that he is a representative Spaniard with all a Spaniard's genius and defects.

They erected the other day in the Plaza de España in Madrid an imposing stone monument to Cervantes, that lonely genius who first fathomed the soul of Spain. It is no more successful than any other similar grandiloquent gesture in stone. Near the top are the two stone orbs symbolic of Spain's ancient overlordship in two hemispheres—the east and the west. But the symbolism is far more pregnant and significant than that. In reality it sets forth Spain's dual kingship in two realms, the real and the ideal, and, if it be so accepted, is true enough. But the absolute significance of the memorial lies in the two mounted bronze figures which stand some distance away from the white stone plinth bearing the seated Cervantes: this separation, at first sight disconcerting, is absolutely right. The figures, created by the genius of Coullant Valera, are Sancho Panza, riding well ahead with his stubborn, shrewd, indomitable peasant figure on his stubborn, patient, eternal mule, his fat belly filled with earthly bread; some distance behind is the Don, thin, aristocratic, visionary, starving for the bread of heaven, wearying for a glimpse of the Holy Grail, compelled by an uneven fate to ride eternally his sorry Rosinante across the arid Castilian plains, when he wanted

only on bleeding hands and feet to climb Montserrat, the great Spanish mountain where the Grail lies hid. No modern monument in the world has the same abiding truth and significance as this. Passing it the other day the Infanta Paz said: "That is Spain." So it is. Shakespeare created men as dual-natured as Hamlet, Lear, Macbeth: it was left to Cervantes, his great contemporary, to grasp the fact that the Spanish genius is so dual-natured, so uniquely individualized, that it could only adequately be typified by two men instead of by one. And there it is set forth for all men to see for all eternity (because such divine creativeness belongs to eternity and not to time). Perhaps, like the plan of Salvation itself, it is too simple for men to see?

There rides ahead Sancho the shrewd, cynical, philosophic, sensible, easy-tempered, lazy, contented, pot-bellied Spaniard living a moment at a time, happy if he has food, wine and sunshine: looming ever behind him, his own spiritual shadow, rides eternally that other half of him, Quixote the deathless visionary.

At times they turn and rend each other. That is their inescapable destiny. Then there is what the world calls a "revolution in Spain." But true Spaniards know that it only means that, once again, they are at odds with the Godhead in their own hearts.

III

SANCHO PANZA in Spain, as is his nature, goes seeking for material things. The great new business of noise; skyscrapers in Madrid; exports; new railways and roads; petrol; telephone and wireless; kinemas; mines; shipping; the vast

business of ports like Barcelona, Valencia, Cadiz ; the importation of foreign goods, foreign ideas, strange foreign political philosophies ; all the ragged, tawdry, unsatisfying business of being " advanced " and modern : all its plethoric emptiness. Men, fine men like Cánovas, Canalejas, Dato and Primo de Rivera have given her these things, and then she has murdered or banished them. Why ? It is because she hungers for holy bread and they give her prosperity ?

Only the idealist can fall to the depths, because only he can scale the heights. When she was licked by the United States, Spain for a time fell into the deeps of pessimism, not because she was defeated, but because she was defeated by overpowering numbers ; the spirit resenting and rebelling, as it ever will, against the tyranny of brute force. Years elapsed. Then she came to see that to be conquered by mere material force is not defeat at all. Lifting her head above the debris of war she saw that the stars still shone above Montserrat. The wisest sons of Spain, her truest friends everywhere, cried out to her to keep looking above : to look within. To decline to become Americanized, or Anglicized, or Frenchified, or Germanized, or Russianized—to remain Spain : they were not, it is true, agreed as to how it was best for her to do it, but the purest and best of them knew that it must be done. Don Quixote with God's spear in his hand and God's spirit in his heart went about attacking windmills, fighting exterior material things, instead of fighting to conquer the duality in his own heart.

Is this to be Spain's eternal destiny ? Eternally striving ; eternally frustrated ?

The world looks on ; cynical, amused, indifferent, or merely bored ; not realizing that Spain is fighting the world's battle ; if she stands, the old civilization, the old cultures, regenerated and spiritualized, may survive : if she falls, then strange, terrible, destructive forces will be let loose upon the earth.

The Spaniard and the Irishman understand, and rather like, violence ; the Anglo-Saxon misunderstands and dislikes it. Violence has a rightful place in all true personal and collective life : where there is violence there is life. Even gentle Keats said : " Though a quarrel in the street is a thing to be hated, the energies displayed in it are fine ; the commonest Man shows a grace in his quarrel." Where the citizens are uncorrupted with doles, or have not become anæmic from consuming too much newspaper pap, violence will be found. With the fear of Russia before her, England to avoid violence, introduced the dole ; violence, internal violence, might have remade her ; the dole, and all it represents, will destroy her. Labour men, Liberals, and even Conservatives, are, perhaps, now beginning to have a glimmering of the fact. Perhaps. The United States fights the idea of a dole ; no self-respecting Spaniard would accept it. A Spaniard can beg from another because all men are equal ; he cannot accept a dole from the State for the same reason. True, he can enjoy a plurality of offices, or receive a life pension for comparatively slender services, but that is because he is a fatalist and a gambler and takes his luck as it comes ; he is a man, capable of violence and, as long as he is so capable, is in no danger of degenerating into a parasite. He can beg, even rob, because, so, he retains his freedom. He can be poor if he must ;

he can never become a pauper. Perhaps the truest sign of health on the American continent is the fact that its citizens accept violence as a part of normal life. Where there is no violence there is death: then only the worms are active, every higher creature having perished.

Spain, unfortunately for herself, is "good copy." Standing as she does between Europe and Africa, she is still a land of mystery. Everything about her is, therefore, magnified and misunderstood. In all healthy growing children, in all strong personalities, in all sturdy developing communities, there are outbreaks of violence. Woe to you, it might well be said, when violence shall cease. Since the Great War affairs in England, and, to a lesser extent, in other parts of Europe, have been handed over by those who ought to know better, to smug, pale pink gentlemen in tight, thin-soled boots, lavender gloves, and odd-coloured ties (often red), who go about on political stilts, looking down on everyone else.

How can such persons understand Spain of the Cromagnon man, of the Neolithic man, of the Phœnician, the Greek, the Celt, the Iberian, the Carthaginian, the Roman, the Visigoth, the Moor and the Christian? Not modern Americanized industrial Spain, but Spain of the deep, old, strange past, where every man is a King—and where the King is *hombre*—man. How can political caucuses, parliamentary compromises, committees, conferences, Trade Union rigmaroles, and all those odd people with the minds, intelligence, ideals, fears, inhibitions, complexes, the accumulated mass of chronic anxieties peculiar to unoccupied maiden ladies, understand such a virile, naked, defiant, valiant

people ! A people whom you cannot coerce, dragoon, cut to a pattern, or pervert with political dope and doles into a witless herd of newspaper-ridden voters : a people whom you can only lead, and whom, to win as followers, you must lead greatly. Captains and Kings they understand ; Priests, high Priests of God they have understood and can understand ; Saints they have made, can make, and can understand ; but deciding great destinies and great issues by counting dunderheads is to them, as yet, a mystery. Thank God, to the elect, such stupidities will always be a mystery. Little days, little measures, little men ! They overrun the world. Passionately, instantaneously responsive to leadership, it is not surprising that the Spaniard often has been, and often will be, led astray.

Representatively, there is simply no comparison between a King and a President. A sovereign, however inadequate, represents the whole people ; a President, however brilliant, only that political party which happened, at the moment of his election, to be in the ascendancy. The great United States has even seen the spectacle of a President reigning at the White House after the Party that elected him had ceased to represent the majority of the electorate, so rapidly, under modern conditions, can political fortunes rise and wane. No Kingdom need ever be exposed to the humiliating experience of the United States at the Versailles Conference of 1918-1919. President Wilson came over, or so Europe in its ignorance imagined, as the Head and the representative of the United States of America. The manner in which we had to realize that he was neither one nor the other would have been ludicrous, were not its unhappy consequences

so tragic for the whole of the world. If the President of a Republic is to be something more than the nominee of a Party, then the tendency will be for him to sink to the position of a mere, mediocre, temporary figurehead. That, naturally, is not the ambition of any man of real ability. Nevertheless, the conditions are such that these are the only alternatives. There is in Spain no man sufficiently representative to be President of a Spanish Republic. If there were, Spain as a whole, because of its powerful local and regional pride, would never admit it. No one less than a King is great enough to represent a Spaniard either in or out of Spain. Intellectually a Spaniard of the *intelligentsia* may deny this; intuitionally—and all true Spaniards live intuitionally—he knows it to be true. In every Spaniard there is this, to bourgeois Europe, strange combination of aristocrat, idealist and peasant. The Don Quixote in him demands a King; the shrewd peasant in him knows that only a King, a man, can rule Spain with success.

Spaniards themselves are astonished at the seriousness with which Europe takes the Republic: apart from a few fanatics they do not take it very seriously themselves. They wanted to read Don Alfonso a lesson; to make a dramatic gesture; to indulge in a natural enough fit of exhibitionalism. For the moment Don Quixote and Sancho Panza are parted; presently they will come together again.

What will happen then?

IV

To trace the history of Spain for the past thirty years is not the object of this book. It is a study

of Don Alfonso the Monarch and therefore episodes in which he played the leading part, events in which he was the deciding factor, moments when he and his destiny met face to face, have, as far as possible, been emphasized. It has not been easy to choose the right moments, to decide what should be taken, what ignored. The history of the reign is unbelievably complicated. All that we have tried to do is to remind the intelligent reader of the main facts, and present the facts, as we understand them, in true relation to our subject. In a life of Don Alfonso a writer might deliberately set out to deny that he was a hero, yet, even as water silently finds its own level, heroism would creep in unawares. We hold the view that anyone who unflinchingly does what they believe to be their duty against all odds, and with such weapons or tools as lie to hand, is a true hero ; whatever the apparent results. But our hero is in the ancient, not the Victorian, tradition ; he is imperfect ; he has faults ; has been guilty of mistakes. Like Achilles, he is in the great tradition, only more so, because he has two heels instead of one. His enemies (of course all real heroes have them) have concentrated ever much on the heels. Their task calls for sympathy. How can you examine a hero's heels if he declines to run away ! He stands his ground, abides by his own acts, only asking that others concede his unflinching loyalty to and love for Spain—even as he always concedes theirs.

Clearly to apprehend all that Don Alfonso stands for in his own country, in Europe, in the epoch in which he lived is at present impossible. We are too close to it all to get a just perspective.

It is equally impossible to judge finally as to

recent events in Spain. In every nation there is both froth and scum, the froth at the top and the scum at the bottom. In moments of extreme crisis they meet : for the present, owing to turmoil and ferment, this has happened in Spain. The great bulk of the Spanish people are silent, chagrined—perhaps dispirited, waiting on events. But they are by no means overborne, and their natural resilience, surviving all perplexities, will one day reassert itself, and Spain will be herself again.

V

OBSERVERS, both historic and contemporary, have often been amazed at the swiftness with which political storms and crises come and go in Spain. This is characteristic : Spanish force is largely destructive and soon evaporates : they are a vehement, not an energetic race. It will be generations before Spaniards learn to co-operate on a Parliamentary basis. Long before this happens Parliamentary government as it is known to-day will have passed into the realm of mouldy and obsolete systems. At the end of his career Primo de Rivera said : “ Spain can only be governed by muskets ” : Don Ramiro de Maeztu has said Spain is a Military Monarchy, and can never be anything else.¹

To understand the Spanish temperament and the impossibility of establishing at present a stable Parliamentary government in Spain, a brief glance at historic conditions is essential. First of all the word Spain is misleading. Spain is not one, but several peoples. There are Castilians, Andalusians, Aragonese, Basques, Catalans—and, while in one very profound comprehensive sense, all are

¹ *Spectator*, March 21, 1931.

Spaniards, none are Spaniards in the facile sense in which the word is used by the average person writing in English, French or German. While this accounts for the extraordinary variety and richness of the Spanish character, it makes their government an extremely difficult problem. You can only ride the Spaniard on a loose rein : he is the last man in the world to fit into a tyranny such as that of Soviet Russia. Nevertheless, at the moment, he is the dupe and tool of the Communist Agent because he is told that, under Communism, there will be no King. The " people " will be king and he, personally, will be " the " leader of the people. Every Spaniard wants to be first.

VI

No ruler has seen so many advisers and governments come and go as Don Alfonso ; no Sovereign has had such a wide experience of men and affairs.

Rulership in modern times is one of the most difficult and exacting tasks imaginable. The Spanish people, with their vivid, rather harsh, imagination are at times easily led away, but, at bottom, they are a sternly realistic and practical people. They are, therefore, most unlikely to cast permanently aside the one man in the world who knows his job better than any other in the same business, simply to enable party politicians to put at the head of the great Spanish people one mediocre figurehead after another, as they did under the short-lived Republic of 1873-4.

They know from experience all that Don Alfonso has done for Spain ; they realize intuitively all that he yet may do. Perhaps an impossible people to

rule; certainly a terribly difficult people over whom to rule; but what a magnificent people to lead!

The Spanish are not an organizing people like the British, nor an organizable people like the Germans. They think in personalities, not in constitutional formulæ, therefore, to them, a King has always been a necessity and, in spite of certain temporary indications to the contrary, it is safe to say always will be a necessity.

Their glorious, but comparatively short reign as Empire builders is one of the many indications that go to prove this. They could find great men to go out and conquer empires; they have to some extent lacked the lesser men needed to carry them on. Spanish energy at its highest can be a blazing thing; but it is apt to end in the smoke of political wrangling, or die down into the grey ashes of disillusion. Of all this there is clear evidence in their political history. Of political leaders they have produced many, a few only being of first rank; of political institutions they have, so far, produced none. These, and many other similar considerations, go to prove that Kingship is more immediately important in Spain than in most other countries. Those who wilfully, indeed arbitrarily, assume that its functions are obsolete are very far from having understood all that sleeps in the heart of man. So long as there lies buried in the human mind one faint shadow of the ideal man, so long will men desire kings, and choose from amongst themselves one whom they will set above all others, endow, often with scant enough justification, with all truly royal attributes, and name him King; whether he be called Czar or Lenin, Dictator or Consul, Emperor or President, matters little. If he is not Bourbon,

Hapsburg, Wittelsbach, Windsor, or Braganza, he will be Cromwell or Buonaparte, Washington or Bismarck, Mussolini or Stalin.

At a moment when all human institutions have to face criticism fierce and destructive, or worse still cynical and deadly criticism, kingship cannot expect to escape. To say that during the last twenty years many European monarchies have fallen is beside the point. In the ebb and flow of human history such things have happened before, and will happen again. The real question is whether or not monarchy answers some deep-seated instinct in the human breast ; if so, can it continuously adapt itself to ever-changing modern conditions ; is it practicable and workable, and does it meet the needs of the situation better than any other desirable form of executorship ?

Don Alfonso could answer this question better than any other man. A forward-reaching, eager man, quick, possibly at times over-quick, his great shrewdness combined with profound intuition, saves him at all times from the blunders of the hasty. An excitable man, in moments of danger or crisis he is as cool as an iceberg, mentally as poised, sure, and swift as an eagle in flight. The sum of his qualities endows him with a great zest for the game of life ; and all games from shooting, polo, and yachting, to the game of politics are his native inheritance. It is significant that the games he loves best are all fast, involving swift decision and movement and more than a spice of danger. He has never expressed an opinion, but it may safely be inferred that highly organized games, involving great professional skill in a few participants, do not greatly appeal to him. His instinctive desire is to

take part, to share all the risks, all the hard knocks, and (more unusual) all the rewards : for, although by nature and by birth always the Captain, he never ceases to be one of the team. Don Alfonso's almost boyish delight in out-playing the politicians at their own game has not been unattended by danger inasmuch as the professional always instinctively hates being beaten by the amateur. As the team spirit is not strong in the Spanish mentality, this trait has often found Don Alfonso obscurely at odds not only with the politicians, but, on occasions, to some extent with his people. For example, quick as they are to take fire at a kingly action, it is doubtful if the majority of them have yet realized the unique magnanimity of his decision to leave Spain, and the glory of his subsequent period of self-imposed silence and self-effacement.

In an age when mediocrity is the popular ideal throughout the world, when almost every poet, artist and writer tries to misrepresent everybody as being exactly like everybody else, the unique individualism of Alfonso XIII and of all Spaniards, has resulted in the Monarch and his people being almost unbelievably misunderstood. Spaniards are so intensely individual that each one considers himself as the only person really fitted to be the King's first Counsellor. True, as a rule, he does not himself aspire to occupy the Throne, as the Revolution of 1868 proves, but he is curiously convinced that his only fitting place is on the top step of the dais, immediately next to the Sovereign, shaping every royal whisper. He is therefore incensed when anyone but himself occupies that coveted position and, for that failure, omission, mistake, or mere misfortune, invariably blames the

Monarch. Don Alfonso clearly realizes this quality in his countrymen and has, at times, it might almost be said gleefully, manipulated it for reasons of policy or of state.

Yet, although Don Alfonso will smilingly and relentlessly defeat an opponent, he will never down one. In this he is a far finer sportsman than some of his adversaries who could be named.

In 1187 the oath of allegiance given by his subjects to Alfonso I at Jaca states : " We who are as good as you swear to you who are no better than ourselves, to accept you as our sovereign lord provided that you observe all our statutes and law, but not if you fail to do so." Are the people who said that more than seven hundred years ago going to rest content while one of themselves occupies the seat of Fernando el Santo ? If Don Alfonso XIII of Hapsburg and Bourbon, two of the oldest, greatest, most illustrious names in history, was hardly good enough to stand one step higher than any other Spaniard, are they going permanently to accept either Señor Brown, Señor Jones or Señor Robinson as the Head of the great and proud Spanish nation ?

VII

THE charge most commonly brought against King Alfonso is that he has not governed constitutionally. The answer is a very simple one : Spain has no constitution in the sense of an old and tried governmental system, firm yet flexible, impervious to shocks, and warranted to work reasonably well under all conditions, normal or abnormal. Such critics deliberately choose to forget the common-sense motto : First things first. King Alfonso always has been in the position of the captain of a ship voyaging

in stormy, largely uncharted seas, with rocks everywhere. Ideal theories of navigation are all very well and have their uses, and charts are all very well in so far as they are reliable, but what the skipper has got to do is to weather the storms and keep his vessel off the rocks, and failure to do so could not be justified by the excuse that he was engaged below studying the rules governing correct behaviour during a storm at sea, or poring over skimpy, untested charts.

No fair-minded person can deny that King Alfonso always fulfilled the Captain's first duty. A swimmer and a sailor since he was in petticoats, the King has, always successfully, and often brilliantly, weathered every storm. For twenty-nine years he has borne the brunt of criticism, often ill-informed, occasionally venomous. He has kept the nose of the Spanish ship of State in the wind and if he has had to tack, and tack again, he has in doing so simply obeyed the imperative necessities of time, tide and weather. Which of his contemporaries amongst Rulers have been exposed on the bridge for such a prolonged period, or faced so many fierce gales? Who amongst the Prime Ministers of modern Europe has so many triumphs to his credit, so few failures to regret? Could any one of his enemies or critics, given such a long and risky voyage, have carried it through with equal success?

Since King Alfonso came of age in May 1902, on his sixteenth birthday, Spain has had thirty-three Prime Ministers, a Dictatorship, and a military Government: he has worked through these kaleidoscopic changes with his eye firmly fixed on one objective: the honour and good of the Spanish people. Even his most narrow-minded and bitter

enemies concede his patriotism, his dauntless courage, his political sagacity and skill, his abiding sense of duty : all these critics could, naturally, at times, with some show of reason, have found fault with his methods, his acts, his apparent inconsistencies. No honest man could deny that his immediate, daily, indeed hourly, practical task was to take continuously such steps as he found necessary to carry on the business and government of the country. The more distinguished of his critics always seem to imply, though they are seldom so unwise as openly to state, that the King should have long ago retired to a monastery, and only reappeared as the Head of the nation when, through that disorder and unrest without which the Spanish people seem unable to gain political experience, they had evolved a perfect constitution and a perfect system of parliamentary government. The only objection to this course is that long before that happened Spain would have ceased to exist—or King Alfonso would have grown as old as Methuselah.

It may fairly and reasonably be assumed, because of his birth, the eminence of his station, and the plain fact that his own future and that of his dynasty is bound with the successful future of Spain, that, in any given crisis, the King's views were more likely to be comprehensive, wise and far-sighted than those of any of his Prime Ministers or political advisers : they, at best, were merely the heads of one political party, sometimes merely of a faction, whereas he is the King of the Spains. Thus he has nearly always had to stand alone : unfortunately modern democratic conditions do not seem to produce statesmen "made with large discourse, looking before and after."

Of the Anarchists we need not speak. No man alive knows more about them than King Alfonso. Many times they have attempted his own life, and once that of his hour-old bride, without causing him to flicker an eyelid in fear ; it may be supposed that few people, other than the insane, would like to see Spain ruled by Communists, or in the proud position of a fief of the Union of Socialist and Soviet Republics.

Even Don Salvador de Madariaga, lately the distinguished Professor of Spanish Studies at Oxford, a writer of great charm, distinction and erudition, whom no one would dream of including with the pale pink *intelligentsia*, admits that the Spanish people are, in general, largely without education and, politically, quite ignorant and inexperienced. In his latest book he tells us that : " The usual test—illiteracy—breaks down in Spain. Illiterates speak like Seneca, sing like Blake, and behave like Louis XIV." ¹ This is delightful, and no doubt, could they know of it, would be as flattering to the illiterates as it would be to King Alfonso himself, should he chance to read it. But to sing like Blake is not quite the same thing as discriminating between the claims of rival policies, assessing the worth of a parliamentary candidate, exercising the privileges of the ballot-box with wisdom and discrimination, or entering fully and intelligently into all the national and international questions involved in every act of government in modern times.

King Alfonso has had to do the best he could, in conditions far from ideal, and with such weapons as came to his hands. Criticism may often have impeded, may sometimes even have helped him.

¹ Madariaga, S. de, *Spain*, Modern World Series, p. 35.

But the main source of his strength has been his true understanding of the Spanish people, and theirs of him. The King and his people are far more at one than recent events would lead us to believe.

VIII

PERHAPS a few words of personal explanation are permissible. This book was begun in July 1930, and finished in August 1931. During that period continuous changes were taking place in Spain ; a great deal of the book was written in Madrid while the events it describes were actually happening. It will therefore be found that parts of the book are written in the past tense and others in the present tense. On consideration it was thought unwise to re-write these passages with a view to securing a more organic unity. It was felt that while the volume might gain in consistency, it would lose in actuality and vividness.

To thank all who have helped us would be quite impossible, but one or two things must be said. Chapter One could not possibly have been written without the active and continuous help of the late Infanta Isabel to whom it was read aloud several times : the Infanta Paz and the Infanta Eulalia also gave generous help, but their memories did not go so far back as that of their elder sister who was seventeen years old when the revolution of 1868 deprived her mother Queen Isabel II of her throne.

Practically all the members of the Spanish Royal Family gave assistance in various ways, and to one and all we owe most grateful thanks. Our gratitude is also due to Doña Inez Ramirez de Haro, Lady-in-Waiting to Queen Maria Cristina, to the Duke de Alba, to the King's secretarial staff, more par-

ticularly to the Marquess de Torres de Mendoza, to the Count de las Navas and the Staff of the Royal Library, and to the Keeper of the Royal Archives and his assistant. The Duke of Miranda advised and helped us in all matters connected with the ceremonial of the Court. Finally, with our sincere homage, we would venture to express to His Majesty King Alfonso our deep appreciation of his constant and friendly interest in our difficult task. At the same time we wish to make it perfectly clear that neither His Majesty nor any member of the Royal family nor any one of those who gave us advice and help, is in the least responsible for what we have said. Having no desire to write a Palace book, we pursued our own independent way ; our facts we have taken great pains to make correct, but our reading of events, our assumptions and deductions, are entirely our own.

We have had some difficulty in deciding on the most convenient way of using Spanish titles, and some may perhaps find our compromise illogical : it is quite easy to translate the title of Duque de Miranda into Duke of Miranda, but it is very difficult to find the English equivalent for Conde de las Navas, Duque de la Victoria, Duquesa de Medina de las Torres, or Marqués de Torres de Mendoza ; we have therefore prefixed the Spanish territorial designation with the English form of the title.

One word more. Throughout the volume we have endeavoured to avoid referring to ourselves ; where it became impossible we have done so in the third person.

P. OF B.
D. C.-H.

September 21, 1931.

If they will help me, if the Spanish people will continue the support they gave to my august mother during the Regency, I feel confident of being able to prove to them that, even as I am the first in rank, so also the first in devotion to my country, and in an untiring concentration on everything that can contribute to the peace, greatness and happiness of the Spanish nation.

—KING ALFONSO in his Proclamation
on the Attainment of his Majority.

May 17, 1902.

KING ALFONSO XII

BORN : *November 28, 1856*

EXILED : *September 29, 1868*

PROCLAIMED KING : *December 29, 1874*

FIRST MARRIAGE : *January 23, 1878*

SECOND MARRIAGE : *November 29, 1879*

DIED : *November 25, 1885*
(aged twenty-nine)

Children :

THE INFANTA MERCEDES, *b. September 11, 1880*

THE INFANTA MARIA TERESA, *b. November 12, 1882*

DON ALFONSO XIII, *b. May 17, 1886*

CHAPTER ONE

1857-1885

THE KING'S FATHER DON ALFONSO XII

I

MADRID sweltered under the sunshine of the last days of June 1878; blazing from a high blue sky it bathed the white buildings of the city in an almost intolerable brilliance. Everywhere flags and pennants hung motionless; the banners, shields and devices of the ancient Kingdom of Asturias and Leon, of Navarre and Granada, of Aragon and Catalonia, flaunted proudly with the three Castles of Castile, and were everywhere entwined with the red and gold of united Spain. As noon approached the city was full of a movement unusual at that hour on a hot midsummer day. Gay military uniforms, never entirely absent from the streets of the Spanish capital, were more numerous and conspicuous than usual, particularly in the vicinity of the magnificent late Renaissance Royal Palace. In the Plaza de Armas, facing the principal entrance, were to be seen the King's Escolta Real or Life Guards, Hussars, in picturesque white or coloured tunics, the representatives of many famous Spanish Artillery and Infantry regiments.

Within, the Halberdiers or Palace Guards in full dress, moved slowly up and down in the corridors,

or stood to attention like statues : everywhere there was bustle, movement, a subdued, vibrant excitement : a high court official would pass through a state-room, empty and deserted, or hurry along the great Gallery that runs round the perfectly proportioned central court of the Palace and, as he did so, a statuesque Halberdier would lift his halberd two inches from the floor, bringing it down again with sharp thud in salute.

Madrid was waiting for noon and the thunder of the guns that were to announce the eighteenth birthday of the lovely young Queen Mercedes. An Infanta of Spain, it was only six months ago that her father, the Duke of Montpensier, fifth and youngest son of King Louis Philippe, had given her in marriage to her first cousin, Alfonso XII, to fill the high and difficult position of Consort of the King of Spain, and now, for the first time, she was keeping her birthday as a Queen. The boy and girl lovers, because the King was only twenty-one, had been compelled to overcome very strong opposition, both family and political, before their great mutual love resulted in union. Great love is often born of misfortune. Revolution having deprived his mother Queen Isabel II of her throne, Alfonso was an exile in France when, at the Duke of Montpensier's castle of Randan in the department of Puy de Dôme, he for the first time met the child Mercedes, his first cousin, her mother, the Infanta Maria Luisa, and Isabel II being sisters. From that moment the young Prince loved her and determined to make her his wife.

The Spanish people, romantic, responsive to emotion, sick to death of a ramshackle and ridiculous Republic, an imported Italian King, and futile,

anti-national political experiments, welcomed the love marriage of their young Sovereign not only as an event beautiful and fitting in itself, but as the symbol of returning national security and unity. Therefore, not only Madrid, but the whole of Spain, joyfully celebrated with pomp and spontaneous sincerity the eighteenth birthday of the young Queen. Monarchical in its deepest roots, the nation had never been happy or content while its Royal family was in exile. Now they are both, because, not only had "the King come into his own," but he had married for love a princess who, although a granddaughter of the King of the French, was Spanish from the crown of her lovely head to her little Andalusian feet.

But as the guns thundered over Madrid and reverberated joyously throughout the Iberian Peninsula there was utter silence within the great white Palace.

Exactly six months had passed since the wedding ¹ was celebrated with unparalleled magnificence. Recalled from exile by the unanimous wish of every shade of public opinion in Spain, the young King had found much to do before he could afford time for his more personal affairs, and it was not until more than two years after the Restoration that he was able to go south to the Palace of San Telmo in Seville to win the sweetheart of his boyhood. By this time the people had got to know of the story of romance and faithfulness. The King himself, by his infinite tact, ready smile, gracious bearing, quick, witty, Spanish speech, and unremitting hard work for the country, had already begun to be known as Alfonso the Beloved.

¹ January 23, 1878.

4 THE KING'S FATHER DON ALFONSO XII

The King, disregarding all advice, had married for, love and now, for perhaps the only time in his life, was quite unable to share the joy of his people. He knew, as they did not, that the fanfares without indeed saluted majesty within, but it was the impregnable majesty of death.

As for the slim, young, dark-eyed Queen with luxuriant blue-black hair, in whose honour the guns boomed and thundered, she heard them not : with all the yearning of her humble, Christian soul she was listening to the approaching music of eternity borne on the hushed voice of the priest who was administering to her the Sacrament of Extreme Unction as she lay motionless upon the bed of death.

II

ALTHOUGH only twenty-one years old, the widower King had lived a life of almost incredible vicissitudes. Born Prince of Asturias, Heir Apparent to the crown of Saint Ferdinand worn by his ancestors for over seven hundred years, he had already experienced most of life's ups and downs, including exile, poverty and the bitterness of friendship betrayed : a weaker and less sunny nature would never have survived.

The Revolution of September 1868, following a revolt in the Army and Navy, drove Queen Isabel II into exile when her only son Alfonso was eleven years old. Against her will and inclination Queen Isabel II had married in October 1846, her first cousin Don Francisco d'Assisi ; on the same day her only sister the Infanta Maria Luisa married the Duke of Montpensier. In spite of being totally unsuited to each other the Queen and Don Francisco, who was given the title of King Consort, were very

good friends. The Queen, the King Consort and the Royal family were spending the early autumn on the Bay of Biscay, and all the negotiations between the Queen and the Government in Madrid were carried out by correspondence which, in the circumstances, was a great drawback. The Queen was headstrong and badly advised, the Government weak and temporizing, and after much hesitation the Queen and Royal Family crossed the frontier into France on September 30, 1868. Had the Queen been in Madrid and surrounded by entirely disinterested advisers the whole course of history might have been altered. The Empress Eugénie was by birth a Spaniard and her mother, the Countess de Montijo, had been *Camarera Mayor* or Mistress of the Robes to Queen Isabel. Therefore, when the Spanish Queen quitted Spain the Empress immediately placed all the Royal palaces in France at the disposal of her former Sovereign, who passed the first days of her exile in the Château de Pau, just over the Spanish frontier, steadfastly and vehemently and, as after events proved, rightly refusing to believe that the Spanish people, who adored her, had really turned against her. The French Court was then at Biarritz, and nothing could have exceeded the delicate attentions offered by Napoleon III and the Empress Eugénie to the unfortunate Spanish Royal family ; when the Queen arrived in Paris she found prepared for her reception the Pavillon de Rohan, the separate wing of the Tuileries facing the Rue de Rivoli, a part of which remains to this day.

Whether foreseen and realized or not, the moment when Isabel II, the King Consort and their family left Lequeito for Pau was the prelude to disaster

for Napoleon III, his Empress and the Prince Imperial; it was, in fact, the beginning of the end of the Napoleonic dynasty in France.

Queen Isabel II was perhaps in some ways unwise and unduly impulsive and emotional; it is, therefore, entirely to her credit that she allowed nothing in the nature of sentiment to interfere improperly with the education of her boy. Immediately the exiled Spanish Royal family arrived in Paris, Alfonso began to study at the Stanislas College in the Rue Notre-Dame de Champs as a day boy. He had as friend and companion the young Prince Imperial,¹ known in the family circle as "Lulu"; they saw each other frequently and developed a life-long friendship. But the two lads playing together on feast days in the Tuileries gardens could have no apprehension of the sinister events assembling behind their boyish games; events which, by way of Sedan, the Commune, and the Great War, are as yet unresolved.

While the two boys studied, and played together, the Crown of Spain was being hawked around Europe. Egged on by Bismarck, King William I of Prussia, against his better judgment, reluctantly supported the candidature of Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern-Siegmaringen of the Catholic branch of the Hohenzollern family, and Napoleon III and his Government, quite legitimately, objected to a German Prince occupying the Throne of Spain. At first Napoleon threatened; then, knowing the weakness of France, and the precarious state of

¹ Only son of Napoleon III and the Empress Eugénie: b. Paris March 16, 1856, he was the senior by twenty months; Alfonso XII was born in the Royal Palace, Madrid, November 28, 1857.

his own health, temporized ; Bismarck, however, believed that the moment to deal a blow at France and, at the same time, establish the united German Empire of his dreams, had come ; and Bismarck, as usual, was right. The Ems telegram was sent ; the Franco-Prussian war took place ; Napoleon III became a prisoner at Wilhelmshohe in Cassel ; the Empress Eugénie, having passed through many dangers, at last safely lodged in a second-rate hotel in Hastings in England, was engaged in drafting a long letter to Queen Victoria ; Alfonso's playmate, after wandering forlornly about Belgium, had succeeded in joining his mother in her shabby refuge.

In these circumstances, while the Commune raged in France, the Spanish Royal Family left Paris for the Hotel de la Paix at Geneva. There the continuance of the education of the young Alfonso was carefully considered, and it was finally decided that he should study in Vienna. While arrangements were being made to enter him at the Theresianum College he paid a visit to the Nymphenburg Palace, Munich, to practise German with his cousins Prince Ludwig Ferdinand and Prince Alfonso, the sons of his aunt, the Infanta Amalia, the sister of King Francisco, who had married Prince Adalbert of Bavaria.

Those who voluntarily accompany Princes in their exile are, as a rule, men who put devotion and loyalty before self-interest and comfort. In his early days at Vienna, Alfonso lived at the College and was accompanied by his good friends Don Isidro Losa, and General O'Ryan. The General was in all probability one of the many scions of distinguished Irish families who, owing to the

persecutions of Elizabeth or Cromwell, or because of the attractions of service in the Spanish King's Irish regiments, sought and found a congenial allegiance and home in Spain.¹ The Spaniards pronounced his name Orián, but no pronunciation could disguise his Irish characteristics, high amongst which was a strong sense of duty. He was very severe with the Prince and when, years later, the pupil became King, he bestowed high military rank on his former Governor because "he now found him as punctilious to obey as formerly he had been severe to command."

Towards the end of his stay in Vienna, and during his time in England, the Prince had with him as companions the Marquess de Alcañices, a Grandee of Spain, and Don Guillermo Morfy, who like O'Ryan was also of Irish descent; a man of charm and a great lover of music, Morfy was in a continuous state of despair because his young master had no ear.

In due course the Prince of Asturias, for—although he chose to be known as Marquess de Covadonga²—such is the correct designation of the

¹ Lieutenant-General Tomas O'Ryan y Vazquez; b. May 30, 1821: served in the Crimea, 1854; Africa, 1859; Minister of War, Madrid, 1888.

² Where the famous Pelayo was proclaimed King of Asturias early in the eighth century; near by is the Church of the *Virgen de las Batallas*, which, with Montserrat, is one of the most revered pilgrim churches in Spain. The adjoining shrine contains the remains of Pelayo and Alfonso I. There the Spanish Royal dynasty may be said to have originated, and from there Pelayo struck the first blows against the Moors that resulted in the Reconquest under Ferdinand and Isabella in 1492. Alfonso XII's second wife, Queen Maria Cristina, always used this title as her incognita.

Heir to the Spanish Throne, finished his studies at the Theresianum College. Then came the difficult question of what he was to do. A Spanish King could only be a soldier. But in what army was he to serve? Young Pretenders are not always welcomed in foreign armies; the possibility of political intrigue and reactions are too great. However, England has always lightly brushed aside such fears. The heirs of Louis Philippe and Napoleon III were both warmly received in England: why not the heir of Isabel II? Belgium was considered, but Cánovas del Castillo,¹ unofficial Prime Minister to the young Prince of Asturias, strongly favoured England, and England was decided on. Queen Victoria, with her masculine common sense, and strong sympathies for Royalty in distress, welcomed the boy; he went to Sandhurst with her permission, and ever afterwards remained proud of the fact that, for a little over two months, he had worn with success the uniform of a Cadet² in the British Army.

When Prince Alfonso arrived in England in the autumn of 1874 he found the widowed Empress Eugénie³ residing at Camden Place, on the borders of Chislehurst in Kent, about ten miles from London; he received a warm welcome from the Empress and an affectionate one from the Prince

¹ Don Antonio Cánovas del Castillo, Leader of the Conservative party, Prime Minister 1874-9, 1879-81, 1884-5, 1890-2, 1895-7. Assassinated August 1897.

² The Cadet's square-peaked blue cap of the period with the Queen's crown and cipher V.R. in gold, the cocked hat for full dress, and the sword and sling worn by the King, are now in the Royal Armoury in Madrid.

³ Napoleon III died at Camden Place, January 9, 1873.

Imperial, then an Artillery Cadet in his last term at Woolwich, the two young Princes having become in the intervening years firm and devoted friends. When the Prince went to Chislehurst to pay his respects to the Empress he was almost certainly accompanied by the Marquess de Alcañices. This remarkable man was entirely and disinterestedly devoted to the Spanish Royal family. He dedicated all his time and energies, and spent his large private fortune, in helping to bring about the restoration in the person of Alfonso XII. He was the only man whom the Empress Eugénie ever loved, and their first meeting after her widowhood must have been a moving one. The lasting passion that he inspired in the heart of Eugénie he could not return, as he loved her elder sister Francisca, who, however, became the wife of the fifteenth Duke of Alba. A woman of intense loyalties and great strength of mind and character, Eugénie's life was filled with many magnanimous actions. But perhaps its highest and most noble moment was when, after Napoleon proposed marriage to her ¹ she kept him waiting for an answer until she had written to Alcañices to say that if he would have her, with or without love—but with mutual respect—she would refuse Napoleon. Yet this is the woman whom so many writers have portrayed as merely an ambitious worldling ready to sacrifice anything if only she might wear a crown. She accepted Napoleon and the throne only because the highest was not within her reach, and her bitterest enemies admit that thereafter, in spite of her consort's unfaithfulness, she never looked at another man. Some years later Alcañices, who later became Duke

¹ In 1852.

de Sexto, married the Duchess of Morny,¹ widow of the half brother of Napoleon III.

As for the Empress Eugénie, all her life she regarded Queen Isabel II as "her Sovereign," and always insisted on treating her as such. One of the authors has vivid recollections of occasions when as a child she was the guest of her grandmother in Paris, and the Empress, passing through, would come to pay the Queen a visit. Because she was an Empress, the Queen would go to the foot of the imposing marble staircase of the Palais de Castile to meet her. The visitor, protesting, would say, "But *you* are *my* Sovereign and should not do so." The young observer has never forgotten those moments when, peering down from the top of the staircase, she saw these two great ladies contest warmly as to which would outvie the other in all the exquisite grace of Spanish courtesy. Years later, at Farnborough Hill in Hampshire, the English home of the Empress during her long widowhood, the other author was startled to discover that, even during the Great War, when the Empress spoke of "my country" she was referring not to France but to Spain.

Throughout their lives the exiled Sovereigns were firm friends and there is reason to suppose that the Empress, who had considerable influence with Queen Victoria, used it in favour of Queen Isabel's son. A birthday letter sent by Alfonso at this time to his second sister, the Infanta Pilar, in Paris,

¹ Born in 1838 Princess Sophia Troubetzkoy, she m. the Duke de Morny January 7, 1857. He d. March 10, 1865; his widow m. April 2, 1868, the Duke de Sexto (Marquess de Alcañices) who d. December 1909; the Duchess died August 9, 1896.



Queridísima hermana Pilar:
 Recibe las mas cariñosas felicitaciones, que
 se envia al corazon de un hermano, que pen-
 -sando siempre en ti, lo hará mañana mas
 que nunca.

* * * *

Mi gente te felicita respetuosamen-
 -te.

Recibe un apretado abrazo de
 tu amante hermano

Alfonso

London 9 de Octubre 1874.

gives a glimpse of the personality of the writer, and throws some light on the life of the exiled Spanish Royalties in France, and the exiled Imperial family in England :

LONDON,

9. x. 1874.

DEAREST SISTER PILAR,

Receive the most affectionate congratulations that a brother's heart can send you. Always thinking of you, I shall do so more than ever to-morrow.

I was speaking of you to the Empress the other day, and you can imagine how favourably I did so, and all the nice things I said about you. The Empress remembers you very affectionately and really cares for you. If you did not know this already I should not tell it to you lest I make you vain. But I realize how truly you will appreciate it, and "*qu'un bon souvenir ne fait jamais du mal.*"

The Prince is very handsome.

Tell me how you liked the performance of *Dinorah* the other night? Isn't the "shadow valse" very pretty? Tell me who the Prima Donna was and how she played the part?

I suppose that you are now back at the *Sacré Cœur*. Don't forget to remember me to Alsire and thank her for me for her photograph. Are you going to do another full year at school?

Tell Mama that yesterday I received my nomination for Sandhurst and am to enter on the 16th of this month.¹ Embrace her for me with that affection which you can so well understand and

¹ According to the Sandhurst records the Prince entered on October 19, 1874.

express—also my sisters. I use this writing-paper to remind you of our ride the day before I left. When you write you can put in some bits in English as I believe that I shall be quite able to understand them.

My remembrances to Cristina, Carmen, Lola, Enriqueta and Losa.

My people salute you respectfully. Receive a big hug from your loving brother,

ALFONSO.

The reference to the Prince Imperial was significant. It was Alfonso's dearest wish to see his sister Pilar married to his best friend, and the Princess herself was attracted by the Prince Imperial's charm and personality.

When he was just over twenty-three years old the Prince perished gallantly in Zululand fighting for England, his adopted home: two months later¹ the Infanta Pilar died in Escoriaza in the north of Spain, in her eighteenth year, and was borne to her last rest in the famous Church of St. Lawrence in the Escorial. With her own hands the Empress took a wreath from her son's temporary grave in the Church of St. Mary at Chislehurst,² where his mangled body had been placed only three weeks before, and sent it to the country of her birth to rest above the head of the girl who might have been his bride.

¹ The Prince was killed on June 1, 1879; the Infanta died on August 5 of the same year.

² The Prince was temporarily buried on July 12, 1879. In 1887 the Empress removed the bodies of her husband and son to the beautiful church of St. Michael at Farnborough. From her windows at Farnborough Hill she watched their resting-place for over thirty years, and now sleeps between them.

It is odd how life's disappointments work out in after-years. It has been said that Queen Victoria would have welcomed the Prince Imperial as a son-in-law, and that she and the Empress Eugénie had serious thoughts of a marriage between the Prince and Princess Beatrice, the Queen's youngest daughter. However that may be, and whatever Prince Alfonso's deep regret that a union between his sister and his friend never took place, it would undoubtedly have given him great happiness could he have foreseen that one day his only son, Don Alfonso XIII, would marry the only daughter of Princess Beatrice of Great Britain, wear the uniform of a British Field-Marshal, and become Colonel-in-Chief of the 16th Lancers, one of the most famous cavalry regiments in the British Army; a regiment, moreover, which fought against France for Spanish freedom under Wellington at Vitoria.

The Prince's letter to his sister gives no indication that, at that very moment, he was engaged in the final difficult and serious negotiations concerning a Royalist restoration in Spain. Three weeks later he was actually residing at Number 1 The Terrace, Sandhurst, known to Cadets of the period as Tea Caddy Row, and from that house promulgated his undertaking to the Spanish peoples known to history as the "Sandhurst Manifesto."¹ There can be no doubt but that in phrasing this important document he had the help of Cánovas del Castillo, the Marquess de Alcañices, the musical Don Guillermo Morfy (afterwards Count)—who later became his private secretary—and, probably, others. Nevertheless, the production is a masterly one for

¹ Promulgated December 28, 1874.

a lad not yet seventeen years of age ! It concluded with these significant words :

Whatever my lot, I shall never cease to be a good Spaniard. I will also, like every one of my ancestors, be a good Catholic, and, as a man of the world, a true Liberal.

III

ON December 23, 1874, the Prince of Asturias left Sandhurst for London. Accompanied by Don Juan de Velasco, his equerry, he went to the Charing Cross Hotel, his hand luggage consisting of a small bag and a great-coat. A Sandhurst cadet without luggage being apparently an object of suspicion, the management demanded a deposit of £2 and allotted them rooms on the third floor, the faithful Don Juan wondering what they would have said or done had they known who the simple Cadet really was ; what none of them anticipated was that by New Year's Day he would be King of Spain. Alfonso, always anxious to improve his education, intended to spend the Christmas vacation in Paris with his mother and sisters, return to England on January 8 and pass the five weeks before Sandhurst reassembled¹ touring England and becoming acquainted with her industry and commerce. Christmas Day and the four following days were spent sightseeing and exploring London. On the 29th the Prince and his companion crossed to France and on the afternoon of the 30th arrived at his Paris home. Queen Isabel and his sisters now lived in the Avenue du Roi de Rome (Avenue Kleber) in a splendid house known as the Palais de Castile which the Queen had purchased about a

¹ On February 10, 1875.



DON ALFONSO XII

From a portrait in the possession of his sister, H R H Princess Ludwig Ferdinand of Bavaria (the Infanta Paz).



QUEEN MERCEDES
THE FIRST WIFE OF DON ALFONSO XII:
THE SIX MONTHS' QUEEN

year after she arrived in France and where she resided until her death.¹

In the last days of December a Major on active service in the "Republican" Army in Spain raised the cry "Viva Alfonso XII"; it was ardently caught up, not only by the troops fighting in the north of Spain against the Pretender Don Carlos, but by the entire Army throughout the Peninsula. On December 29, while Alfonso was crossing the English Channel, General Martinez Campos, at the head of a Brigade at Sagunto—some thought prematurely and over-hastily²—proclaimed Alfonso XII as King, the Brigade, and its commander General Daban, enthusiastically supporting him. Queen Isabel, her son, and their chief adviser Cánovas considered it premature because, with full knowledge of what was going on, they were aware that Alfonsine committees existed in practically every town and village in the Peninsula, and they very wisely desired that the Restoration, which was now plainly inevitable, should take place as the result of a spontaneous movement amongst the entire people, rather than appear to be brought about by the Army alone. Hence their feeling that Campos had perhaps acted with undue haste.

Alfonso secretly received the unexpected news by telegram on December 30 a few hours after his arrival in Paris: his self-control was perfect. No member of his family noticed anything! In the evening, as already arranged, he went to the Théâtre

¹ April 9, 1904. The site, overlooking the Arc de Triomphe, is now occupied by the Hotel Majestic.

² Temperamentally Spaniards find great difficulty in achieving patient co-operation; before this General Balmaseda had twice attempted to forestall the announcement of the Restoration.

de la Gaieté with his mother, and his four sisters, the Infantas Isabel, Pilar, Marie de la Paz and Eulalia, and witnessed the operetta *La Poule aux Œufs d'Or*. When they got home they found awaiting them the Marquess de Elduayen, a former Spanish Minister of State who, tired with his long and hurried journey, and somewhat agitated, exclaimed : " All is lost ; all our work for the Restoration destroyed by the madness of Martinez Campos ! "

The newly-proclaimed King, aged eighteen, calmly replied : " I have known everything since this afternoon and have decided to go at once to Spain ; but now I am tired and must go to bed. "

This admirable self-control, power of quick decision, and ability to keep his own counsel were characteristic of Alfonso XII and are amongst his most precious gifts to his son, Alfonso XIII.

On New Year's Day many visitors, both French and Spanish, crowded into the *salons* of Queen Isabel, who threw wide her doors and received them all. It was, however, noticed that, as is not unusual in such circumstances, many of those calling to offer their felicitations now remembered the whereabouts of the Palais de Castile for the first time. Queen Isabel II had the kindest, most tolerant heart in the whole world, but both she and Alfonso XII had all a Spaniard's quickness, and keen sense of humour and at this odd recovery of their memory (after a lapse of six years) by certain of their friends and acquaintances neither she nor her son could forbear exchanging slightly ironic smiles as they stood side by side to receive with equal grace and courtesy, if not with equal delight, the faithful and the frail.

IV

ALTHOUGH acclaimed by the Spanish people, there was a great deal to arrange before the young King could enter Spain. During the six years of his exile much had happened ; Spain had suffered severely and, in suffering, had learned necessary and invaluable lessons : she had learned, not indeed finally or completely, but in a measure, the bitter truth that foreign enemies, and even civil war itself, were easier to overcome than her own political shortcomings.

After Queen Isabel's enforced deposition the affairs of Spain were controlled by two soldiers, Serrano and Prim ; Serrano was already a Field-Marshal, and very soon Prim became one also : in June 1869 a subservient and unrepresentative Cortes elected Serrano Regent, with Prim as his Prime Minister ; nine months later the throne of Spain was offered to Espartero, a dashing and successful soldier of humble birth and modest mental attainments, who, however, had sufficient sense to decline it ; it was in these circumstances that, after being offered elsewhere, it was first accepted and then refused by Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern-Siegmaringen, the incident, apparently small in itself, resulting, as has been noted, in the Franco-Prussian war. In October, Amadeus of Savoy, younger son of King Victor Emmanuel II of Italy, was induced by Prim to accept the vacant throne. Knowing not a word of the language, this amiable but very ill-advised Prince duly landed at Cartagena, and on the same day his chief—perhaps with Ruiz Zorrilla the Republican leader, his only—sponsor Prim was assassinated in Madrid. Amadeus, who

tried to reign constitutionally, occupied his uneasy and insecure position for twenty-eight months, at the end of which he abdicated¹: in order to put a good face on what might look like running away, he did so in favour of his youngest son Louis (the present Duke of Abruzzi), who had most conveniently been born in Madrid some ten days previously, apparently for this very purpose.

Everything else having failed miserably somebody—one cannot say the Spanish peoples, because they were not consulted—resolved to try a Republic and, a few days after the hurried departure of Amadeus (who wisely took the infant King with him) the Cortes, obsessed with the reputedly miraculous powers of the vote, *voted* a Republic into existence. Being stillborn it soon perished. Another Cortes was somehow improvised; it also was hopelessly unrepresentative and divided. In one year the “Republic” had no less than four Presidents, and might just as well have had fourteen, forty, or four hundred. Since the French Revolution Republicans the world over have always been fascinated by numerals!

Whatever may be said against Serrano, he as a soldier at least knew his own mind, and now began to realize clearly that, as an Army without discipline is merely a uniformed mob, so a country without discipline and leadership is not only the plaything of its own lowest and most subversive elements, but is at the mercy of the whole world. Between the autumn of 1868 and the autumn of 1874, with the fate of France under the Commune before his eyes, sick of political experiments and junketings, all of course loudly conducted in the lordly name of

¹ February 1873.

freedom, Serrano had received this bitter and humiliating lesson and, to his credit, learned it; he again became Dictator,¹ and, while he occupied this position, Queen Isabel's son was formally proclaimed rightful King of Spain.

It was vivid proof of the foresight and sagacity of both Cánovas del Castillo and the young Alfonso that, on the very same day, Cánovas arrived in Madrid and, in the newly-proclaimed King's name, assumed the position of Prime Minister, yielded up to him by Don Praxedes Mateo Sagasta, the former revolutionist and extreme radical who, later, became leader of the Liberal party: this incident proved many things, but perhaps the most noteworthy point about it was that Cánovas assumed office by virtue of a decree signed by Alfonso XII *nearly a year before*.

These kaleidoscopic political happenings were complicated by civil war. The second Carlist insurrection had broken out and was waged intermittently for two years,² particularly in the north which, being close to the French frontier, was then, as now, a convenient centre for foreign and native conspirators and adventurers who, for any reason, wished to add confusion to the political conditions in Spain.

V

WE know that young Alfonso was well acquainted with all these things. His studies in Paris, Munich, Vienna and England were never for a moment allowed to divert his attention from what was taking place in his native land.

¹ January 3, 1874.

² 1872-5.

The Prince arrived at his mother's house in Paris on December 30, 1874, as he thought, for an ordinary Christmas vacation; on January 6, 1875, he left Paris for Marseilles: on January 10 (1875), he was vociferously received in the somewhat turbulent regionalist city of Barcelona, with its strong local patriotism, where he tactfully told them that he was as proud of being Count of Barcelona¹ as he was of being King of Spain; by January 14 he was in Madrid.

Before his sudden departure from Paris, it was realized that the young King had no Spanish uniform or, if he had, it was now much too small for him. A hurried telegram was sent to Madrid. A tailor named Bilbao living in the *entresuelo* of Number 1 Calle de Alcalá was given some rough measurements and a Captain-General's uniform, which he hastily altered, and it was taken to Marseilles by the Count de Mirasol, Colonel of Artillery, who went there to meet his returning Sovereign. Thus the King was enabled to board the Spanish frigate of war bearing the great name of *Navas de Tolosa*² wearing the famous uniform with its characteristic *Leopoldina* or cap. The incident is related by the Count de Benalúa in his memoirs and he it was who was able to give the tailor more or less correct measurements.

Alfonso's reception was everywhere enthusiastic.

¹ Until 1131, when it became part of the Kingdom of Aragon, Catalonia was a separate kingdom under its own rulers, the Counts of Barcelona.

² In the battle of Las Navas de Tolosa in 1212 Alfonso VIII of Castile broke for ever the power of the Moors: Alfonso XII was on board the *Frigata de Guerra Navas de Tolosa*, January 7 to 11, 1875.

After a few busy days in the capital he went to join the Army in the north and, under the inspiring presence and leadership of the young King, Carlism as an active military force, was finally defeated in Spain ; all his life Alfonso proudly wore the medal of the Carlist War with two clasps.

When the King, at the head of the Army, triumphantly re-entered Madrid in March, he was aged eighteen years and four months. Observers, happily still surviving, reinforce historical testimony when they tell us that the popular rejoicings, not only in Madrid, but throughout the Peninsula, were of the utmost depth, sincerity and spontaneity.

The King's eldest sister, the Infanta Isabel—now Princess of Asturias for the second time—was the first member of the Royal family to follow him into Spain, where she assumed, and with the utmost tact and success discharged, the position of head of her brother's household. This Princess who then, and many times later, showed her high courage and strong sense of duty, arrived at Cartagena, also on the *Navas de Tolosa*, a short time after the King. The Infanta, like her brother, was received everywhere with boundless enthusiasm and her advent was proof of the fact, very important amongst a people so devoted to the family as the Spaniards are, that once more the Spanish Royal family belonged entirely to Spain. This was emphasized in July when the King received his mother Queen Isabel II at Santander and greeted her with marked deference and affection.

In the general excitement arising out of the Proclamation of Alfonso XII one thing had been forgotten. The new King naturally enough omitted to ask Queen Victoria and the British Commander-

in-Chief, the Duke of Cambridge, for permission to leave Sandhurst ; that is why to this day he is technically a " deserter " from the British Army. It also accounts for the fact that in the Royal Military College records there is no entry of his departure. Years after he left England, speaking to the Duke of Connaught, the King laughingly declared that he should have been punished as a deserter, and that he was enormously indebted to Queen Victoria for her clemency.

A tablet on Number 1 The Terrace, Sandhurst, bears this inscription :

The Marqués de Covadonga, Prince of Asturias, afterwards His Majesty Alfonso XII, King of Spain, resided here whilst a Cadet from October to December 1874. This stone was erected by his son, His Majesty Alfonso XIII, King of Spain, K.G., G.C.V.O.

It is of interest to know what impression the young Spaniard made on his English contemporaries.¹ The Sandhurst Cadets are all fresh from Public Schools, and an English schoolboy is the last person in the world to be impressed by rank or titles. Indeed to be a Prince is, if anything, a disadvantage. The opinion of his fellow-cadets concerning Alfonso XII may therefore be accepted as entirely objective. Colonel Bertie writes :

¹ Amongst them were A. Adye, D. Arbuthnot, Hon. Hugh Amherst, W. S. Birdwood, W. L. Brereton, Hon. R. H. Bertie, Archibald Hunter, C. E. Mahon, J. S. Napier, St. John Mildmay and G. W. Younghusband. Unfortunately, only General Sir Archibald Hunter and Colonel the Hon. R. H. Bertie survive. Lord Stamfordham, Private Secretary to King George V from 1910 until his death in March 1931, wrote : " I was at Aldershot from 1874-76 and perfectly well remember the Prince, then a Cadet at Sandhurst, at some Review or Field Day."

My recollections of the late King of Spain, in 1874, are that he was a keen and bold rider with the Staff College drag hounds, cheery and pleasant generally. I well remember his telling me, in conversation as to his future prospects, in December 1874, that he felt sure of his recall to the throne of Spain in the near future. Also he was equally certain, in his own mind, that the late Prince Imperial would succeed to the throne of France. . . . I have never forgotten the conversation.

General Sir Archibald Hunter, who was six months older than the Prince, sat next to him in the Fortification class under Colonel Phillips, R.E. The Prince, accustomed to the metrical system, was completely defeated by the English miles, yards, feet and inches. On arrival he knew little English, carried on in French, but his English improved quickly. He was an excellent horseman and rode the old-fashioned fifty-four inch wheel velocipede and was quick with his hands and feet. When he was in Madrid in 1909 Sir Archibald asked Queen Maria Cristina about the King's English Cadet's uniform and she told him that during her husband's lifetime it was always kept in a glass case on a table at the foot of their bed, and that it was not till some time after his death that it was removed to the Armoury.¹

VI

AND now we must go back to the bereaved young King.

Born in Madrid and brought up on the enormous estate of her parents outside Seville, Queen Mercedes was a true Andalusian. Gifted with artistic tastes, she loved to make water-colour drawings,

¹ See page 90, footnote 1.

especially of flowers ; and when, after her marriage the Royal family attended a bull-fight, it was she who always draped the mantillas of her young sisters-in-law in the inimitably graceful Andalusian fashion. In those days life in the Royal Palace was very simple : the Queen arose early and went first to the Palace Chapel to fulfil her religious devotions ; afterwards she would go to the school-room and be present at the lessons of the younger Infantas ; dinner was served much earlier than it is now. Queen Mercedes taught her young sisters-in-law Maria de la Paz, aged sixteen, and Eulalia, aged fourteen, much which they never forgot, including the habit of filling every spare moment with sewing, knitting and crocheting for the poor, and left in each of their hearts an imperishably tender memory : indeed, as a dutiful daughter, a devoted bride and a wise young sister-in-law, Queen Mercedes left an impression that has not lost its fragrance and significance to this day. It is easy, then, to envisage how much all this brief, happy home life had meant to Alfonso XII, whose boyhood had been passed in exile. Nevertheless he had hardly returned to Madrid from following his bride to her last resting place in the Church¹ of the stupendous Palace of the Escorial before the Chancelleries of Europe were agog with the task of finding another Princess worthy to be Queen of Spain. But Alfonso, who, knowing his own mind, had married for love, and paid the price, was now no less resolute. Naturally he wanted above all things to have a son and heir. He wanted a

¹ As she was not the mother of a King, Queen Mercedes does not lie in the Royal Tomb, but in a Chapel close to the High Altar of the Church above.

companion in his great palace, five hundred feet square, and one hundred feet high, rising imposingly above the shrunken river Manzanares, and looking out on the north to the snow-capped Guadarrama mountains. A Palace can be a lonely place, more especially to an occupant for whom the most vivid memory it contains is that of an empty bed from which the light impress of a girlish form had as yet scarcely vanished.

The young widower characteristically sought for a solution of his difficulties amid warm and faithful memories : he took counsel with himself. Those years in Vienna, while he was still too immature to measure all that he had lost, and not yet old enough to feel the shadows and responsibilities of oncoming kingship, recurred to him, and he found there one particularly gracious, if rather fugitive, recollection of a child who had been his playmate. She was Maria Cristina of Hapsburg, a second cousin of the Emperor Francis Joseph, and her brother the Archduke Frederick had been one of the few who in those days had dared to go out of his way to show kindness to the reserved and lonely exiled Spanish Prince. Alfonso, who had the great and rare quality of faithfulness, had not forgotten and, when they submitted to him a list of suitable names, he chose from amongst them that of the little girl friend of his student days in a foreign capital.

An interview was arranged between the young people and, thirteen months¹ after he became a widower, Alfonso met his girlish playmate at Arcachon, the French summer resort at the mouth

¹ August 21, 1879.

of the Gironde on the sea near Bordeaux. The forlorn King made most of the journey from Madrid by coach ; at one point, on a steep bad mountain road, the horses bolted and the King, in helping to save them from disaster, dislocated his arm, and consequently announced himself to the Archduchess¹ carrying it in a sling. At that moment he was mourning his bride, his best friend—the Prince Imperial—and his beloved sister Pilar. The Infanta Isabel possesses a small water-colour showing her brother, the bride-elect and her mother, the Archduchess Elizabeth, in a room in the Villa Bellegarde with heavy crimson window-curtains and draperies, and the genteely featureless furniture of the period. The Archduchess Elizabeth sits discreetly looking at a book while the young couple are together in a far corner ; to those who know that Alfonso XII had no ear for music it is amusing because Maria Cristina is seated at a piano and the King, posed in an appropriate Victorian manner, gazes entranced into her eyes. In the circumstances it may legitimately be assumed that it was the lady who entranced him and not the music she evoked. No doubt the fact that the King spoke correct German with an Austrian accent helped the quick attainment of a good understanding.

On November 29, 1879, the King and the Archduchess were married in the Basilica of our Lady of Atocha in Madrid. Alfonso XII could not have made a better choice. As she walked up the aisle accompanied by her mother the Archduchess Elizabeth, her aunt the Archduchess Marie, her uncle the Archduke Rainer, and followed by an

¹ The Archduchess was travelling incognito as Countess of Seelowitz.

imposing Austrian suite, the young Princess must have known well that she was facing a difficult destiny ; yet neither she nor any of the onlookers could have realized that her task was to be as onerous, as exacting, as faithfully discharged as any similar task in history.

Ten months ¹ after the marriage Queen Maria Cristina presented her husband with a daughter, and it may unhesitatingly be accepted as evidence of their mutual affection and understanding that the Royal parents gave their first child the name of Mercedes, after the six-months Queen. Whatever their natural disappointment that the eldest-born was not a boy, the Royal family and the Spanish people greeted warmly the arrival of the Princess of Asturias.

About a year after the birth of the Princess an event very important in the economic development of the whole Peninsula took place : the Kings of Spain and Portugal met at Valencia de Alcantara, on the frontier, for the opening of the Madrid-Lisbon railway, an incident which, in its way, marked the beginnings of the great economic development and growth of modern Spain, which Alfonso XII did much to initiate and foster, and which his son Alfonso XIII continuously and successfully extended and consolidated.

The even tenor of family life in the Royal Palace in Madrid went quietly on, and, when the Princess of Asturias was two years and two months old she was joined by a sister who, with all the splendid pomp and ceremonial of the Spanish Court, was baptized Maria Teresa.

¹ September 11, 1880.

VII

FROM the moment of his return from exile Alfonso XII and his people understood each other ; he had the royal art of identifying himself spontaneously and completely with their joys and sorrows. Because of its climate, or rather because of the varieties of its climate, and its geographical characteristics, Spain is a country peculiarly liable to inundations. In the autumn of 1879 the rich agricultural province of Murcia was visited by terrible floods. Villages and towns were swept to destruction, and whole populations drowned ; the devastation appalled Europe, and financial and other help from every quarter expressed the universal sympathy felt for the Spanish people. The King at once went to the desolated area. One day he was wading through the streets of a forlorn village up to his knees in water ; an unfortunate victim of the floods, sitting on the ruins of his home, recognizing in the King's presence a personal sharing of his misery, rushed up to his Sovereign and embraced him. Neither King nor subject said a word, but both had tears in their eyes. Afterwards, when speaking of the incident the King used to say : " It was the most beautiful speech I ever heard in my life." While the King was in Murcia the final arrangements for his wedding were being made, and the bride-elect expressed a wish that money intended for display, or for gifts to herself should be given to the suffering Province, thus, even before marriage, proving her disinterestedness, and her unity with the ideals of her future husband. If Alfonso won immediate popularity on his first appearance in Spain, after his heroic conduct

during the Murcia inundations the nation took him irrevocably to its heart.

It is not easy for a King to get to know his humbler subjects personally ; but it is easier for a King of Spain than for any other Monarch, because in Spain the King is Everyman personified, and every man considers himself quite as good as the King. Alfonso XII seized all opportunities of seeing for himself the life of his poorer subjects. During a journey¹ made for this purpose he wrote from Comillas in the northern province of Santander to his sister the Infanta Paz an amusing account of his experiences, of which the following is an extract :

Dining in the house of a gentleman farmer in Mazcuerra my host made a speech in which he said : " Sir, the honour of having Your Majesty at my table is so great that my life and my possessions would not be sufficient to reward it, but you may dispose of both, for both are yours." After this he presented his sister whose husband is a well-known republican. The sister, in turn, presented the husband saying : " Here is my husband—a republican of Your Royal Majesty " ! Although the husband stoutly supported his republican ideas we became good friends. . . . At the feast the whole village surrounded me and each one, I feel sure, would cheerfully have given his or her life for their King as I, on my part, would have given mine for them. . . .

In his short reign Alfonso XII had almost endless opportunities of displaying his personal valour, that profoundest characteristic of all true Spaniards, and he took fullest advantage of them all. A few months after the death of his bride Mercedes, while he was still in the deepest mourning, his life was attempted in Madrid² by an anarchist. The King had a narrow escape, and the outrage

¹ In August 1882.

² October 1, 1878.

caused a natural outburst of enthusiasm and love for the Sovereign without parallel; he earnestly desired to pardon his assailant, but neither Cánovas nor the Ministry would consent; this, however, did not prevent him pensioning the would-be murderer's daughter out of his Privy purse. Three days¹ after his second marriage the King was himself driving Queen Maria Cristina in Madrid when they were fired at twice by an anarchist and very nearly killed—the bride bore herself bravely and the King only smiled and went his self-appointed way. Twenty-seven years later his only son faced, on his wedding-day, a similar ordeal.

In December 1884 and the spring of 1885 terrible earthquakes were experienced in the province of Granada. Nearly a thousand people were killed. The façade of Granada Cathedral, and the world-famous Giralda tower at Seville, both showed traces of injury. The King at once went to the earthquake area, accepting cheerfully all the unavoidable hardships of the occasion. A most devoted brother, he wrote a very full account of his experiences to his sister the Infanta Paz, some extracts from which are of interest:

TORRE DEL MAR,

March 20, 1885.

I send you these few lines from a portable hut where we have passed nights with the thermometer below zero and our bodies somewhat battered by our fifteen days' journey through these pathless *sierras* on foot and on horseback. . . . You will have seen by the papers that I have kept moving on, that it has snowed nearly all the time, indeed that the weather has been infernal. We have had days of twelve hours on horseback in the middle of the *sierra*, often without seeing a house for hours, and afterwards, for our night's rest, we perhaps had an earthquake or, if

¹ December 2, 1879.

lucky, a hut like this ! This country has suffered terribly ; throughout the province of Granada the villages are a heap of ruins in the midst of a desert. . . . It is impossible to remove the wounded and amputated because the roads are so bad that no cart can use them. At first the injured had to lie out in the cold, and later were crowded into shelters without air ; therefore many of the wounds mortified. My first care was to have ventilated huts erected, and beds, mattresses and linen installed in order to remove the wounded from their beds of straw on the damp ground. . . . The regular supply of food was, however, the most urgent thing to be arranged. I have given orders that roads are to be made immediately ; this will provide work and do something to remedy the half-savage state of affairs existing here. The next most urgent thing is the rebuilding of the villages. Using the funds and subscriptions placed at my disposal, I shall occupy myself with this task until it is completed as it is impossible to allow the inhabitants to live any longer like this. . . . Don't worry ; we shall carry this task through all right ; but I assure you that I am deeply grieved. . . .

Eight months and a few days after he wrote this letter the King was dead. It can be said without doubt that the hardships undergone in Granada followed immediately, as they were, by the terrible strain and anxiety of a cholera epidemic, did much to hasten the King's end.

When all is said, the most heroic thing Alfonso XII ever did was his simple, deliberate, and considered act during the terrible cholera epidemic of the spring and summer of 1885 which raged throughout Valencia and Murcia, eventually reaching Madrid. The King decided that, whatever happened, he, the Queen and the Royal family should not flee from the capital. The nation required, and received, an example of simple, steadfast devotion to duty that inspired everyone. Characteristically, the King wanted to be in the place of highest honour—where there was most danger

and most suffering—but Cánovas and the Conservative Ministry, who had for some time been seriously alarmed by the state of the King's health, absolutely declined the responsibility of allowing him to take such risks ; they threatened, if he insisted on visiting the cholera-ravaged area, to resign in a body, and were supported in their attitude by the Liberal Opposition and Sagasta. But the King had a way of stepping back in order that he might leap further. With the hot weather of June¹ the scourge had assumed appalling proportions, and was at its very worst in the village surrounding the King's country palace of Aranjuez some thirty miles south of Madrid.

One morning, in the beginning of July the King went, apparently, for a quiet walk in El Retiro, the large public park in the centre of Madrid, accompanied by an aide-de-camp, Colonel Don Felix Ingosoto. Going instead to the Atocha station which adjoins the park he said to the officer : " You return to the Palace ; I am going to Aranjuez." The aide-de-camp, however, was as brave as his master and rightly insisted on accompanying him.

The King could no longer forbear seeing for himself what was being done for his scourged subjects. He knew that had he announced his intention it would have been opposed, almost by force if necessary, so wisely kept his own counsel. Upon his arrival he inspected everything, placed the Castle of Aranjuez at the disposal of the local authorities for use as a convalescent home, and then asked to be taken to the Mother Superior

¹ At the end of June (1885) throughout Spain between five and six hundred persons were dying daily of cholera.

of the Sisters of Charity who were nursing in the Hospital: he was told it was impossible to see or consult with her as she was dying of cholera.

"Then I can at least thank her," said the King, and he went to her and kissed her hand in gratitude for all that she had done for his stricken people.

When he returned to Madrid the people almost worshipped him, and even the Government forgave him. Heroism makes an irresistible appeal in Spain. All these things were done quite simply, Alfonso naturally accepting the risks of kingship just as the sailor accepts the chance of death on the sea, or the miner those accompanying every blow of his pick beneath the earth.

This man, although he never had the joy of knowing it, was the father of Alfonso XIII, to whom, as will be seen in due course, he transmitted his superb courage with many other of his most splendid qualities.

His brief reign was marked by famines, violent outbreaks of nature, threats of military insurrections, many political complications and uncertainties; his wonderful boyish love romance was ended by premature death; his second marriage brought him, undoubtedly, much peace, a happy home life and devoted companionship; it was blessed with two charming daughters. It, however, failed to bring him in his lifetime the son whom he so ardently desired. Realizing in early manhood that he had not a long life before him it was his abiding dream to have a boy whom he could educate to be the true father of his people and, when that son reached the age of twenty, abdicate in his favour lest the heir should ever be tempted prematurely to desire his father's throne! He wanted, with

the utmost care, to guide every early step of his son's way and pass on to him the precious heritage he himself had garnered in other countries, and in the hard school of exile.

On November 25, 1885, within three days of his twenty-ninth birthday, he passed away at the Castle of El Pardo outside Madrid, with his greatest longing apparently unfulfilled : nevertheless, this unquenchable hope lightened the last months of his life, being buttressed by a deep premonition that his posthumous child would be a boy !

VIII

ALFONSO's eldest sister, the Infanta Isabel, and he were firm friends and had much in common but, as has been said, he did not share the Princess's great love and knowledge of music. Indeed he liked to pretend that he could not distinguish the different bugle calls. When he went to the Opera it was because of the action and not for the music. When he enquired of his sister the Infanta Pilar about the performance of the light opera *Dinorah* in Paris he asked not about the music and its rendering, but about the chief player and her acting. He had, indeed, something like adoration for drama, especially in verse, and knew by heart many of the great poetic masterpieces of Spain. During his reign the dramas of the distinguished writer José Echegaray were very much the vogue. The King was amongst the many who greatly admired the works of the poet who, although at that time a republican, was not above being flattered by the Sovereign's open admiration. Indeed he could hardly fail to be because the King never allowed

politics to deflect his private judgment or influence his personal preferences. His love of poetry and drama was allied to that intense love of oratory so characteristic of Spaniards. He had the greatest admiration for the speeches of Castelar the Republican leader who was for a giddy and uncertain hour the last of the four Presidents of the Republic. Castelar was a supreme exponent of the rather flamboyant style born in the cradle of the French Revolution; nurtured by the subsequent periods of violent political struggle, in its decline it owed much to literary romantic idealism: one evening after dinner the King astonished his entourage by insisting on reading aloud one of Castelar's speeches in the Cortes—directed against himself. The indignant courtiers cried out: "But, Señor—it is outrageous!" To which the King retorted:

"But, Señores—it is magnificent."

The King, who had a keen sense of humour, and knew how a laugh can salve political animosities, may well have been drawn to Castelar by a story famous throughout Spain: After the King's Restoration, on being asked what he would do if a Republic were ever again proclaimed, the former President answered in one word:

"Emigrate!"

As a matter of fact Castelar afterwards recognized the Monarchy and became a great admirer of the Regent, Queen Maria Cristina.

Alfonso XII, although not tall, was athletic and graceful, and of a soldierly appearance and figure. He had a fine complexion, a clear, pale olive, plenty of dark hair, splendid eyes, and great sympathy and charm of manner. His Bourbon nose, not so pronounced as that of his son Alfonso XIII,

gave character and strength to his face. He loved exercise, was a fine shot and an excellent and daring horseman. Before appointing a new aide-de-camp the King was known to test his horsemanship by taking him across country in the very rough going around Madrid. Another of his passions was skating, at which he was really first-class. He acquired the art while he was a youth at the Theresianum in Vienna and could do the outside and inside edges, figures three and eight, and all the movements considered in those days so wonderful, and all in the most graceful fashion. He had a skating rink made in the Casa de Campo; it was flooded each night with water and because, even in winter, the Spanish sun is strong and rises early everyone had to be out skating at dawn. His relatives, Ambassadors, Ministers of State, Generals, old and young, the King made them get up early and come out. If they were not off the ice by nine o'clock it melted and they fell in, much to the delight of the King—especially if they had been late in arriving. One privileged participator in the skating used to delight the King and the Royal family. In those days the only place in Madrid where skates were to be had was at a little toy-shop. The proprietor, who was from Nürnberg in Bavaria, was named Schropp (pronounced by the Spaniards "Escrow"). He used to arrive at the rink regularly every morning laden with skates and did a roaring trade. He was quite a character among the skaters, always ready to put on skates, help beginners, and make himself generally useful. He could not skate himself and, as he was very fat, looked extremely funny waddling on the ice, wearing long thick flannel stockings

pulled over his boots to keep him from slipping. His son who skated, although badly, usually accompanied him and was in constant demand as teacher and helper. One day old "Escrow" saw the son surrounded by a lot of tottering beginners all trying to hang on to him, and called out excitedly :

"Señores! for pity's sake don't kill him; he is my only son!"

Afterwards young "Escrow" was never known by any other name than "*el hijo único*"—"the only son."

Alfonso XII never regarded his period of exile as an unmixed evil. He repeatedly acknowledged that it had taught him much, including a sound knowledge of men and things. His mother, Isabel II, a Sovereign of matchless courage who had in fullest measure the supreme feminine gift of arousing intense love and intense hatred, was altogether too much of a woman to become a great Queen: moreover, she had the misfortune to succeed to the throne far too young. Alfonso XII, therefore, learned in early life to rely on himself and on his own judgment. Competent observers admit that he not only knew his own mind, but had a just and wise view of his kingly responsibilities and duties. He was on the whole fortunate in the two Ministers who were the chief political figures of his brief ten years' reign; they were Antonio Cánovas del Castillo, leader of the Conservative party, and Praxedes Sagasta who, in spite of his ultra-radical, even revolutionary past, became the enlightened leader of the Liberals. Henry Dwight Sedgwick describes ¹ Cánovas as "the best Spanish statesman of the century"; Professor de Madariaga, brilliant,

¹ *Short History of Spain*, p. 346.

and seldom unbiased, says he was "the greatest corrupter of political life which modern Spain has known": Mr. Sedgwick, being more objective, is probably much nearer the truth. As a matter of fact Cánovas was a man of very wide and advanced views and a figure of international importance. One of his great ambitions was to attain a state of complete concord and understanding between Spain and the United States. He numbered amongst his friends Gladstone, President Thiers, and Marshal MacMahon, while no less a judge than Bismarck admired him enormously.

Under the King both these men did their utmost to help to heal the wounds of civil war; to consolidate the position of the Throne as the unifying factor in the national life; and to develop the unique natural gifts, and considerable economic resources of the Spanish people. Between them they were largely responsible for framing the Constitution of 1876 which, based on the British model, was far too advanced for the Spanish peoples. Professor Altamira, the distinguished historian, describes it as "somewhat vague in many of its terms, leaving ample room for many diverse interpretations." Nevertheless, certain writers and speakers wilfully and misleadingly refer to this Constitution as if it were a combination of the Ten Commandments, the Dogmas of the Church, the Laws of the Medes and Persians—and Alice in Wonderland! Its vagueness (wisely deliberate)¹ is entirely in its favour if only it be frankly and honestly recognized. What is embodied in a Constitution

¹ Count de Romanones in his brilliant study, *Sagasta o el Político*, makes it clear that both Sagasta and Cánovas accepted the 1876 Constitution as "a model of flexibility."

is often far less important than what is only implied, or even omitted. It is commonly agreed that the "British constitution"—which can hardly be said to exist—is the most workable and satisfactory in the world. The Vestal Virgins used to pray to the Gods to make them chaste—but not soon; constitution-mongers might well pray that their offspring should be concise and clear; let them, however, add the Vestals' afterthought—but not before every voter has a mind that is both. A Constitution, however good, that is wrangled about is a national calamity: a constitution, however bad, that is honestly *worked*, with due regard to the ever-changing necessities of the moment, in a reasonable spirit of give and take can be a national blessing framing, as it should, those general principles which embody the ideals and aspirations of the whole people, and around which all men of goodwill voluntarily group themselves to work in the most tolerant catholic spirit for the good of the fatherland. Unfortunately the "ample room for many diverse interpretations" left in the Spanish Constitution of 1876 has been made for years the excuse for Party strife, recrimination and dissension in Spain, largely because the Spanish character is ultra-individualistic, dialectical, talkative, critical and, at times, passionately disruptive. Let Spaniards decide to work *any* constitution and they will find *that* constitution good and *workable*. Were the United States and England governed according to the letter, instead of according to the spirit, of their respective Constitutions, the result would be chaos.

For every reason the reign of Alfonso XII was too short. With an open independent mind he

was too big a man ever to become the tool of a political Party or a clique, and governing with the best help available, he held the scales evenly between the Constitution, the Church, the Army, and the rival politicians : he saw only Spain, and he saw it as a whole.

His reign saw the development of railway and steamship communications, and the beginnings of an industrial expansion which has not yet reached anything like its full potential limits ; it saw also the rise of modern Spanish journalism, the foundation of the Socialist Labour Party, and the beginnings of a modern educational system. The King's personal contribution to the life of the times was, in every department, considerable. At the very beginning he earned the gratitude of the people as leader of the final victory over Don Carlos, thus ridding the country once for all of any serious danger of the recurrence of the scourge of civil war. Typifying as he did in a peculiar sense the nation's new-born longing for unity and progress along liberal lines, he is assured of a high place in Spanish history.

Some years after his death the Spanish people erected to the King's memory in El Retiro, the principal public park in Madrid, an imposing monument. Beneath an equestrian statue of the Monarch, bronze panels show in relief leading episodes from his life, including the incident of his being kissed by the peasant amid the ruins of Murcia ; the main panel on the front contains the words *El Pacificador, Alfonso XII, 20 de Mayo 1876*, the date of the promulgation of the new Constitution.

El Pacificador : no king—no human being—could win a finer epitaph.

CHAPTER TWO
THE MOTHER AND SON
1886-1902

I

THE widowed Queen Maria Cristina was eight months younger than her husband. According to the Constitution she was Regent until the coming of age of her eldest daughter Mercedes, Princess of Asturias, because, in Spain, as in England, Russia, Holland and other countries there is no Salic law and a Queen can rule.¹ It was known that the Queen Regent was expecting another child, which might be a boy, and, until the event took place, the situation was one of uncertainty. In Austria and Germany many people expressed grave doubts as to what would happen, but the Queen Regent's sister-in-law, Princess Ludwig Ferdinand (the Infanta Paz), said to her friends in Munich: "Chivalrous Spain will protect a woman and a child"; and so it was.

On the day of the King's death Señor Cánovas, the Conservative Prime Minister, waited on the Queen and said: "Your Majesty must begin to

¹ "In the thirteenth century Alfonso the Learned formulated this principle in legal terms": Altamira, R., *A History of Spanish Civilization*, p. 104. The principle, which fell into abeyance under the earlier Bourbon monarchs, was definitely re-established by Ferdinand VII on March 31, 1830.

govern with the Liberals : call Sagasta. I tender my resignation : but Your Majesty may always count on me to advise and serve you." Sagasta, a true patriot, accepted responsibility. Castelar, the Republican leader, declared that he could not fight against a woman and a cradle ; even the Carlists, whose history was stained with some unknighly deeds, remained quiet. When, in due course, the Queen went to the Cortes to swear, as Regent, fidelity to the Constitution in the name of " the Heir of Alfonso XII," the whole of Spain rallied to her support and, as one man, vowed to live or die for her as, in other days, Hungarians had sworn fealty to Maria Theresa ; and, in Spain as in Germany, a goodly company kept their oath, dying later with the words " Viva la Reina " on their lips in the wars of Cuba and the Philippines. Even now, in Spain, if nowhere else, chivalry is a reality.

And the bereaved lady swathed in black standing on the dais before the empty throne was indeed a figure calculated to call forth pity and support. She had been just six years in her adopted home and in that short time could not have acquired any profound knowledge of Spain or its peoples—because it contains many peoples, not one. The wise guiding hand of a sympathetic and understanding husband had gone for ever. In future she must walk alone. Two little girls in black, the Princess of Asturias and the Infanta Maria Teresa, clung to her skirts ; and what life stirred beneath her heart neither she nor anyone else could tell. The Queen Regent rested her ungloved hand on the Gospels which were held for her by Sagasta, the Prime Minister : on the dais behind her stood her Mayordomo Mayor, or Lord Great Chamberlain,



1 The Infanta Eulalia. 2 The Infante Don Antonio (husband of Infanta Eulalia). 3 The Infanta Isabel 1 Don Alberto Camps (Sec. to the Congress) 5 Count de la Sallent (Minister of Grace and Justice) 6 Señor Cánovas (Prime Minister). 7 Princess of Asturias 8 The Infanta Maria Teresa. 9 Queen Marie Cristina. 10 Duchess of Baena. 11. Duchess de Medina de Las Torres. 12. Marquess de Santa Cruz. 13. Gen Martinez Campos.

QUEEN MARIA CRISTINA AS REGENT SWEARING IN THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES ON BEHALF OF "THE HEIR OF ALFONSO XII" TO OBSERVE THE CONSTITUTION

From the picture in the Senate Chamber begun by F. Jover and finished by J. Sorolla.

the Marquess de Santa Cruz, her Mistress of the Robes, the Commandants General of the Halberdiers and of the Escolta Real, and the other ladies and gentlemen of her Household. To the left of the throne stood the Regent's sisters-in-law the Infantas Isabel and Eulalia, and, immediately in front of it, Cánovas, Moret, and Victor Balaguer. On the right stood General Martinez Campos, who, at Sagunto¹ on that memorable day exactly eleven years before, had proclaimed the Sandhurst Cadet King of Spain. All around stood members of the Royal family and the representatives of the Spanish people. These things meant much to Queen Maria Cristina, and heartened her at the beginning of her long and difficult task. Yet, when all is said, all allowances made, all loyalties recognized, it was her own upright nature, strong religious beliefs, relentless sense of duty, and unfailing unselfishness and toil, that made possible the successful accomplishment of one of the most difficult tasks ever given to a woman.

II

A MID-MAY morning in Madrid can be wonderful. Opposite the south front of the Royal Palace, immense crowds thronged the Plaza de Oriente, the largest square in Madrid in the centre of which stands the equestrian statue of Phillip IV,² designed

¹ Near Valencia; its capture by Hannibal in 218 B.C. was made the occasion of the outbreak of the Second Punic War, "the War for Spain"; Livy's account of this is of course famous.

² It is all that now remains of the old Palace, or *Alcázar*, parts of which dated from the reign of King Pedro (1276); added to and altered by successive Sovereigns, it was burned down on Christmas Eve, 1734; Philip IV had built the main front and adorned it with this fine statue.

by Pietro Tacca, a Florentine, after Velasquez's famous painting of that Sovereign. The people, for Spaniards unusually silent, overflowed into the adjoining streets and squares. At half-past twelve the crowd seemed to hold its breath as the cannons began to boom out the long-expected tidings of the birth of a posthumous child to their late beloved Sovereign Alfonso XII. As the fourteenth round was fired the grave Spanish faces of the waiting multitudes looked almost like a gigantic El Greco painting—withdrawn, passionate, vivid, concealing hidden fires. If the guns stopped at the fifteenth round, then the Queen Regent was the mother of another girl; if not, if they boomed forth twenty-one times, then she was the mother of the long-awaited, long-prayed-for son—the King of Spain. Few men in history have been born a King. When at the Palace of the Tuileries in 1811 Napoleon flung himself before the waiting courtiers with: "It is the King of Rome," he only made a rhetorical gesture; when, inside the Royal Palace of Madrid on May 17, 1886, the Lord Great Chamberlain, the Marquess de Santa Cruz, appeared at the door of the Camara or audience chamber and in a voice trembling with emotion said to the anxious assembly: "Her Majesty Queen Cristina has given birth to a son: *Viva el Rey! Viva la Reina!*" he was giving voice to a concrete historic reality. A few minutes later, Sagasta, the Prime Minister, appeared bearing a golden tray with a red velvet cushion on which reposed unprotestingly the baby Majesty of Spain. Telegrams were sent all over the country saying that "a robust King had been born in all happiness"; the waiting courtiers having personally assured themselves,

according to law, that it was a King,¹ the infant was allowed to retire to more comfortable surroundings.

Alfonso XIII had held his first reception.

From the moment he first breathed the boy was a reigning King. Madrid, the whole of Spain, was transported with happiness and this profound and natural emotion evoked universal sympathy. When, at the very door of the birth chamber, Cánovas, the Conservative leader, who was there by right of his position as a Knight of the Golden Fleece, threw up his arms in a transport of enthusiasm and exclaimed: "Now we have a King," he expressed the relief not only of Spaniards of all creeds and parties, but, in a real sense, that of the whole world.

As for the Queen Regent, she looked upon the boy's arrival as a gift—a high and sacred trust—from her dead husband, whose last months on earth had been filled with this consoling hope. It is recorded that the little Princess of Asturias asked: "Tell me, Mama, who sent us our little brother?" And the Queen answered, "Your father, from Heaven."

Five days later the christening took place with great pomp in the Chapel of the Palace and, in the gracious Spanish fashion, the Gallery of the Palace was, by order of the Queen Regent, thrown open to everyone so that the people—the very

¹ When the Infanta Paz's second son Prince Adalbert was born at the Nymphenburg Palace the responsible Cabinet Minister was, in accordance with the law, summoned from Munich to make sure that all was in order: he arrived late and, wishing to save the baby exposure, the Infanta declared that it was a boy; but the conscientious Bavarian was not satisfied and insisted on seeing for himself.

poorest people, even the beggars, if they so desired—of Madrid could witness the procession to and from the Chapel Royal—because in Spain, probably the only true democracy in the world, all men are equal. And the spectacle was well worth while. The Great Gallery to be traversed by the procession was hung with the famous tapestries which are amongst the most glorious possessions of the Crown of Spain. Against these were lined up on each side the Palace Guard, the Halberdiers, in their picturesque blue cut-away coats with red and silver facings, white breeches, black gaiters, three-cornered hats bound with silver braid, and long shining silver halberds.¹ The procession was led by the chief Usher, who was followed by chamberlains, mayordomos, mace bearers, and the “Covered” Grandees who have the right to bear on golden trays the salt cellar and the robe, the cap, basin, ewer, damask cloth, the veil and the marchpane.

The baby King was carried in the arms of his “*Aya*,” the Duchess de Medina de las Torres, and wore around his neck the same little scarlet band bearing the Golden Fleece that his father Alfonso XII had worn at his baptism twenty-nine years before. On the right of the baby throughout the ceremony stood Cardinal Rampolla, the Nuncio in Madrid of the boy’s godfather, Pope Leo XIII, and on the left his godmother, the Infanta Isabel. Behind them stood the nurse in a picturesque short full skirt of cream-coloured velvet, close-fitting black velvet bodice with buttons of gold filigree, a gold necklace and long coral earrings. Behind the main actors were the Ministers of the Crown,

¹ Founded about 120 years ago with a strength of 150.

dignitaries of the Palace, the Queen's Household and *Damas de la Reina*, and other important personages. The procession was closed, as is customary, by the band of the Halberdiers. The Spanish monks attached to the Holy Places had sent water from the river Jordan for the baptismal rite. It was the intention of Alfonso XII, if he ever had a son, to call him Fernando in honour of the great Fernando III, the Saint, who captured Seville from the Moors in the middle of the thirteenth century. His widow, however, gave the boy his first name in memory of his father, and his third in fulfilment of that father's wish; Isidro is the patron saint of Madrid: so the baby King was christened Alfonso Leon Fernando Maria Santiago Isidro Pascual Anton. At the conclusion of the ceremony a *Te Deum* was sung and a salvo of twenty-one guns announced to the people of Madrid that, whatever else their baby Sovereign might lack in life, he would face it sufficiently equipped with christian names!

III

JUST before the baby King was four years old he had the most severe illness of his life. Indeed for a time it looked as if he had crossed the threshold. Spain was in despair, and the whole world may be said to have shared her anxiety as, hour by hour, news reached it from the baby's bedside. At the time the boy's grandmother, Queen Isabel II, then aged sixty, was staying with her daughter-in-law and in the following moving and vivid letter, written in Spanish, to her daughter the Infanta Paz in Munich, she gives a full account of what happened. The illness which began on January

the 4th was very critical for a period of ten days or so ; the Queen's letter, begun on January the 12th, was not finished until the 21st, and in it the writer takes us right into the sickroom :

PALACIO REAL, MADRID.

January 12, 1890.

I take advantage of a moment of quiet to send you these few lines which I am writing in the apartments of my dear grandson, King Alfonso XIII, two rooms off from where he is now, thank God, sleeping quietly. What days and nights we have had ! Such endless perplexities and cruel anxieties ! Ever since I arrived in Madrid there has been nothing but troubles, news of misfortunes and, worst of all, the horrible fright we have had with the illness of the King my grandson.

The first thing I heard on crossing the frontier was the death of the poor Empress of Brazil :¹ R.I.P.

Madrid is sad, and everything seems to be more unusual than ever.

When I arrived I found Crista's three children, my grandchildren, quite well, although the little King was looking rather thin after his cold and bronchitis, but he was really well and so nice.

Two days after I arrived, they sent for me in the morning, saying that Alfonso had a bad colic, that the doctors were with him and were very anxious about him. I went over at once and found Crista

¹ The Consort of Dom Pedro II (1825-91), who was Emperor of Brazil 1831-89. She was Therese, Princess of Bourbon-Sicilies (1822-89), her mother being an Infanta of Spain. Her funeral was on January 7, 1890, at Lisbon. She was an aunt of the writer of the letter.



THE BABY KING AND HIS MOTHER

naturally very distressed and frightened, as although the colic had passed, the poor boy had convulsions. That whole day we were terribly uneasy. He continued like this for three or four days with much fever and very weak; and a few days ago I was awakened at two o'clock in the morning by a message from Crista saying the King was worse. I need not tell you what a terrible fright I got, I don't know how I got to the boy's room, my limbs were trembling so much, as I thought the worst had happened, which was very nearly the case; as, if the doctor had not been there, he would have died without anyone realizing it, as he had a kind of fainting fit (the doctors called it by another name) whilst he was sleeping, and remained for some time unconscious, without pulse, and the heart almost paralysed. The doctors said that if there was another attack as bad, it would be fatal.

He has had fever these last few days and is still very weak, but although there is still danger he has improved, and to-day I find him much better, and trust in God and the Blessed Virgin that he will be spared.

Crista does not leave him one moment and we are all day long, and even in the small hours of the morning, in the child's room.

Crista and I beg you to give all these details to the good Marie Therese¹ and embrace her for me. It was a great consolation for us all having Crista's brother Eugen² here; he has been always at hand and makes himself really liked.

¹ The Archduchess Maria Theresa (1849-1919), a step-sister of Queen Maria Cristina, had married in 1868 Prince Ludwig of Bavaria (1845-1921), afterwards King Ludwig III.

² Archduke Eugen of Austria, b. 1863.

MADRID,

January 21, 1890.

The little King is again so nice and lively, very quick and intelligent. I must confess he enchants me with his artless prattle. He is not yet very strong, but I hope in God that he will soon be quite well again. It is a perfect miracle that he is alive.

IV

WHEN, at the premature ending of his first love marriage, the bereaved Alfonso XII, looking for a suitable helpmate and consort, turned in loyal remembrance to the young Austrian Princess whose brother had been kind to him in exile, his action was more nearly an inspiration than he himself or anyone else could have foreseen. Queen Maria Cristina was a woman of strong character, and with a fine intelligence, perfect tact and great charm of manner.

Her unusual gift of infinite patience was severely tried when, instead of the longed-for son, she bore her husband two daughters. Then came the King's premature death in circumstances of the utmost difficulty and uncertainty. The six months intervening between his death and the birth of Alfonso XIII were borne by the Queen Regent with the dignified fortitude that illumined her whole personality. Her strong sense of duty, inspired as it was throughout her whole life by a profound and humble Christianity, carried her safely through trials such as might well have daunted the greatest.

Her son inherited from his father a delicate constitution and the first task his mother set herself was with the utmost care to watch over his health,

and develop his physique, and she was so successful that he became at an early age a man of great endurance. Athletic exercises and sports, carefully graduated and supervised, were the basis of all his early studies.

Bringing up a high-spirited active boy is never an easy task, more particularly one who, inheriting the blood of the Bourbons and the Hapsburgs, two of the oldest reigning families in Europe, hears himself addressed as Majesty from his cradle; when the child is born a King,¹ the ordinary difficulties are increased ten thousandfold. Most Kings have been born high up or low down on the steps of a throne. Their education and preparation for regal duties have been slow and gradual. They have lived, often for many years, in that state of perfect submission demanded by Sovereigns from their heirs-apparent. This discipline must have its effects, its lasting reactions. In modern times such conditions produce in constitutional countries sovereigns like Edward VII, George V, or Albert II of Belgium. But what of him who is a king from the moment that he breathes? Surely such an unusual fate must have an indelible effect on personality, on character? True, there is a Regent, or a Regency, but from the first hour of real self-consciousness it will be abundantly clear to a quick and sensitive intelligence that what they do is done only for the King and in his name. In considering the career of Don Alfonso XIII the unique circumstances in which he was born and brought up must always be taken fully into account. Standing high above everyone, the boy inevitably stood

¹ The nearest historic parallel is Jean I of France, b. 1316, who, however, lived only a few days.

alone. Other boys have a father, uncles, tutors, schoolmasters, superiors—of whom, from birth, they stand in awe, and to whom they must pay deference. Not so Alfonso XIII. The Queen Mother rightly did her utmost to counteract these disadvantages by a wise choice of Governors, and by surrounding the lad with suitable playmates. But in reality his Governors and tutors were no more his superiors than his playmates were his equals. Psychologically, the career of a boy, born a King, of the oldest reigning family in Europe, without superiors, without equals and, therefore, without any background, must be of unique interest. On State occasions when the Queen Regent received seated on the Throne, and the baby King was too small to sit alone, he sat in the arms of his nurse in a chair on the right of the Queen, the nurse always dressed in the picturesque national costume already described. Such experiences may, possibly, have made the boy unduly conscious of his kingship ; on the other hand, it undoubtedly implanted deeply in his mind the belief that he was dedicated even before his birth to the fulfilment of a high and arduous task.

Nevertheless, all this apart, from the beginning the Queen Mother made it quite clear to the boy King that she was Regent, and that until he came of age her will, not his, must prevail. For this difficult and incalculable service her son has never ceased to be devoutly grateful. He had, fortunately for himself and Spain, to learn to obey at least one or two people before he learned to command many. In accordance with this policy it was not until his fifteenth birthday that the King was told he would attain his majority at the age of sixteen.

The Queen Regent unflinchingly set herself the further task of seeing that he received the best education possible in the circumstances. Of course she was criticized. Who in Spain is not? He was brought up to be a good Catholic! What else would you? Spain was, and is, and at heart will remain, a Catholic country, and the boy was by ancient inheritance and by law "Catholic King of Spain," just as George V is by law "Protestant King of England." He should, say some critics, have been sent travelling all over the world in his earlier years. It was not easy for Princes to go wandering about the world in the 'eighties of the last century; it would have been almost impossible for a boy King to do so. Apart from the fact that it is never a light thing and seldom a wise one for a mother to part from an only son, it is very doubtful if Alfonso XIII would have been welcomed as a resident visitor in any foreign country; the responsibility of guarding him would have been far too onerous for a foreign sovereign and government to undertake it. Would the Spanish people have tolerated prolonged absences from his country of their young King? More pertinent still, would those who now criticize, had they been at the time Ministers of the Crown, have advised such absences? Lastly, is it seriously suggested that Queen Cristina should have put aside her responsibilities as Regent, and gone gadding about Europe with her son? Her multitudinous duties at home made such a course utterly impracticable and the charge has only to be stated to show its inherent absurdity.

If the Queen Regent's common sense made it quite clear to her that her son, as a Spanish monarch,

must be educated as a Spaniard in Spain, she did what was possible to rectify the defect—because defects and omissions are inescapable from any educational system—by having him from boyhood thoroughly taught foreign languages. The Spaniards are not naturally early risers but, summer or winter, the lad was never up later than seven-thirty o'clock. After a very simple breakfast and a walk of one hour his first lesson, at nine o'clock, was French or English. The Marquess de Merry del Val, long Spanish Ambassador in London, taught him English, and Don Luis Alberto Gayan, French. To-day Don Alfonso is one of the most fluent linguists in Europe, equally at home in Spanish, German, English, French or Italian.

At ten o'clock the King went to the Palace riding school for horseback exercise, the lesson usually beginning by vaulting on and off a bare-backed horse at full gallop. Like his father he became a fearless rider and a magnificent jumper, as those who have had the good fortune to hunt in his company in Cheshire and in the Midlands well know. There are at present only two packs of fox-hounds in Spain, the Sociedad de Caza de Madrid, and the famous Calpé pack near Algeciras, with which British naval and military officers stationed at Gibraltar have always hunted and of which the Marquess de Marzales has been Master for many years. The country round Madrid does not give much in the way of serious jumping, but it is rough going and a good test of horsemanship, and the King, as President of the Madrid Hunt, goes out when he can. The King is a good whip and fond of driving, but his love of horses finds

its fullest expression in a passion for horsemanship, riding, and Polo, and in breeding and racing.¹

On certain days of the week the boy King had *Jeu de Barres* (a game played on horseback, very popular in France and Spain and requiring the utmost quickness and skill), at which he became an adept. At least one hour daily was devoted to physics, chemistry or military geography. At one o'clock precisely the boy lunched quietly and simply in his own room in the company of one of his Governors, and perhaps one or another of his tutors. At two o'clock he had German conversation, followed by literature, general history, and religious instruction. The day's studies ended, as they began, with gymnastics. The Queen Regent rightly insisted that considerable time should be spent on history and literature, especially Spanish history and literature which the King read with Don José Velarde; consequently, for a man who must necessarily live a very active and busy life, her son is unusually well read and well informed. The Marquess de Viana, who afterwards became one of the King's closest friends, was also amongst his tutors. General of Marine Don Patricio Aguirre de Tajada was Director of the King's Studies, and his two Governors were Lieutenant-Colonel Don Juan Loriga (Count del Grove) and Colonel Don Miguel Gonzales de Castejon (Count de Aybar) of the General Staff. His military instruction was directed by Don Enrique Ruiz Farnells and was exactly the same as that of any other recruit in the Spanish army. He had as fellow-students and playmates eight or ten boys, all more or less his

¹ For reasons of economy the King, who raced as Duke of Toledo, sold most of his horses in January 1931.

own age, and in their company he did his military drills and exercises in the grounds of the Casa de Campo or, when the weather was too wet or cold, in one of the larger halls of the Palace. The little group¹ was a democratic one; the King had exactly the same status as the others; indeed, as they were all his seniors, he was, if anything, at a disadvantage, the idea being to allow him to find his true place amongst his comrades by a process of natural selection, as happens in any school class anywhere. The group was for drill purposes under the command of an Infantry Captain, and a drummer from the Palace Guard of Halberdiers was attached for the purpose of marking time and so on. The lads drilled with small rifles specially made for them in the factory of Oviedo.

The Queen Mother always desired to see as much of her son as possible; she had chosen with the utmost care his two Governors, the Count del Grove and the Count de Aybar, who took duty on alternate days, but she never surrendered to anyone her own responsibilities as mother and Regent. The King had tea at five o'clock, and dinner at eight o'clock, daily with his mother, sisters and the Governor and tutors on duty. Between tea and dinner he did two hours' study. After dinner he would play billiards with one of his tutors. While he did so the Queen would work or knit with her ladies, or play card-games with her daughters. A

¹ Amongst the King's youthful companions were: Eduardo Aguirre, son of General Aguirre; Fernando and José Ramirez de Haro, sons of the Count de Bornos; Alvarez and Luis Armada, sons of the Count de Revilla; Gigedo Pedro Díez de Rivera, son of the Count de Almodovar; Luis Escriva de Romaní, son of the Count de Sastago.

good deal of time was devoted to music, as the Queen had not only unusual skill as a performer, but a real love for and understanding of music. Her son, however, in this respect, is more like his father than his mother. Ten o'clock brought prayers and bed. The Queen, who was a widely cultivated woman, with a great love and knowledge of literature and art and, more unusual in those days, of science, herself regularly examined her son's exercises and, at intervals, he had to pass searching examinations in her presence.

When the time came for him to start seriously studying Law, politics, economics and social questions she sent for Don Gualberto Lopez-Valdemoro y Quesada (afterwards Count de las Navas) to inquire if he would undertake to teach these important studies. The Queen began by saying that she would have liked her son to go to Madrid University as an ordinary student, but this being for various reasons impracticable, she wanted him thoroughly grounded in these most essential questions. Before assuming duty the Queen earnestly desired Don Gualberto to make a point of always speaking the whole truth to the boy, and carefully to avoid all flattery, which she considered the greatest danger to which a King was exposed. Later, when the Count showed some hesitation when dealing with certain aspects of the reigns of Ferdinand VII and Isabel II, the young King himself said: "Please don't hesitate. These matters belong to history and I must know the truth."

Then, as now, the King's manners were perfect. He would never pass through a door before one of his professors, nor seat himself until after the

professor had done so. Once, when a new teacher said to him: "But, Señor, the King is always the King," the lad replied: "Yes; but here I am only your pupil."

It has been said that King Alfonso XIII is insufficiently engrossed in intellectual pursuits—a ludicrous criticism of a man whose life is one of incessant occupation and action. The wonder is that he does not hate the sight of a book. He came of age when he was sixteen and, before that time, had to acquire not only a full general education, but a military and political one as well. Spanish boys are much more advanced than English or American; fortunately so, otherwise Don Alfonso could never have learned all he did between the ages of eleven and sixteen. Gifted with a remarkably fine memory, a clear brain, and rapid powers of assimilation, he completely missed contracting anything in the nature of mental indigestion. He is a ready speaker, can easily put his ideas and thoughts into words, and when desirable can do so with eloquence. Moreover, like Edward VII, he has the great gift of eliciting information from others, and in this way adds to his knowledge continuously.

Anecdotes about children, especially Royal children, can be trivial and tedious but, when authentic, are worth recording as evidences of temperament or character. When a child the King had masses of very curly hair. After the fashion of mothers, the Queen Regent was particularly proud of a large curl in the middle of the boy's forehead; this the lad detested, and was longing to get rid of it. One day when the hair-dresser came as usual to trim his hair he ordered him first thing to cut off the obnoxious curl. The

hairdresser protested that the Queen Regent would be angry and the boy, taking no chances, said : " It is my hair, and I am the King and order you to cut it off," which was accordingly done.

Although Don Alfonso is the most approachable monarch in Europe he has, and had from his earliest years, a keen and correct sense of what is due to the head of the Spanish nation. As a child a Grandee took it upon himself to address him by his little name which was " Bubi." The lad at once said, perfectly courteously but perfectly firmly : " Only my mother uses that name ; to all others I am *el Rey* " (the King) ; thus, in one neat sentence, vindicating his mother's privilege and his own position. One day when about ten years old one of his Professors gave him a long lecture on the danger of flattery, particularly for Princes and Kings, who, he said, were often deceived and injured by the flattery of their subjects. That afternoon the Professor was in the riding school and, the boy having done something particularly well, he praised him. The King immediately said : " Have I really done well, or is it only flattery ? "

This combination of shrewdness, tinged with cynicism and a slightly malicious humour, is characteristically Spanish, and is well known to the King's intimates. When he was just fifteen, exactly a year before he came of age, he was at a picnic with his mother, her ladies, and a group of officers. After luncheon a General officer present offered the King a cigarette, whereupon the Queen immediately remonstrated with : " Alfonso is not allowed to smoke." Like a flash the lad retorted :

" Many thanks, General ; offer it to me again next year ! "

He early acquired great poise and self-control. One of his first important ceremonial acts occurred in 1899 when he was only thirteen years old. The German Emperor William II sent an Imperial Prince to invest the boy King with the Order of the Black Eagle. Even the members of the Spanish Royal family were astonished at the King's dignity and command and the clearness and decision with which he spoke the appropriate discourse.

One of Don Alfonso's most innate qualities is chivalry. Like all very quick, impatient people he can be guilty of the appearance of rudeness ; but he could not, if he tried, fail in real deference, or be brusque or rude to a woman : few men who revere their mother can. Once as a child, playing in the country with Princess Pilar, it was discovered that she had lost the ribbon off her hair. Without a moment's hesitation he took the cord from around the collar of his little sailor jacket and tied up his cousin's long, fair hair with it : the Infanta Paz has always kept the cord as a souvenir of her chivalrous nephew. Soon after the King officially came of age he received for the first time as its supreme head the salute of the Army at a review of the troops in Madrid, his mother, for the first time in public, taking a secondary place. Intuitively realizing her feelings and wishing to do her homage, he placed himself at the head of the troops and galloped past her at the salute. The spontaneity and gallantry of the gesture were characteristic.

When Queen Cristina laid down her duties as Regent she could look back over sixteen years without one regret for a duty unfulfilled. She neglected nothing that could help to equip her son for his great task in life. Above all, nothing was



DON ALFONSO XIII ON HIS FIRST PONY, IN THE COURTYARD, OF THE
ROYAL PALACE, MADRID

The statues in the background are those of Trajan and Hadrian, two of the four Roman Emperors of Spanish birth.

allowed to interfere with work and throughout the summer, which was usually spent at the Castle of Miramar at San Sebastian with his mother and sisters, the usual strenuous routine was followed.

The boy was kept fully informed of contemporary events and during the Spanish-American war supplicated: "I wish to go; I wish to go; a King is not a child when his people fight."

Life at San Sebastian, more especially during the war, was very informal and simple. The Queen Mother encouraged her children to learn to amuse themselves. Private theatricals appealed to the whole family and on the occasion of the golden wedding of her Lord Great Chamberlain, the Marquess de Medina Sidonia, the Royal Family and Household acted a play written by themselves. The Queen Mother took the part of a maid, and the boy King that of a page boy; his most important duty being to hand the present from the Household to the Marquess. On another occasion, for the Queen Mother's feast day, the children got together an amateur orchestra, each one of them playing a musical instrument, the Queen tactfully professing great pleasure in the noise that resulted. On another occasion in Madrid the King and his sister Maria Teresa played with spirit in a piece written by the Duke de Rivas at the request of the Infanta Isabel.

As far as possible when at San Sebastian study took place in the open air, and on one of the most perfect sand beaches in the world, breathing the invigorating breezes from the Atlantic Ocean the boy became an expert swimmer and sailor. He can handle a pair of oars, or sail a yacht, as well as any Basque fisherman and, at San Sebastian, he

laid the foundations of that practical seamanship which has given him his place amongst contemporary yachtsmen.

For a Spanish Sovereign, the western coast of Spain must indeed be a place of enchantment, looking, as it does, over the vast Atlantic, the waters of which were first navigated by Spanish ships. Every outgoing wave must recall to him the greatest and most momentous enterprise in history when, in the fifteenth century, Spain having attained national unity under Ferdinand and Isabella, they, at their own expense, sent Columbus forth to discover the great new Western world, and to lay firm the foundations of the score or so of younger nations which, flourishing under Spanish civilization and institutions, still proudly salute Spain as their Motherland.

V

QUEEN MARIA CRISTINA'S extraordinary patience was matched by a unique tactfulness. She was by nature conciliatory, never wishing to see force employed until every other means had been tried and found useless. In the ever-growing tension between Spain and the United States it occurred to the Regent that it might be lessened, if not removed, by a sympathetic and friendly gesture. With the warm support of Señor Sagasta, the Prime Minister, she decided to send her beautiful young sister-in-law the Infanta Eulalia, accompanied by her husband the Duke de Galliera,¹ on a mission of friendship and conciliation to the United States.

The Infanta, her husband, and an important suite left Santander ² on the steamship *Reina Maria*

¹ See p. 335.

² March 20, 1893.

Cristina bound for Sandy Hook. The steamer stopped at Las Palmas where the Royal party attended a gala performance at the Theatre in their honour. When the Infanta got back on board she found that one of her strings of pearls had broken and eighteen pearls were missing. It says much for Spanish honesty that every one of them was brought back to her; some were found in the Theatre, some in the carriage, some even in the launch, the last two of the missing pearls reached the Infanta some time afterwards through the Marquess de Comillas, the head of the Shipping Company.

At the Havannah the Cubans gave the Infanta a characteristically warm reception, a Republican newspaper saying, Royalty apart "we greet the woman who brings loveliness with her"; the Cuban people thanked the Queen Regent for a visit designed to unite all the overseas Provinces of Spain in love with the Motherland. The Infanta has all the Spaniard's graceful facility in making a gracious gesture—a quality so much envied by, and so lacking in, northern peoples. At the Havannah she paid a short visit to a Bull-fight, arriving just before the killing of the fifth Bull. The *Espada* (Torero) killed the Bull in her honour. When this is done it is customary to give him a present and, being unprepared, the Infanta took a beautiful ring off her finger, wrapped it in her programme and threw it to him, to the intense delight of the audience. After the fight the members of the audience offered him any price he liked for the ring, but to a gallant Spaniard to sell such a gift was unthinkable.

Before the Infanta left the Havannah the Duke

de Veragua, who, because he is the direct descendant of Christopher Columbus, is an hereditary Admiral in the Spanish Navy, arrived and, amid indescribable enthusiasm, reviewed the Spanish Fleet. The boy King's seventh birthday¹ was celebrated on board as the *Reina Maria Cristina* approached Cape Hatteras ; a salute of twenty-one guns was fired and the crew feasted. The Infanta records in her diary that she " knelt down and, looking up to the immense blue of the sky asked God to bless and protect the boy King from whom Spain expected so much."

At last the *Reina Maria Cristina* cast anchor off Sandy Hook and, as etiquette demanded that the Infanta should land from a Spanish battleship, she transferred next morning to the cruiser *Infanta Isabel* (called after her eldest sister) in order to be ready for the official reception. This was such as only New York knows how to give. Lunch was taken on board the *Dolphin*, the yacht of the President of the Republic. President Cleveland gave the Infanta and Royal party a welcome in which due formality and a warm friendliness were perfectly combined. From New York the party went to Philadelphia, Baltimore and, of course, Washington. The Infanta found the country " looking like England, marvellously rich and well cultivated " ; and was astonished by the speed, safety and comfort of railway travelling.

Coming back to New York for a stay of a few days, the Royal visitor was enchanted with the city, especially Fifth Avenue ; as for the flowers with which her rooms were inundated, " she never saw anything to equal them in quantity and loveliness."

¹ May 17, 1893.

On Decoration Day¹ the Infanta placed a wreath on the tomb of General Grant whom she had met when he visited Spain. The Infanta's beauty and charm, her simplicity and spontaneity, and her genuine and abiding interest in human nature, so completely captured the affections of New York that she was christened "the Queen of hearts."

The Infanta's next duty was to visit the International Exhibition at Chicago where Spain had an imposing Pavilion. The Infanta was received in state by the Mayor and Mayoress, Mr. and Mrs. Carter Harrison, the Mayor being the head of that distinguished family which, with the Adams family shares the unique honour of having given two Presidents to the United States. Driving in the Mayor's carriage through the Parks and along the magnificent new Boulevards, then in course of construction, the Infanta records her opinion that "Chicago will become one of the largest and loveliest towns in the world." At the Exhibition the Infanta, who is indefatigable, went everywhere and saw everything. At the Irish Pavilion she was presented with lovely native lace; a gift from the Exhibition authorities was a marvellous dress of spun glass, exquisite in design and texture looking like silver tissue; after wearing it frequently for many years the Infanta presented it to the Deutsche Museum in Munich where it attracts much admiration. Before she left a prominent newspaper published a drawing of the Infanta, standing on the city of Chicago, holding the Spanish flag in her right hand and the American in her left; her dress was completely covered with hearts and she wore

¹ May 30.

a diadem of them on her head. Underneath were the words, "The Infanta captures Chicago."

What she did capture and keep were the hundreds of warm American friendships, many of which are her prized possessions to this day. As for her final impressions of the country she recorded in her diary: "This really is a country of civilization where people understand life and respect freedom." Writing to a Spanish friend, the Infanta declared that: "she would require Longfellow's mastery of English, Depew's imagination and Mary Anderson's command of sentiment to express all the diverse feelings she entertained for the United States where the Press, People and Society had all shown her lavish kindness."

On leaving American waters the Infanta wrote to Mrs. Cleveland, the wife of the President, as follows:

MY DEAR MRS. CLEVELAND,—

It is with the deepest regret that I must leave this beautiful country and delightful surroundings. My stay has been altogether too short, and I wish that I had been able to see more of you. On the eve of my departure please allow me to thank you very sincerely for your great kindness, and offer my best wishes to you and to the President. I am,

My dear Mrs. Cleveland,

Very truly yours,

EULALIA.

VI

FIVE days before her son's coming-of-age Queen Maria Cristina held in the Palace her last Council and formally bade farewell to her Ministers. In

her speech she spoke of "the necessity she felt in her inmost heart of expressing to the Spanish people" her "immense and unalterable gratitude for their affection and support . . . in all its magnitude and loyalty." The speech, short but moving, breathed throughout the Queen's intense love for Spain and for her son ; in it she at once gave thanks to Spaniards for all they had done for her, and besought for a continuance of that help to the boy whom she had so successfully and devotedly trained for the discharge of his great duties and responsibilities. Her concluding words were :

In thus handing over to King Alfonso the powers that I exercised in his name, I confidently trust that all Spaniards will surround him and inspire him with the confidence and strength necessary to enable him to realize all the hopes that I have placed in him.

At this Council the Queen Regent said that at the Proclamation ceremony, so called, she did not wish to occupy her customary seat on the throne, but would sit with the other members of the Royal family on the dais. She was, however, overruled by Señor Sagasta, the Prime Minister. The idea was characteristic. Her work done, she desired without hesitation, and without any clinging to prerogatives, to take a back seat. Her sixteen years' Regency, the longest in Spain, and one of the longest in history, is only now beginning to be seen in proper perspective. The last word on the subject has not been written, but when it is, Spain and the world will know how much the Spanish people owe to the sagacity, devotion and disinterested toil of Queen Maria Cristina.

From the moment she laid down the Regency

in 1902 until her sudden and lamented death in 1929, the Queen kept absolutely apart from politics and remained, so far as her station allowed, a private person. Naturally, so long as she lived her wise counsel, sane advice and great experience were at the disposal of her son. All their life together these two were unfailing friends ; the King's love and deference towards his mother being amongst his most engaging qualities. He always realized what she had done for him and for Spain ; but, her task finished, she never again interfered—and anything said or written to the contrary is untrue.

Some thirty foreign countries sent stately special missions to Madrid to do homage to Spain on the occasion of the young King's coming-of-age. King Edward VII sent his brother the Duke of Connaught to represent him and, at the same time, hand to King Alfonso the insignia of the Most Noble Order of the Garter. In memory of Vitoria, the Duke of Wellington¹ acted as the Duke of Connaught's Chief-of-Staff, which included Admiral Sir Edward Seymour. The Duke of Wellington writes :

All the Missions arrived at Madrid on the same day and were received in turn by the King. We were told that it was the first occasion on which he had dined with the Court. Whether that were true or not, I remember quite well how much I was impressed by his dignity and tact on all the occasions on which we met. There was a complete absence of that awful shyness which often accompanies Court functions elsewhere. This was probably due to the charming manners of Queen Cristina.

Many heads of Missions were entrusted with the honour of conveying to the King the highest Order their respective countries could bestow. The

¹ Arthur Charles, 4th Duke, K.G., grandson of the victor of Waterloo.

Emperor William II sent the Princes Adalbert and Joachim Albrecht of Prussia to represent Germany, and hand to the King his Commission as Honorary Colonel of the 66th (Magdeburg) Infantry Regiment. The Queen Regent's brother, the Archduke Charles Stephen, represented Austria. Perhaps, to the crowds, the most picturesque figures amongst the foreign envoys were the Papal Nuncio, Monsignor Rinaldini, representing Pope Leo XIII, Mr. Sickles, the United States representative, in sombre black, the representatives of Japan and China in their novel uniforms, and the envoys from Morocco in white burnouses.

Strictly speaking there is no coronation ceremony in Spain. Nor are there any Crown jewels; they were sold or lost during the Napoleonic invasion and all jewels worn or used by the Sovereigns are private property. What happens is that on the actual day of the Attainment of his Majority the King, for the first time, opens Parliament. Early in the morning a gala carriage, containing the Inspector of the Royal Palaces and escorted by Halberdiers, went to the Palace to bring the crown and sceptre to the Chamber of Deputies for the ceremonial. For the first time for sixteen years two chairs of state were under the velvet and gold canopy on the dais. Next to the right-hand chair for the King was a small table covered with crimson velvet on which were the crown, sceptre, a copy of the Gospels, and a gold crucifix; close to it was another table for the President of the Council or Prime Minister, on which was a bound copy of the Constitution. On the right of the King's throne was a seat for his sister the Princess of Asturias; on the left of the Queen sat his other

sister the Infanta Maria Teresa, and his aunts the Infantas Isabel and Eulalia. On the right of the dais were the foreign Princes headed by the Duke of Connaught ; on the left the ladies of the Diplomatic Corps, headed by Lady Durand ¹ ; the Envoys Extraordinary had a special tribune to themselves. Everyone of course wore their best clothes and Orders and Decorations. Add to all this colour the splendid uniforms of the Spanish Court officials, those of the Grandees of Spain, the robes of the Knights of the Orders of Santiago, Calatrava, Alcantara and Montesa, and you have a spectacle worthy of the occasion.

At any important ceremonial the brief wait before the chief actors appear is always electrical. On this occasion the emotion was heightened by a mysterious rumour that on the way from the Palace the King's life had been attempted ; what gave rise to it was that a poor crazy loon who was madly in love with the King's twenty-year old sister the Infanta Maria Teresa, conceived the idea that this was a suitable moment in which publicly to declare his devotion. Rushing up to the carriage from amongst the crowd he tried to seize the Infanta's hand and kiss it. Failing in this he flung his hat—presumably as typifying his heart—into the carriage. Naturally people at a distance thought it was a bomb, and rumour, like forked lightning, went flashing with incredible speed through the streets of Madrid, reaching the Chamber of Deputies even before the King himself. When the lunatic was arrested and searched it was found that his only weapons were a very small pair of nail scissors

¹ Wife of Rt. Hon. Sir Henry Mortimer Durand (1850-1924), British Ambassador in Spain, 1900-3. She died 1913.

and a very long screed of verses addressed to the Infanta. He volubly declared that he only wanted to ask for her hand in marriage, believing that, on such a great occasion, the King could not refuse him such a simple boon !

The arrival at the Chamber of Deputies of the Infantas Isabel and Eulalia set all anxiety at rest ; making in turn a deep curtsy to the foreign Princes, the Envoys Extraordinary, and then to the whole assembly, they took their appointed place. Next came the Princess of Asturias, her husband Don Carlos of Bourbon-Sicily¹ and her sister the startled Infanta Maria Teresa. Last of all came the Queen Regent, her son, and the President of the Chamber. Smiling, and bowing right and left, mother and son took their places on the dais. In a solemn silence Don Alfonso XIII laid his hand on the Gospels, held for him by the President : from that moment he was by right and by law reigning King of Spain.

In his Proclamation to the nation the young King said :

On receiving from the hands of my august and beloved mother the constitutional power, I send from the depths of my heart an affectionate greeting to my Spanish people. . . . It is true that I have not yet learned the lessons of experience necessary for the discharge of the grave mission confided to me ; but my desire to respond to the aspirations of the country, and my firm resolution to live in constant contact with my people, are so great that I hope to learn by their inspiration what it would take so long for time to teach me. I beg then that all Spaniards will have confidence in me, and I, on my part assure them of my complete devotion to their interests and my inalterable resolution to consecrate every moment of my life to the good of my country . . . it is my earnest desire to get to know the necessities of all classes of society, and to devote all my faculties to the defence

¹ See p. 261.

and well-being of those who have been confided to me by Providence. If they will help me, if the Spanish people will continue the support they gave to my august mother during the Regency, I feel confident of being able to prove to them that, even as I am the first in rank, so also I am the first in devotion to my country, and in an untiring concentration on everything that can contribute to the peace, greatness and happiness of the Spanish nation.

That was the King: When they got back to the Palace the boy threw his arms about his mother's neck and said: "Mother, everything is just the same as it always was—and to-morrow I shall go to my lessons just the same." His very first official act as King was to sign a Decree giving the Queen Mother for life exactly the same rank and precedence as a Queen Regnant or a Queen Consort.

VII

EVEN after the Attainment of his Majority the daily life of the King changed but little. For centuries the rigid etiquette and supreme splendour of the Spanish court have been an accepted article of belief throughout the world. While this is true on state occasions, at all other times, it is the freest, simplest and most democratic court in existence. The King signs himself R.H., that is *Rex Hispaniarum*—King of the Spains. It might equally correctly be said that he is King of the Spaniards, the first among equals. He, and all his sons use the prefix Don just as does every other Spanish gentleman. The Queen and the Infantas are Doña like any other Spanish lady; in conversation it is correct to address the members of the Royal family as Señor or Señora just as in England one uses "Sir" or "Ma'am"; while

an occasional "Your Majesty" is permissible it is not considered good form to use it too frequently, and all the Princes and Princesses are, in conversation, addressed merely as *Alteza* (Your Highness), and not, as in most other countries, as Your Royal Highness. Grandees of Spain have the right of admission to the presence of King or Queen without first asking for an audience, a privilege of which they are very tenacious and which they freely exercise. It is open to any accredited person to go in and out of the Royal Palace as they like.

Queen Cristina brought from the Austrian court a great love of simplicity. During her widowhood, like Queen Victoria, she chose to live very quietly, giving up all her time, thought and energies to the discharge of her onerous duties as Regent, and the care and education of her three children. It is, therefore, not surprising that even after the Attainment of his Majority King Alfonso's habits did not change greatly. He got up at the same early hour, had breakfast with his mother and sisters and afterwards spent a couple of hours studying with his former tutors—although they were no longer given that name. Politics, history, zoology, botany, agriculture, languages and gymnastics were continued. By ten-thirty or eleven o'clock the King was at work with his Secretary. Later he received the senior officer on duty with the Halberdiers and gave him the password for the next twenty-four hours. Within the Palace the Halberdiers are responsible for the protection of the King and Royal family; the moment the threshold is crossed the responsibility devolves on other arms of the Service. The King received his Ministers in turn, two each day, except on Thursdays, when he gave

audiences, and on Saturdays, when there was usually a full Council of Ministers, most frequently at the Palace, but sometimes elsewhere. Luncheon was at one o'clock. The afternoon was set aside for recreation; shooting and riding being then, as now, the King's favourites. Often he would fence with the young fellows who, as children, were his playmates. Dinner was at the early hour of seven o'clock. Afterwards conversation, chess or billiards, of which he was always very fond, and, about eleven o'clock, bed.

A simple, strenuous life, and rightly so, because although a reigning King, bearing great responsibilities, Don Alfonso was still only a boy.

VIII

FORTUNATELY for Spain the family is one of her most impregnable institutions. In his affectionate devotion to his family Don Alfonso is, as in all else, a typical Spaniard. His father being an only son, and his mother's brothers being resident in Austria, he was deprived of the example and help a growing boy can obtain from association with senior male relatives capable of inspiring him with affection and respect and determined to set him a fine example.

His eldest aunt, the noble, patriotic, and disinterestedly devoted Infanta Isabel, had, while still almost a child, married ¹ her cousin Prince Gaetan of Bourbon-Sicily, Count of Girgenti, brother of Francois II,² last King of the Two Sicilies. Queen

¹ In 1868.

² 1836-94, he reigned from May 1859-October 1860, when he was dethroned, Victor Emmanuel II appropriating the title of King of United Italy in April 1861.

Isabel II welcomed the marriage because, for political reasons, she had recognized Victor Emmanuel II as King of United Italy and, therefore, felt that she owed something to the dispossessed Bourbon-Sicily branch of her family. The young couple travelled in England and Switzerland; the Count took seriously his work in the Spanish Army; everything looked promising, but, before she was twenty years old, the Infanta Isabel was a childless widow. Until her brother Alfonso XII was born she had of course been Princess of Asturias and, had he failed to appear, would have succeeded to the throne as Isabel III. Upon his accession she again became Princess of Asturias and retained that distinction until the birth of her eldest niece the Infanta Mercedes in 1880.

Thenceforward, she devoted every atom of her exhaustless energy to the best interests of Spain. As has been seen, when Alfonso XII returned to Spain she placed her charming and gifted personality, her many gifts and her unusual common-sense and organizing ability entirely at his disposal. After his death she was equally loyal and devoted to his widow; for her nephew she developed an affection almost maternal in its depth and understanding, and on which no single shadow has ever fallen in the intervening years.

The Infanta Isabel lived for some years in the Royal Palace; she afterwards bought her present house in the Calle de Quintana, and there she has surrounded herself by an eclectic circle of friends representative of the musical and intellectual interests of Spain. For many years no important concert, no work by a new composer, was given without her patronage and presence; young singers

and musicians were encouraged ; often they were trained at her expense. Great musicians and singers were heard in her drawing-rooms ; her strong, acute mind delighted to measure itself with those similarly endowed. The Infanta possessed in a marked degree the charm, ease of manner, and dignified affability of bearing, essentially Spanish, inherited in generous measure from their mother by all the children of Isabel II. If she loved to meet and listen to the great artistes, she was equally happy in humbler surroundings and amongst simpler people. The smallest gathering in Madrid, provided its purpose was charitable, educational or musical, could count on her presence, and her obvious and unaffected enjoyment of her immense popularity made her affectionate hold on the hearts of the people an impregnable one. Continuously doing good by stealth, her charity must go almost unmentioned because such would be her wish and because only her Maker can know how secret, how exhaustless, how graciously bestowed it has been. Were one to tell her how deeply the poor love her, her blue eyes would glow with pleasure ; but to any other attempt to offer praise she would deprecatingly say, "I only did my duty."¹ She admires sincerely all her nephew's fine qualities, but takes satisfaction above all things in his strong sense of duty and unfailing devotion to what he believes to be the best interests of Spain.

Don Alfonso's second aunt, the Infanta Paz, married at the age of twenty her cousin Prince Ludwig Ferdinand of Bavaria and went to live in

¹ When this chapter was read aloud to the Infanta in December 1930, she made the above remark.

Munich. As a young wife and mother her duties kept her there and, for some years, her visits to Spain were necessarily short and infrequent. However, when they began to grow up, her two sons, the Princes Ferdinand and Adalbert, and her one daughter, Princess Pilar, spent many happy holidays in Spain. They shared the life and amusements of their cousin the young King and his two sisters, playing together in the gardens of the Royal Palace at Madrid, in the Casa de Campo with its magnificent views of the Guadarrama mountains, at El Pardo, or on the beach at San Sebastian. The boys, Ferdinand and Adalbert, were almost the same age as the King and his sisters; Princess Pilar was the youngest and always laughingly declares that they bullied her frightfully. At hide-and-seek she it was who (or so she says) always had to hide; at wheelbarrow races she always had to be in the barrow and this, to her extremely energetic nature, was quite intolerable. Worst of all, perhaps, it was she who was always made to ride the smallest pony—side-saddle like her girl cousins, Doña Maria Teresa or Doña Mercedes, when she really wanted to ride the largest one, and do so astride like her brothers and cousin.

The Infanta Paz inherited from her grandmother an estate in the Province of Cuenca where she and her family love to go; she has also a Spanish seaside home in a lovely old restored castle at Santillana del Mar near Santander. Her intellectual interests, inherited by both Princess Pilar and Prince Adalbert, are chiefly literary. She has written much, and still writes, principally about the beauties and attractions of Spain, and is quite

incapable of being idle. Not so fond of music as the Infanta Isabel, her charitable, educational, and philanthropic work is equally notable.

The King's youngest aunt, the Infanta Eulalia, is perhaps better known in Europe and America than either of her sisters. She also married a cousin, the Infante Don Antonio de Orleans y Bourbon, only son of Queen Isabel's only sister Maria Luisa and the Duke of Montpensier, and, of course, brother of Mercedes the six-months Queen. They had two sons, Don Alfonso and Don Luis Fernando, who were from babyhood playmates of the young King and of their Bavarian cousins. The Infanta Eulalia has also literary and artistic tastes, and has published several books. Brilliant and beautiful, she expressed and championed advanced ideas before Spanish women were perhaps ripe to receive them. She loves to travel, to surround herself with cultivated and interesting people, and is known in artistic and intellectual centres in Paris, London, New York, Rome and Munich.

Queen Maria Cristina warmly welcomed all her Spanish relations at the Palace and saw to it that her son and two daughters were intimate with their aunts and cousins. Apart from all the opportunities for intercourse common to any family, family dinner-parties took place regularly at the Palace once, or even twice, weekly—and do so to this day. The Sunday family dinner is almost sacred, and members of the Royal family spending the week-end, or the day, in the country are expected, indeed required, to return for the function. Nowadays, with motors, and the meal served at ten o'clock, this need be no great hardship.

In spite of all this, compared with most Spanish families that of Don Alfonso was a small one. Of companions, approximately his own age and, as close relatives, his equals, he had only his two sisters, one girl and four boy cousins. Without a large measure of equality there can be no really satisfying friendship or companionship, and, devoted as he was to the young nobles chosen by his mother to be his fellow-students and companions, Don Alfonso was naturally intensely drawn to his own younger blood relations. Yet, Ferdinand, Adalbert and Pilar resided in Bavaria and, at best, could only spend a certain number of weeks each year in Spain; the Infanta Eulalia's sons, Alfonso and Luis Fernando, lived mostly at San Lúcar de Barrameda in the Province of Cadiz. The boy's most constant companions were therefore his mother, his aunt Isabel, and his two sisters.

It is difficult to escape the conclusion that, in spite of many and obvious compensations, the boy must have missed greatly the inspiring love and guidance of a father; the stimulating example and guidance of older male relatives; the inescapable urge towards self-expression and self-explanation inseparable from the close companionship and friendship with brothers both senior and junior to himself.

Those early, active, character-forming years were lonely. The boy—sensitive, quick, proud, brave beyond measure—would not, perhaps even to himself, admit it. But it had its inevitable effect, and in spite of his apparent expansiveness, his bonhomie, his essentially democratic nature and manners, Don Alfonso is of an intensely reserved nature. This is his greatest source of strength;

it is also the reason why so few understand him. But the price he paid, and pays, was, and is, an intense spiritual isolation and loneliness.

Never since his birth for one moment alone, King Alfonso is the loneliest man in Spain—perhaps in the whole world !

CHAPTER THREE

THE YOUNG KING

1903-1905

I

THE regency of Queen Maria Cristina coincided with the most fateful period in the recent history of Spain—the rise of the Moroccan question,¹ and the loss of what remained of the great Spanish Empire. At home things were by no means easy; Catalonia—the Ireland of Spain, the position of the religious Orders, the growth of Syndicalism, and industrial and social unrest, all contributed their full share towards making the Regent's task unendingly difficult. Nevertheless, everything was overshadowed by the question of Cuba and the Philippines.

The history of colonial expansion is everywhere much the same. A vigorous, ambitious, and adventurous kingdom grows into a great Empire as Spain did between the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus ² and the death of that great monarch Charles III at the end of the eighteenth century.³ Then Spain grew weak and the United States grew strong and, in her turn, began to look

¹ See p. 148.

² In 1492.

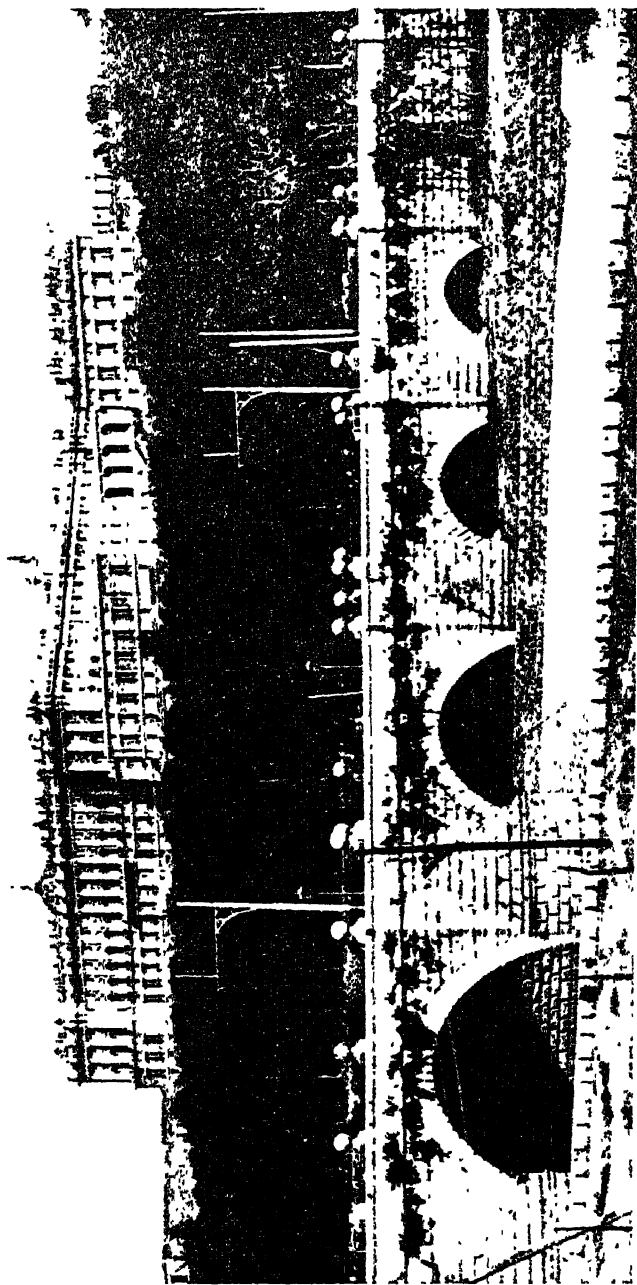
³ 1759-88.

around : according to the Monroe Doctrine she had no interests outside her own continent, but, with States, as with Churches, creeds are one thing and practices another. Fleets were everywhere being extended, battleships were growing bigger and bigger, harbours and coaling stations were an increasing necessity, the Panama Canal, being constructed at great expense, had to be safeguarded, and, if a modern state could not cynically prelude conquest by intensive efforts forcibly to convert the heathen, as Spain did in the fifteenth, and England did in the nineteenth, century, it could be done equally well in the high-sounding names of good government and uplift—whatever that might be.

Of course the United States, any more than any of its Imperial predecessors, had no desire for conquest ; nevertheless it began to take a keen interest in the well-being and fortunes of Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines. It soon became clear that the Monroe Doctrine only applied to foreign nations—not to President Monroe's own countrymen. There was an American filibustering expedition—a sort of Jameson's Raid—to Cuba,¹ led by one Lopez ; and, some five years later, the United States expressed a strong desire to “ purchase ” Naboth's vineyard.² In the Cortes the Prime Minister answered haughtily that Spanish honour was not for sale, and the country whole-

¹ May 1850.

² “ I should myself like to shape our foreign policy with a purpose ultimately of driving off this continent every European power. I would begin with Spain, and in the end would take all other European nations, including England.”—THEODORE ROOSEVELT, *February* 1898.



THE ROYAL PALACE, MADRID, SHOWING THE LOVELY TOLEDO BRIDGE OVER THE RIVER
MANZANARES.

The projecting wing on the extreme right was that occupied by the Royal Family.

heartedly supported him. Spain, a great nation and a great Empire when the United States was merely the happy hunting-ground of Indians, was rightly incensed at such an insult, and all, or nearly all, that happened afterwards could probably be traced to this unhappy incident.

The United States then began not only to interfere openly in Cuban politics ; it began to dictate to the Spanish Government. The proud nation which had not only discovered the New World, but laid the very foundations of its civilization, could hardly be expected to stomach this. Perhaps the Spanish Government was unduly dilatory,¹ and unwisely stubborn ; Spaniards can be both. Critics say so now because, after the event, criticism is so safe and easy. But, would any Spaniard, whatever his political views, have dared to maintain at the time that the aggressiveness of the United States Government, and the bullying tactics of the American yellow press, should have been taken lying down ? Of course Spain temporized, made mistakes, was by turns over-bold and over-timid, hoping, perhaps, that the public opinion of the world would rally to her side. But that was not to be. The cynic has said that God is on the side of the big battalions. At that time "public opinion" certainly was, as it nearly always is. Destiny (a woman) is also in love with the big battalions, and she took it in hand to blow up the *Maine*, a United States cruiser lying in the Spanish waters of Havana harbour : the incident has joined the unsolved mysteries of history.

¹ The Italians say "Let my death come from Spain, because if it does so, it will never arrive."

In less than a year¹ after it happened Spain had relinquished Cuba to the United States "in trust for its inhabitants." The issue was, of course, never in doubt. The Philippines, discovered by Magellan and named after Philip II, also came under the sovereignty of the United States. Having cast off the yoke of Spain, the islands were now privileged to share in the high and enlightened standard of self-government obtaining in cities like New York and Chicago.

One gratifying factor, however, clearly emerged from this humiliating phase of Spanish history. The Spanish soldier and sailor proved overwhelmingly and against impossible odds that their fighting spirit was as high and unconquerable as it had ever been. But mere human bravery is of little avail when a nation of twenty million people faces one of nearly eighty millions.²

Thus great empires begin and great empires end.

The reverberations of the Spanish-American war had died away before Don Alfonso XIII attained his majority. What was at first regarded as a disaster turned out to be a disguised blessing. Spain could collect herself, husband her resources, rediscover her spiritual mission, reassert her spiritual supremacy. Her daughter nations, having grown up, had left the maternal house carrying with them for all time the soul and culture of the Motherland. Moreover, the time was at hand when every nation would have to face the truth that the idea of Empire must become a spiritual, not a material, thing :

¹ August 1898.

² In December 1907 the population of Spain was 19,712,585 ; that of the U.S.A. in 1900, 76,303,387, plus some 8,000,000 in the Philippines, etc.

that the parent nation has the right, nay the duty, to inculcate its spiritual, moral and mental characteristics, its culture and civilization: but that when the younger nations can stand alone they must be left to do so; nurturing upon the old roots their fresh, unique characteristics, and thus advancing endlessly across new horizons: the children, having reached maturity, may no longer with self-respect remain as servants in their father's house.

II

THE Regency of Queen Maria Cristina had also been greatly troubled by the condition of affairs in Morocco. Long-standing Spanish interests in North Africa had been challenged, and what came to be known as the Moroccan question was agitating Europe, more particularly France, England, Italy, and Germany. France had always aspired to a predominant position in North Africa; England, jealous of Gibraltar and of her sea communications, kept an eagle eye on all happenings in that region; later,¹ Germany, just about then becoming acutely self-conscious, made it clear that she was not going to be left out in the cold; Italian claims were far-reaching—some said insatiable; Portugal, because of Madeira and the Azores, so to speak, held a watching brief. Spain, owing to her geographical proximity to the north African coast, can never be indifferent to what takes place there.

A year or so before Don Alfonso XIII came of age, France and Morocco had come to an understanding with regard to the Algerian frontier. From that moment the Moroccan question grew

¹ 1905.

in complexity and importance ; it was not finally liquidated until 1926, and was one of the most dangerous and embarrassing questions troubling the greater part of the reign of Don Alfonso XIII.

III

BEFORE his eighteenth birthday Don Alfonso found himself in the very centre of the European stage. Germany, England, and France were equally anxious to court him as a political ally, or to welcome him as suitor for the hand of one of their Princesses. But the boy's head was not turned.

As was quite natural the Prince Regent of Bavaria, a near relation, was amongst the first to recognize the King's increasing importance. He sent Prince Alfonso of Bavaria to Madrid ¹ formally to bestow the Insignia of the Order of Saint Hubertus which had been worn by his father Alfonso XII. At the same time a deputation left Munich to convey to the King a commission as Colonel-in-Chief of the Fifth (Landau) Bavarian Artillery Regiment, and arrived before King Alfonso's new Bavarian uniform was ready. Prince Adalbert of Bavaria was then in Madrid and he and his cousin King Alfonso are almost the same age and about the same height and build. It was, therefore, arranged that an improvised Bavarian uniform would somehow be got together for wear at the formal dinner to the Bavarian delegates. Prince Adalbert's was the First Bavarian Artillery regiment with the Prince Regent's initials on the epaulettes, and a red horsehair brush on the helmet ; the King had, however, to wear a General's helmet with blue and white feathers.

¹ January 1904.

He therefore duly appeared wearing Prince Adalbert's tunic (from the epaulettes of which the monograms had been removed and a "5" put in their place), Prince Ludwig Ferdinand's General's helmet and Prince Adalbert's pantaloons. On the morning of the day on which the dinner was to take place, there was a Review at which Prince Adalbert was present, of course wearing his own Bavarian uniform, but riding one of the King's very lively horses, which, to Don Alfonso's great amusement, Prince Adalbert, although an excellent horseman, at first found difficulty in controlling. The King laughingly shouted: "Whatever you do don't get hot; remember I have to wear your uniform this evening."

The German Emperor, William II, was, characteristically, first on the spot. European Monarchs take precedence amongst themselves according to the date of their coronation. It is a nice point whether Don Alfonso's seniority in this respect dates from the day of his birth or the day on which he reached the age of sixteen. Probably he was junior to the Emperor, and should have gone to Berlin before the Emperor visited Spain. However, Morocco was of intense interest, and Germany was full of marriageable Princesses, some of whom were Catholics. Waiving etiquette, the Emperor descended upon Vigo, was given a brilliant reception, and reviewed the Spanish fleet in Vigo Bay. The immediate result was good for Spain; Great Britain and France, becoming nervous, hastened to admit the special interests of Spain in Morocco.

The young King, taking for the first time his rightful place of prominence on the international stage, and beginning to exercise his legitimate

influence as head of the Spanish nation, was a source of the utmost gratification to his grandmother, Queen Isabel II, at this time very ill in Paris. Her death ¹ brought to a close an epoch of far-reaching importance in Spanish history ; was a cause of deepest regret to her immense circle of friends, and left empty a place that could never be filled in the hearts of all her family.

The first extended journeys of the young King must obviously take place in his own dominions. With the northern part of the kingdom he was already to some extent acquainted, and visits were now planned to the southern Provinces, and to the maritime Provinces of Majorca and Minorca where the King went on board the Royal yacht *Giralda*. Everywhere he went, including Barcelona, his eager boyish smile, simple dignified manner, his courtesy, approachability, and spontaneous delight in the pleasure his presence obviously inspired, won for him an instantaneous popularity.

In the beginning of the following year ² France began to be very uneasy about the King's movements. The time had obviously come for him to pay the expected visits to foreign capitals. The Spanish Minister for Foreign Affairs, Señor de Villa Urrutia,³ silenced all rumours by stating that "the young King's first visit outside the Peninsula will be to France." It duly took place and, whatever its political outcome, it resulted in showing to the world that the Spanish boy who was King of Spain was a man of cool, self-controlled nerves, marvellous quickness, and superb courage. After a visit to the Opera when driving through the Rue

¹ April 9, 1904.

² February 25, 1905.

³ Now Marquess de Villa Urrutia.

de Rohan with the President, Monsieur Emile Loubet, and the usual escort, an anarchist flung a bomb at the Presidential carriage : three persons were killed.

Putting his head out of the window and smilingly waving his hand to the crowd, the King shouted, "*Vive la France.*"

IV

WHATEVER hopes the Emperor William II had of seeing a German Princess Queen of Spain, Don Alfonso knew they could never be realized. He did not forget the Hohenzollern candidature in 1870 and its consequences¹ ; marriage with a Princess of the Royal house of France would not have been warmly welcomed by the Republic, and was, therefore, equally out of the question. The King realized that he could only marry in England where there were at least three Princesses entirely eligible. King Edward, who well knew how to take time by the forelock, was equally certain that this must be so, and had diplomatically cultivated the boy King. He was the first European monarch to send a high Order² to Madrid ; and, on King Alfonso's coming-of-age he had paid him the compliment of sending his brother the Duke of Connaught to bestow the Garter, and personally represent him at

¹ Señor de Villa Urrutia, Spanish Minister of Foreign Affairs, in an interview in the *Temps*, said : " The Treaty with France of last October is an earnest that there will be no tendency to forget the lessons of the Hohenzollern marriages " : he is referring to the Franco-Spanish Convention of 1904 *re* Morocco.

² The Grand Cross of the Royal Victorian Order was bestowed on King Alfonso on July 28, 1897.

all the coming-of-age ceremonies in Madrid. Don Alfonso, however, had his own views on the matter and, although quite willing to marry in England, was going to see for himself and make his own choice : in everything the King prefers to judge on what he sees rather than on what he is told.

When presenting an address to the King at the Palace on his eighteenth birthday, just before the Paris and London visits, the President of the Chamber of Deputies had made a reference to the prospects of an early marriage. In his reply Don Alfonso said :

The happy event—for our country and my home—which you hope for with such anxious impatience will, I trust in God, be realized for the good of the nation . . . for, in my mind, love of my family and love of my country go together.

Speaking to a friend about the same time the King said : “ Of one thing you may be quite sure—I am not going to marry a photograph ; I must see my future wife, and choose for myself.” The remark may have been inspired by the half-dozen or so of photographs of eligible princesses at that moment lying on his desk.

Whatever his duties as a Monarch, love and a free choice were his natural, inalienable rights as a man, and Don Alfonso realized early in life that nothing unbecoming in a man can be becoming to a king. During the first week in June he arrived in England from Paris on a state visit lasting five days.¹ He was received at Portsmouth with great state, and King George V (then Prince of Wales) went to meet him on behalf of King Edward VII. It was the first visit to England of a King of Spain since

¹ June the 5th to the 9th, 1905.



THE KING WITH PRESIDENT LOUBET ON HIS FIRST VISIT TO
PARIS IN 1905

the days¹ when Philip II came to court Elizabeth's sombre sister and predecessor, Mary I.

That evening there was a family dinner-party consisting of thirty-six persons at Buckingham Palace ; Princess Ena was present, but, for reasons of precedence, did not sit anywhere near the guest of honour. As is customary at Royal dinner-parties in England, King Edward and Queen Alexandra sat at the middle of a long table facing each other, the Queen having on her right King Alfonso, and King Edward the Duchess of Connaught. Princess Ena sat at the end of the table on Queen Alexandra's left.

The next night there was a State Banquet at Buckingham Palace at which host and guest toasted each other's country. King Alfonso paid the customary state visit to the Guildhall ; attended a review at Aldershot ; had his first glimpse of Windsor Castle. Everywhere he went in England, he confirmed the impression he had made in his own country and in France. England, before it knew of the possibilities of a marriage tie, took the young King to her heart, and has kept him there ; courage, charm, true manliness and good sportsmanship spontaneously won for Don Alfonso a place which the close knowledge of nearly thirty years has only deepened and strengthened.

With King Alfonso it was a clear case of love at first sight, and from the moment he first saw Princess Ena he had no other thought but her. King Edward VII, with his unrivalled intuition and tact, immediately saw where the wind blew and, with his characteristic sympathy for a love match, warmly approved. Difficulties there would be,

religious and otherwise, both in Rome, in Spain, and in England, but from the outset King Edward trusted the devotion of Queen Maria Cristina and his own powers of diplomacy to remove them. A firm and enthusiastic ally was found in the venerable Empress Eugénie, who was delighted with the idea of her god-daughter and namesake becoming Queen of "my country"—where, had he lived, her only son might have found a bride. The match also found a warm supporter in the late Marquess de Villalobar, at that time Councillor of the Spanish Embassy in London, who was from the beginning one of Princess Ena's most devoted and loyal friends, and remained so until his lamented death in 1926.

It was decided that, for the moment, nothing official or public was to be said or done. The King, after all, was only nineteen; Princess Ena not eighteen: the young people were therefore wisely given six months in which to commune with their own hearts. Princess Ena, of course, said nothing: but her intimate friends could not fail to note a striking photograph of King Alfonso in her private sitting-room at Kensington Palace and, as friends will, they drew their own conclusions.

V

IN view of the importance of French friendship and the possibility of misunderstanding arising out of the visit to Germany, which he must pay in return for that of William II to Vigo, King Alfonso allowed guarded references to appear in Paris regarding the possibility of his matrimonial engagement in England.

In October,¹ President Loubet returned Don Alfonso's visit by paying a two days' state visit to Madrid, attending, on the second day, a Review of the Spanish Army.

Early in December, Don Alfonso went to Berlin and Vienna. His meeting with the old Emperor Francis Joseph was affectionate and moving, and the King was obviously delighted with his mother's country, his relations, and the lovely city where his father had spent about three years; nor, with that filial piety which is so marked a trait in his character, did he fail to pay a visit to the Theresianum College.

Journalists and writers unacquainted with the fundamental differences between the Austrian and German mentality were often guilty before the war of writing as if Vienna and Berlin were the same. The Austrian monarchy, very old, very sure of itself, could indulge in a simplicity and informality dangerous to a new Court like that of Berlin. The young King of Spain instinctively understood this, and, like the true aristocrat, is never afraid of risking his dignity or of disregarding procedure. Etiquette is his servant, never his master. He never forgets his old friends, and upon his first arrival in Vienna at once introduced a note of easy friendliness by shouting: "Dubsky! Dubsky!" When Count Dubsky, for many years Austrian Ambassador in Spain, pushed his way forward to pay his respects, he congratulated the King upon his escape in the Rue de Rohan. Whereupon the King said: "That poor fellow—it was his first attempt—he must have been so frightened!"

The King broke his journey to Vienna—as his father had twice done before him—to visit beautiful

¹ October 23-24, 1905.

Munich. He was the guest of the Prince Regent Luitpold at the Residenz Palace and, of course, went to Nymphenburg to visit his aunt and uncle and cousins, Prince and Princess Ludwig Ferdinand, their two sons, Ferdinand and Adalbert, and their only daughter Pilar.

In Germany many female Royal hearts fluttered at the King's visit, stirred by the thought of becoming the bride of the young man who bore himself so coolly and bravely in the Rue de Rohan a few months before.

CHAPTER FOUR
LOVE AND MARRIAGE

1906

I

THE year 1906 was a memorable one for King Alfonso. In January his younger sister, the Infanta Maria Theresa, married in Madrid her cousin Prince Ferdinand of Bavaria,¹ brother of Princess Pilar. Weddings in families are often epidemic. Towards the end of the month Princess Beatrice of Great Britain and her daughter Princess Ena arrived at the Villa Mouriscot, Biarritz, on a visit to Princess Fredericka of Hanover. A day or two later the Marquess de Villalobar, who was a Chamberlain to King Alfonso, journeyed to Biarritz from Madrid and pushed his way into the villa through a group of journalists and special correspondents.

The next day he was followed by his Royal master. Gossip was afoot and the crowds were enormous; they gathered from San Sebastian, Hendaye, St. Jean de Luz and their surroundings, determined to be in Biarritz at the historic moment when King Alfonso came to ask formally for the hand of Princess Ena. Those who arrived early enough at the gates of the villa might have seen the Marquess de Villalobar leave by motor in the

¹ Thereafter known as the Infante Don Fernando de Baviera.
See p. 264.

direction of St. Jean de Luz and the Spanish frontier. Had they followed him they would have seen this grave diplomat behave somewhat oddly. At a certain point he stopped his motor, got out, and took up a position bang in the middle of the road : he was on the frontier. Presently a powerful car approached. It contained the King and General the Marquess de Pacheco ; stopping for a moment it picked up the Marquess de Villalobar and rapidly continued its journey to Biarritz. At the gates of the villa, where the King was met by Prince Alexander of Battenberg (the Marquess of Carisbrooke), the crowd received the King tumultuously.

Then followed three days of love-making and intimate companionship such as is surely the birth-right of Kings as much as it is that of the humblest peasant. The Spanish, British and American Press hailed the prospective union with delight, as naturally did the whole of Spain. They were indeed a handsome pair, the dark, manly good looks of the King being a perfect foil for the golden hair and delicate fair beauty of the Princess.

One afternoon, a day or two later, the King, Princess Beatrice, Princess Ena, the Marquess de Viana and the Marquess de Villalobar went for a motor run to the Spanish frontier. The car stopped, the party alighted and the Marquess de Villalobar said to Princess Ena : " Your Royal Highness, you have now set foot on the soil of Spain." To this the Princess with some emotion, and a smile at the King, simply said : " I am very happy " ; the party then went on to the ancient Spanish town of Fuenterrabía.

Princess Beatrice and her daughter returned to Biarritz and the King went to San Sebastian to

meet Queen Maria Cristina, who arrived at the Miramar Palace that night. The next morning the King again motored to Biarritz to fetch the two Princesses and to present Princess Ena to his mother, who had never met her before. Princess Beatrice already knew San Sebastian as she accompanied Queen Victoria on her visit to Queen Cristina in 1889—the first time a British Sovereign ever set foot in Spain.

It was an anxious moment for both the young people, perhaps more particularly for the Princess, who had for the first time to show herself to her future subjects and to her future mother-in-law. She received a truly Spanish welcome in San Sebastian, and, from that moment, her popularity in Spain has never been in doubt: crowds love Royalty who “look the part,” and this Queen Ena does to perfection. At first Spaniards were captured by her fresh, girlish, unspoiled charm; later, they fully appreciated, as only Spaniards can, her dignity, poise, and serenely attractive manners.

From the first moment of their meeting Queen Maria Cristina and Princess Ena became sincere friends. No mother who sacrificed herself so completely for her son as Queen Maria Cristina did could fail to be anxious about his choice of a wife. Fortunately the mother's heart knew at once that her son had chosen wisely. Spanish Infantas had gone to England to become brides, notably tragic noble Catherine of Aragon, but no British Princess had come south to marry a King of Spain since the end of the eleventh century, when Eleanor, daughter of Henry II, had married that greatest of Castilian Kings, Alfonso VIII,¹ the hero of the battle of Las Navas de Tolosa.

¹ See footnote to p. 22.

A few days later King Alfonso returned to Madrid, summoned a Ministerial Council and directed the Prime Minister, Señor Moret, to announce to the Spanish people his engagement to Her Royal Highness Princess Victoria Eugénie Julia Ena, niece of His Britannic Majesty King Edward VII and only daughter of Her Royal Highness Princess Beatrice Mary Victoria Feodore of Great Britain (Princess Henry of Battenberg).

On March 7 Princess Ena was received in the Catholic Faith by Monsignor Brindle, Bishop of Nottingham, in the private Chapel of the Castle of Miramar in San Sebastian: at the request of her sponsor, the Queen Mother, she took on the occasion the additional Christian names of Maria Cristina. Owing to the exquisite tact of Queen Cristina, who desired at all costs to avoid anything that might hurt British Protestant susceptibilities, the ceremonial was of the utmost simplicity and entirely private. Of course, there was a foolish Protestant outcry in England, many well-meaning good people in that country seeming to think that Princess Ena's natural decision to be of the same faith as her husband, children and country somehow endangered the supremacy of the Protestant faith throughout Great Britain.

San Sebastian observed the day as a general holiday; great crowds came to the beautiful town from all parts of Spain; the Mayor greeted the Princess in a public proclamation, and the people took her spontaneously to their heart. The same day the Queen Mother conferred on the Princess the Order of Maria Luisa. She explained that she wished to bestow the Order while it was still in her gift, as very soon, the power to do so would pass

from her to her daughter-in-law. The Princess, with the gentle tact and sweetness which are amongst her most marked traits, spontaneously begged the Queen Mother to retain the Headship of the Order ; this, however, could not be, because that position can only be held by the reigning Queen of Spain : nevertheless, the incident made a lasting impression on Queen Maria Cristina, and was a charming beginning to a friendship that never faltered.

At the end of their visit to San Sebastian Princess Beatrice and her daughter returned to England.

II

ALMOST at once the King entrusted to Señor Moret and the Cabinet the task of formally communicating to the Cortes the fact of his forthcoming marriage. The announcement, which was signed by all the members of the Ministry, expressed the hope that the union would contribute to the continuation of the dynasty, the maintenance of public peace and the greatness of the country :

“ aspirations without which His Majesty's happiness would not be complete, because, in obeying the impulses of his heart, the King could not lose sight of his duties towards the Spanish people whose destinies have been committed to his charge.”

Having given orders for the preparation of a suite of rooms for Princess Ena in the Royal Palace at Madrid, and very precise instructions for the preparation of the Palace of El Pardo for the reception of the Princess and her mother before the marriage, the King hurried off to Cherbourg, where he boarded his yacht *Giralda en route* for a lover's holiday in the Isle of Wight, the country

home of Princess Beatrice, who is Governor of the Island.

Greedy as the whole world was for every scrap of news concerning what the public soon realized was truly a "Royal romance," there was a feeling that, as the King had already proved himself such a good sportsman, the sporting thing to do was to leave him alone with his sweetheart for a little while. The Island, containing as it does Osborne House, so long the seaside home of Queen Victoria, is accustomed to Royalty, and had been well trained in the art of ignoring its presence by the venerable Queen's almost morbid dislike of any intrusion on her privacy when she was on holiday. Therefore, after his official reception by the Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth, the King and Princess were left alone to explore the Island which, towards the end of April, can be very warm and lovely, abounding with little spring flowers. English people are pleased to think it was at this time the King had his first lessons in golf, his earliest teachers being Princess Ena and her brothers. Now His Majesty is Patron of the excellent eighteen-hole Real Club de la Puerta de Hierro, and, although he has little time for play or practice, need not be ashamed to look his handicap in the face.

Later, a few days were spent in London at Buckingham Palace, the King and Princess behaving, so far as their stations allowed, like any other young couple; they passed their time shopping, sightseeing, visiting personal friends, and going to Madame Tussaud's to see how horrible two handsome young people can look when misrepresented in wax! The King, characteristically, spent some time in Rotten Row trying both riding

and driving horses ; visits were paid to museums and art galleries ; country excursions were made.

III

BEFORE her engagement to King Alfonso, Princess Ena was but little known to the British public. Even prior to her widowhood,¹ Princess Beatrice was always Queen Victoria's devoted help and companion. Consequently Princess Ena saw a great deal of her revered grandmother at Windsor, Osborne and Balmoral, and, in this way, acquired a knowledge of people and affairs unusual in such a young girl. Born at Balmoral, she was the first Royal Princess to see the light in that loyal country for two hundred and eighty-seven years ; this distinction she retained until Princess Margaret Rose of York was born at Glamis Castle in Forfarshire in August, 1930.

The young Princess was blessed with a splendid constitution which has stood her in good stead ever since. She was always an early riser, and whether at Windsor, Osborne, Balmoral or the Villa Liserb at Cimiez, she and her brothers, Alexander (known in the family as Drino), Leopold and Maurice, always had breakfast with Queen Victoria. The mornings were spent in study, and the children would again join the Queen after luncheon for dessert : the afternoons were spent in the open air ; picnic teas at which Queen Victoria would generally be present ; riding, walking, romping out of doors. The chief indoor occupations were music and

¹ Prince Henry of Battenberg, who was taking part in the Ashanti campaign, contracted fever and died on Active Service on January 20, 1896, when his only daughter was nine years old.

painting. The Princess grew up with an open, very frank nature, saying always exactly what she thought, but in the kindest and most gracious manner, and she is quite incapable of meanness or subterfuge. She never disparages anyone, and is never guilty of vague complaints such as "I have heard this or that," but always gives the name of her informant, repeats what they said, and asks the person blamed for their own explanation. Therefore, she can never become the unconscious victim of intrigue or faction.

An only girl with three sporting brothers, the Princess shared all their interests and, even as a child, could ride a horse, row a boat or handle a fishing-rod as well as they. She is a perfect dancer and loves the pastime; her seat on a horse is superb; and those who have watched her sit on the throne perfectly upright, still and graceful throughout a long Court ceremony, must admit that to be brought up in the kindly despotism of Queen Victoria's home circle was as well calculated to develop physical self-control and an upright carriage as it was to ensure an upright mind and character. The great Queen disliked people who lounged either physically, mentally or emotionally.

Needless to say, Queen Victoria's granddaughter and namesake had to begin early to serve a severe and thorough apprenticeship to those philanthropic duties which have been elevated by the ladies of the British Royal House to the status of a mission and the dignity of an art. The Princess, as might be supposed, received a thoroughly sound education. Probably no one ever anticipated that she would wear a crown, much less occupy the great and difficult position of Queen of Spain. Never-

theless, she could not have been better prepared for the discharge of regal duties. From her babyhood she saw everywhere around her the fulfilment of the old-fashioned, yet eternally new ideal that the chief glory of a woman is her womanhood. That to be truly Royal is to serve—and to serve regally; that to give is better than to receive. Of such a wife, and such a Queen, it shall truly be said that *her price is far above rubies and that the heart of her husband doth safely trust in her; she openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness. . . . She stretcheth out her hand to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy. . . .* The Spanish are a critical, indeed a censorious people, yet no one, however malicious, has ever been able to retail a single unkind or ungenerous remark from the lips of Queen Ena.

Obviously, to a high-spirited girl, overflowing with spontaneity, health and energy, such lessons did not come easily, but they were soundly learned. Perhaps the greatest and most invaluable of all Victorian virtues was self-control, and this, to her lasting happiness, Princess Ena thoroughly acquired.

In her general studies the Princess soon showed herself a keen musician and a brilliant linguist. One who has had many opportunities of closely observing the Queen of Spain at Court functions says that it is a lesson in the perfection of good manners to watch Her Majesty turn from one Ambassador to another and, with faultless accent, address each in his own tongue: Spanish, English, French, German, or Italian—it is all the same!

Princess Ena had only one short season in London before she became engaged to King Alfonso. But in those few weeks she went everywhere and saw

everything. Her close and constant companion was her first cousin, Princess Beatrice of Saxe-Coburg, youngest daughter of the late Duke of Edinburgh and sister of Queen Marie of Rumania and the Grand Duchess Kyrill of Russia, who as it turned out later, was also to meet her fate in Spain: the life-long friendship of the two Princesses has never failed.

IV

ACCOMPANIED by her mother Princess Beatrice, and her brothers, the Princes Leopold and Maurice, Princess Ena left London for Madrid at the end of May. She arrived at Victoria Station on the arm of her uncle, King Edward VII, and received a most affectionate send-off from practically every member of the British Royal family. For the first time in her experience members of the Staff of the Spanish Embassy and the Marquess de Villalobar travelled in her suite. All the leading members of the Spanish colony in London were present, and the Lord Mayor telegraphed a farewell, and good wishes for both the Princess and King Alfonso, in the name of the citizens of London. Outside Paris the Royal party was joined by Prince Alexander of Battenberg, and greeted by the Marchioness de Muni, wife of the Spanish Ambassador in Paris, Sir Francis Bertie,¹ the British Ambassador in Paris, and their respective Staffs.

King Alfonso, who had been seen off at the station at Madrid by the Queen Mother, his aunts the Infantas Isabel and Eulalia, and his sister the Infanta Maria Teresa, the Prime Minister and a

¹ 1st Viscount Bertie of Thame (1844-1919), British Ambassador in Paris, 1905-18.

brilliant Staff, went to Irún on the Spanish frontier to meet the English royalties. The little station, familiar to all travellers in Spain because of its courteous Customs officials, was transformed by flowers and liberal displays of the Spanish and British national colours. A guard of the Halberdiers, a unique honour as they never leave the Palace, was on duty, and the King was a striking figure in the picturesque uniform of the Pavian Hussars.

Sir Maurice de Bunsen,¹ the British Ambassador in Madrid, accompanied by the King's former Governor, the Count de Aybar, had gone to Hendaye, just across the French frontier, to meet the arrivals. Enormous crowds gathered at Irún for the occasion, and here, for the first time, the Princess heard herself greeted with shouts of *Viva la Reina*, as, accompanied by her mother and Sir Maurice de Bunsen, and attended by a large suite, she alighted at the station. Here the King received the Royal party; and, for the first time together, he and the Princess reviewed the troops and watched them march past.

The journey from Irún to Madrid, some three hundred miles, lasted the whole day and was one long triumph, more particularly perhaps at San Sebastian, where the bride-elect had already made such an impression. Some two hundred thousand people assembled at Alsásua, and at Vitoria, with its memories of Spanish and British comradeship in a common cause, the Royal saloon was almost buried in flowers. Similar scenes were enacted at Bilbao, Burgos, Valladolid and many other places with great and famous names.

¹ British Ambassador in Madrid, 1906-1913.

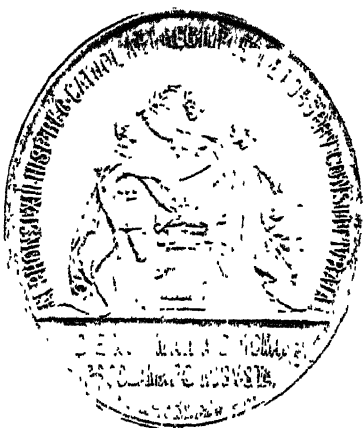
Close to the lovely old castle of El Pardo a temporary station had been erected, and here, their journey at an end, the King and the Princesses were met by the Queen Mother and the Infantas. All the members of the Spanish Royal family were obviously enchanted with *la Reina hermosa*, "the beautiful Queen," as Princess Ena had already been spontaneously christened by her enthusiastic future subjects. The Infanta Isabel was overheard saying to her adored nephew, "I congratulate you, Alfonso."

Two typical incidents are worth recalling. At El Pardo the Mayor and a deputation of workmen from the neighbouring town of Majadahonda were amongst the first to greet the Princess; as the Mayor, himself a workman, took her slim, white hand in his own toil-hardened palm and bent to kiss it, understanding observers noted in the incident something very characteristic of democratic Spain. A little later when the King, in the course of inspecting the guard of honour, saluted the Spanish flag, the Princess made it a low obeisance—thus publicly declaring to all her fealty to her new country—the gesture (which was purely spontaneous) had a dramatic aspect which made an instant appeal to the drama-loving Spanish people.

The Queen Mother, Princess Beatrice, and Princess Ena made the short journey to El Pardo in a carriage drawn, in the old Spanish fashion, by four mules, King Alfonso, the Count de Aybar and the other officials riding by their side. The King set the pace, and the gallant Spanish mules, not to be outdone by mere horses, went faster and faster. It was a breakneck race across country from the temporary railway station to the Palace,



(a)



(b)



(c)

ROYAL ANNIVERSARY MEDALS

- (a) The King's first medal ("Nació Rey de España"—"I was born King of Spain").
- (b) His Coming-of-Age Medal.
- (c) Medal issued on the occasion of his marriage.

the horsemen only winning by a short head. The King said the mules had set the pace ; the mules, according to their immemorial habit, thought much and said nothing. On the way, Queen Maria Cristina, if she was able to find breath, may have told the Princess that it was at El Pardo she herself spent the interval immediately before her marriage to Don Alfonso XII in November 1879. It is such spontaneously informal happenings that make life in Spain, even on grand occasions, so delightfully different from life in duller countries.

Few places could be lovelier in May than this Royal Palace of El Pardo situated on the river Manzanares about nine miles north-west of Madrid. Its closeness to the capital has made it a favourite summer resort of the Spanish monarchs since it was built in the beginning of the seventeenth century by Philip III on the site of an earlier Palace. The Park is surrounded by a wall six feet high and sixty-odd miles in length ; and the well-preserved coverts afford splendid and varied sport. The castle can be reached by a private road from the Palace in Madrid by travelling through the Casa de Campo, past the Polo ground, the King's training stables and the golf course, without leaving the Royal estate. Practically every room in the castle is covered with tapestries made for it at the Royal manufactory from designs by Goya, Bayeu and Tenniers. Every ceiling is frescoed, and there are quantities of Empire furniture, much of it good. There is a small and elegant theatre, where, before her marriage, Princess Ena saw her first Spanish play ; the walled gardens are charming. A room adjoining the Princess's bedroom and dressing-room had been stripped of its Goya

tapestries, and made into a large modern white-tiled bath-room. It is impossible to exaggerate the unusual charm of this square palace of snow-white stone, with high steep slate roofs and corner towers. A small bridge leads across a moat, now dry, to a modest doorway opening into a delightful *patio* or courtyard. From opposite corners winding stone staircases lead up to the principal rooms on the first floor. The palace is low and spreading, four square, its sophisticated mixture of courtly sixteenth- and eighteenth-century architecture, with period gardens, contrasting strongly with the bare, rugged, virile landscape, the distant mountains, the sparse trees and silver rocks, beloved of Velasquez and many other Spanish painters. Except for Escorial and Aranjuez the interior is unique, no other palaces in the world having their walls almost completely covered by wonderful tapestries, every single piece being designed by the artist for the place it occupies. The Spanishness of the whole thing, the effect of continuity and completeness, the harmony and design, the colourings rich, yet vivid, make these palaces incomparably lovely and satisfying.

v

THE next day Princess Ena, quite informally, paid her first visit to Madrid. The King went out to El Pardo early in the morning to fetch the Royal ladies to see the Palace which was to be the bride-elect's chief home. After the modest and comfortable elegance of Kensington Palace, her London home, the Princess may well have been impressed by the richness and magnificence of the Palacio

Real, which is, by general consent, one of the finest in Europe.

The next few days were intensely busy, the King and the Princess receiving deputations from the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies of the Cortes, the city of Madrid, the various Provinces, the Corps Diplomatique, and so on. The Catalan deputation presented a magnificent gift, a replica of the ancient diadem of a Countess of Catalonia, as a present from the ladies of the Province; the journalists of Spain gave, very fittingly, a gold pen. One of its spokesmen was Don Rodrigo Soriano, the well-known revolutionary Deputy and editor of *España Nueva*. He, with true Spanish courtesy, said that although a Republican, he was happy to enjoy the honour and privilege of personally offering his respects to a daughter of the British Royal House. The incident gratified both the King and Princess so much that the pen was used to sign the civil marriage contract a few days later.

On May 29 all the foreign Princes and Princesses arrived. Great Britain was represented by the Prince and Princess of Wales (King George V and Queen Mary); Italy by the Duke and Duchess of Genoa, the Duchess ¹ being an aunt by marriage of King Alfonso. Portugal, Spain's nearest neighbour, sent as representative her charming young Crown Prince who, with his father King Carlos I, was foully done to death less than two years later. Austria also sent the Heir-Apparent, the unfortunate Archduke Franz Ferdinand, who met a similar fate at Sarajevo in June 1914, and who came alone because his devoted wife, the Duchess of Hohenberg,

¹ Princess Isabelle of Bavaria (sister of Prince Ludwig Ferdinand), 1863-1924.

was morganatic. Belgium sent as her representative the man who is now famous throughout the world as the heroic King Albert II. From Russia came the Grand Duke Wladimir, uncle of the last Czar, Nicholas II; from Germany Prince Henry of Prussia, only brother of William II. What tragedy was contained in that little group: and yet there are those who envy Kings.

The Prince-Regent Luitpold of Bavaria, head of the ancient and illustrious House of Wittelsbach, closely related to the Spanish Royal family, was represented by Prince Ludwig Ferdinand, who was accompanied by his wife, the Infanta Paz, his daughter, Princess Pilar, and his youngest brother, Prince Alfonso. The Princes Genaro, Rainer, and Philip of Bourbon, sons of the Count of Caserta, represented the Bourbon-Sicilies branch of the Spanish Royal family. The Duchess of Saxe-Coburg (Duchess of Edinburgh) brought her daughter, Princess Beatrice, Princess Ena's débütante companion.

King Edward VII not only sent his son and Heir to represent him at the marriage of his niece, but, as was right and proper, he paid a special compliment to King Alfonso and the Spanish people by attaching to them a large and imposing suite, headed by the Marquess of Londonderry,¹ Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, after the Golden Fleece the oldest and most illustrious Order of Chivalry in the world. The suite included Colonel Sir William Carington,² Comptroller to the Prince of Wales; Sir Derek Keppel,³ Equerry-in-Ordinary to the Prince of Wales; Viscount Fin-

¹ 6th Marquess (1852-1915).

² 1845-1914.

³ Second son of 7th Earl of Albemarle.

castle,¹ V.C.; the Earl of Shaftesbury, Lord Chamberlain to the Princess of Wales, the Countess of Shaftesbury, her Lady-in-Waiting, and Sir William Erskine of the British Foreign Office, in attendance on the Prince.

Princess Beatrice was attended by her Comptroller, Lord William Cecil, her Equerry, Colonel the Hon. Francis Lionel Lydstone Colborne, her Ladies-in-Waiting, Miss Minnie Cochrane and Miss Bulteel; Princess Ena's Lady-in-Waiting was Lady William Cecil. In the English Royal party were the present Marquess and Marchioness of Londonderry, then Lord and Lady Castlereagh, very close friends of both King Alfonso and Princess Ena, who, during their visit, were the guests of the Duke de Alba in the Palacio de Liria.

VI

THE signing of the Civil Marriage Contract at El Pardo on the morning of the day preceding the wedding brought together an imposing company of the highest in Spain. The foreign Princes and Princesses, the Knights of the Golden Fleece, the Prime Minister and heads of the Government, and all the great officers of the Spanish Court met in the tapestry-lined Hall of Ambassadors. In the centre was the small round Empire table with mahogany top supported by gilt swans, used on a similar occasion by the King's father and mother twenty-seven years before. The Minister of Justice acted as Grand Notary; on his right were the Cabinet Ministers, Court officials, and the witnesses; on his left the Princes of the blood

¹ Succeeded his father in 1907 as 8th Earl of Dunmore.

royal; facing him stood the King and Princess Ena, and behind them the principal members of the Royal family. The document was read aloud by the Minister and then signed by the King and his witnesses, amongst whom were Señor Moret, the Premier; General Azcárraga and Señor Montero Rios, former Prime Ministers; General Bascaran, Chief of the King's Military Household; the Marquess de Borja, General Intendant; the Marquess de la Mina, one of the King's Equerries, and the Commander of the Halberdiers, the Marquess de Pacheco. The witnesses for Princess Ena were the British Ambassador, Sir Maurice de Bunsen; Señor Don Luis Polo de Bernabé, the Spanish Ambassador to the Court of St. James's; Lord William Cecil, the Duke de Santo-Mauro, the Marquess de Viana, and the Marquess de Villalobar. The contract, which was in effect a Treaty between Spain and Great Britain, was signed by Don Luis Polo de Bernabé for Spain and by Sir Edward Grey,¹ then Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, on behalf of Great Britain. Princess Ena undertook, according to the law of England, to renounce for ever all her hereditary rights of succession to the Crown and Government of Great Britain and Ireland and of the British Dominions beyond the Seas.

From the Holy See to China, from Persia to Peru, from the Scandinavian States to Siam, special representatives came to testify to the interest and importance of the occasion. France, Turkey, Holland, Bulgaria, Rumania, Serbia, and Switzerland, and many other States, sent special Missions and Embassies to do honour to the nuptials of the

¹ Created Viscount Grey of Fallodon in 1916.

King of Spain, ancient, illustrious Spain, with its great, rich, diversified culture, standing between West and East, and holding out a hand to both. The United States of America, whose very foundations arose in Spain, sent an Ambassador Extraordinary in the distinguished person of Mr. Frederick Wallingford Whitridge, who had in his suite Mr. William H. Buckler, as Secretary, Lieutenant Leigh C. Palmer, as Naval Attaché, and a young officer bearing the name of Ulysses Grant, a descendant of the great general, as Military Attaché. As might be expected the proud young Spanish daughter-nations of South America sent notable Missions to the Motherland: Brazil, Mexico, Peru, Argentina, Bolivia, Cuba, Chile, Guatemala, Costa Rica—all were fitly represented, many of those who came bearing names that have often illuminated Spanish history. Each one represented a new country, and a new culture drawing its inner sustenance and having its roots deep in the exhaustless riches of Old Spain.

The bridegroom gave his wife the closed, jewelled Crown of a Queen of Spain, two magnificent tiaras, pearls worthy of her beauty, diamonds and precious stones worthy of her great position; the Infanta Paz presented the gold crown with a design of lions and castles made out of gold found in the River Darro (on which Granada stands) which had originally belonged to Isabel II; King Edward and Queen Alexandra, the Prince and Princess of Wales, the bride's mother and brothers, her god-mother the Empress Eugénie, the Infantas Isabel and Maria Teresa, the highest and lowest of the land in Spain and England, all sent tributes, magnificent or simple, as suited their circumstances,

and it can truly be recorded that the simplest gifts sent in love and sincerity gave to the bride and bridegroom just as much pleasure as did the most magnificent.

South American countries which had no Orders to bestow sent personal gifts to the young King and Queen. The President of Colombia gave a beautiful statuette in gold, and the President of Peru a magnificent clock.

VII

ON the morning of the last day of May, Princess Ena was awake by dawn. Very sensibly she had gone early to bed the previous night. From the moment she left London, six days before, the Princess's life had been one round of ceremonies and receptions, many of them entirely novel, all of them exciting and fatiguing to a young girl. But her simple, healthy, open-air life in England stood the Princess in good stead and, if she felt any fatigue, she certainly showed none. Her sleep had been guarded in the ancient Spanish regal fashion by a special guard provided by the King. The honour of forming it is greatly prized, and was bestowed upon the head of one of the oldest and most noble of Castilian families, the Duke de Lécera, who had with him Lieutenant-Colonel Tovar of the Halberdiers, Captain Pérez of the Arapiles Regiment, and Lieutenant Gomez Morato ; they kept guard all night. The morning was such as only Spain can know in May ; a high, clear, blue sky, radiant sun, everything sharply outlined in the pure air, tempered by a cool, soft wind.

At half-past six the King arrived wearing an Admiral's uniform, and he and the bride-elect attended Mass together. One supposes, and hopes, they had something to eat, but that is not recorded ! By eight o'clock they were off by motor to the old Ministry of Marine near the Royal Palace, where, in accordance with the precedent set by Queen Cristina, the Princess was to put on her wedding dress, and from which she was to go in public procession to the church of San Jerónimo, where the wedding was to take place. The wedding dress, as is the universal custom in Spain, was the gift of the bridegroom.

It was twenty-seven years since the marriage of Alfonso XII and Queen Maria Cristina, and, for reasons sufficiently obvious, it had been celebrated very simply. Alfonso XIII, who was in the fortunate position of at once pleasing his own heart and his people, and at the same time acting in the best interests of his country and dynasty, was determined that his marriage should be celebrated with all the imposing ceremony traditionally associated with the Court of Spain. It has been said that no monarchy has been so successful in combining kindness and kingliness as that of the Court of St. James.¹ It may be said with equal truth that in the whole world no monarchy can compare with that of Spain in the success with which it combines regal splendour and democracy. The King, it is true, went to his wedding closely surrounded by the greatest in the land, but the occasion was typical of the Spanish Court in that the people, one and all, were as close to the King on his wedding-day—both figuratively and

¹ *Armstrong, Percy, By the Clock of St. James's*, p. 181.

literally—as were any members of the Royal House.

Spain, then, and the King, decided together that his marriage should be a triumphantly Spanish festival on that last day of May in 1906. Madrid was a blaze of colour. The King chose the church of San Jerónimo for the ceremony, not because it is architecturally important, but because it is built on the site of a very famous old Gothic church of the fifteenth century, some traces of which still remain. Moreover, the route from the Palace to the church and back embraces many of the principal streets in the city, some old, narrow and famous like the Calle Mayor and Carrera de San Jerónimo, some new, broad and beautiful like the Paseo del Prado, Calle de Alfonso XII, Calle de Alcalá, and Gran Vía.

The nobles all brought out their splendid state coaches, and from the famous Royal stables for the use of the Royal family there emerged such notable examples of art and craftsmanship as the ebony coach made at the end of the seventeenth century, the gilt state coach made a hundred years later, the tortoiseshell coach, also seventeenth century, the early nineteenth-century mahogany state coach—which was used by Princess Ena, the Queen Mother and Princess Beatrice to convey them to the church. Then there was the state coach of the gold panels used as a “carriage of respect,” that is the empty carriage which in the procession goes immediately in front of the King; and, most magnificent, if not perhaps most beautiful, the Crown coach, made for Ferdinand VII, which conveyed the King to the church and the newly-married pair back—or, as it turned out, part of the

way back—to the Palace. The coaches of some of the *Grandeos*¹ were quite often very little less beautiful than those of the King, the most noticeable difference being that none of the nobility had more than four horses, whereas the Royalties and Ambassadors had six, or, in the case of the King, eight—the Andalusian cream-coloured horses used by His Majesty on state occasions being justly famous.

In the King's procession from the Palace were a troop of riderless horses, each one wearing the saddle-cloth and full accoutrements of one of the eighteen regiments of which His Majesty is Colonel-in-Chief. These included the Artillery, long the crack regiment of the Spanish Army, the *Escolta Real*, the Pavian Hussars, who wear what is probably the most brilliantly decorative uniform in post-war Europe, the Halberdiers, the Lancers, several Infantry regiments, as well as the delegates from the Bavarian, German and other foreign regiments in which the King holds honorary rank. The English regiment, the 16th Lancers, of which the King is Colonel-in-Chief, sent its commanding officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Guy Wyndham, and a delegation of officers to represent it.

Next followed the Great Officers of the Royal Household, the Foreign Princes in order of precedence, the Prince and Princess of Wales being last. They were followed by the empty "carriage

¹ Amongst the *Grandeos* were : the Dukes de Alba, Arión, Bailén, Fernan-Nuñez, Híjar, Medinaceli, Medina Sidonia, Tovar, and Villahermosa ; Marquess de Comillas ; Counts de Revilla-Gigedo and Valdellano : these were followed by the Senators, Deputies, the Alcalde of Madrid and the representatives of the Provinces.

of respect" and, after it, the Crown coach with the King. The bride's procession from the old Ministry of Marine joined the main procession close to the Chamber of Deputies. The King, wearing the uniform of a Captain-General, left the Palace accompanied by his brother-in-law the Infante Carlos of Bourbon-Sicilies and his nephew the Prince of Asturias, and, arrived first at the church, took up his station to pass as patiently as might be those terrible few minutes while the bridegroom waits for the bride. Presently she arrived, and walked slowly up the aisle side by side with the Queen Mother, Princess Beatrice walking immediately behind, a deep embroidered canopy being held over them by six clergy. Beside Cardinal Sancha, Archbishop of Toledo and Lord Primate of Spain, stood the venerable Bishop Brindle of Nottingham, the Bishop of the British Catholic soldiers, who in war had won and now proudly wore, the Cross of the Distinguished Service Order. The Cardinal, in the full robes of a Prince of the Church, laid aside his archiepiscopal crozier and in deep sonorous tones declaimed in the beautiful Spanish tongue :

High and Mighty Señor Don Alfonso XIII, of Bourbon and Hapsburg, Catholic King of Spain, I demand of Your Majesty, as I also demand of Your Royal Highness Victoria Eugénie Julia Ena Maria Cristina, Princess of Battenberg, if either of you know of any impediment against the celebration of this marriage, or against its validity or legality : That is to say, if there exists between Your Majesty and Your Royal Highness any impediment of consanguinity, affinity, or spiritual relationship ; if you have made a vow of chastity or of religion ; and, finally, if there is any other impediment Your Majesty and Your Royal Highness shall here and now declare it . . .

And the same demand I make of all those here present . . .

For the second time, and again for the third time, I demand and require that if there exist any impediment whatsoever it shall here and now fully and freely be made known.

The marriage ceremony and the bridal Mass over, the King led the bride, now Queen of Spain, to the dais, upon which, under a canopy, stood two thrones. The canopy, hangings, chairs and *priedieu* of cream-coloured tapestry with much gold and touches of blue and bearing behind the chairs the Royal Arms in correct heraldic colourings, was an exquisite example of Spanish craftsmanship. It now stands in the Chapel of the Royal Palace, where it has been in constant use by the King and Queen ever since their wedding day. The bride and bridegroom then went in procession to the adjoining ruins of the ancient church of San Jerónimo and in the open air in sight of thousands of their subjects signed the Register. Immediately behind the King and Queen walked the Prince of Wales (King George V) with the Queen Mother on his arm; they were followed by the Archduke Franz Ferdinand leading the Princess of Wales (Queen Mary). On returning to the church the bride and bridegroom again took their seats on the dais and the congregation passed in procession before them in order of precedence, beginning, as is the Spanish custom, with the lowest in rank. The last of all to pass by the throne and curtsy being the Queen Mother and the Prince and Princess of Wales.

VIII

THE coaches in the Royal procession began meanwhile to leave the church for the Palace. In the

first carriage were Lord and Lady William Cecil and Miss Minnie Cochrane. They were followed in close order by the Great Officers of the Spanish Royal Household, and the visiting Princes and Princesses ; the occupied coach immediately preceding the Crown coach with the bride and bridegroom being the mahogany coach in which were Queen Maria Cristina, Princess Beatrice, the Infante Don Carlos and his boy Don Alfonso Maria, aged four and a half, the Heir Apparent to the throne.

Between the mahogany and Crown coaches was the unoccupied coach of the gold panels or "carriage of respect."

The magnificent procession took almost an hour to pass a given point and, as it wended its way along the streets blazing with flags and garlanded with flowers, under triumphal arches, between houses the balconies of which were hung with tapestries or draped in the national crimson and gold, through deep lines of acclaiming people, the effect was perfect. Artillery saluted ; bells pealed from a hundred churches ; trumpets sounded. Yet not all these could drown the voice of the cheering crowds—*Viva el Rey ! Viva la Reina !* When the Crown coach reached the beautifully-named Puerta del Sol (gateway of the Sun), the Piccadilly Circus or Times Square of Madrid, where thousands had assembled, the young Sovereigns were almost overwhelmed with the tremendous enthusiasm of their greeting. From there the carriage entered the narrow somewhat old-fashioned Calle Mayor, with its many eighteenth-century houses, one of the main shopping streets of the capital. Like the whole route, it was densely packed with people, who, by putting out

a hand, could almost touch the gorgeous trappings of the eight cream-coloured horses that drew the Royal coach. Almost every house has a balcony and each one was so overcrowded that it was extraordinary none of them collapsed.

As the Crown coach made its way at a snail's pace down this narrow thoroughfare, past the house on the left in which Calderón was born and, a little farther west on the right, the one in which Lope de Vega died, the Spanish people forgot to note its magnificence ; the Royal crown on top, supported by twin golden orbs, proudly denoting Spanish sovereignty in two continents, awoke for once no answering pride because all eyes were intently fixed on the more appealing picture of living youthful human beauty and graciousness to which everything else was but a frame.

And yet, in all this light and life, darkness and death were very near.

Two-thirds of the way down the Calle Mayor is the Plaza de la Villa in which is situated the *Ayuntamiento*, or Town Hall, and the ancient tower of Lujan in which, as Lope de Vega put it, " Charles V imprisoned the pride of France between four walls." Near by is the Palace of the Captain-General of Madrid, the Italian Embassy, and other notable buildings. The King, who was seated on the left, was pointing these out to the Queen, when the coach reached the small square, also on the left, on the south side of which stands the church of Santa Maria. In front of the church a grandstand had been erected for ladies of the Court, wives of prominent officials and other personages ; the King was leaning out of the left window for the double purpose of pointing out the church to

the Queen, and acknowledging the clamorous greetings from this grand stand ; the Queen, with an instinctive and natural movement, also leaned as far to the left of the carriage as she could : this fact in all probability saved her life.

No one thought particularly of the house on the right of the Calle Mayor directly facing the church. It is a large, high, isolated building, containing many apartments or flats, each one with an iron balcony. On the balcony on the second floor sat the Marchioness de Tolosa and her daughter, Don Antonio Calvo and his cousin, and several others. The Crown coach at this point came to a standstill. Upon the Queen asking why, the King said : " Probably because of some delay caused by those alighting at the Palace ; in five minutes we shall be at home." Almost as he spoke a large bouquet of flowers fell on the stone-paved roadway on the right of the carriage with a fearful noise, an explosion not unlike the discharge of a big gun took place, there was a nauseating smell, a flash of flame, and the Royal carriage rocked and swayed in a cloud of black smoke so thick that the King could not see the Queen, who had thrown her head back and shut her eyes so that for a moment the King thought that she was killed.

The carriage, pulled by the rearing, maddened horses, plunged forward several yards, then stopped dead. The King, not yet knowing exactly what had happened, leaned out of the window on the left, desiring to allay the terrified confusion of the crowd. Then the Count del Grove, and the Equerry on duty, the Count de Fuenteblanca, both of whom had rushed forward, explained to the King that to go on was impossible, as one horse was dead and

others wounded. "Open the door then ; bring the carriage of respect and tell the Queen Mother and Princess Beatrice that we are all right." The King was perfectly calm and self-controlled, and, as is his nature, instinctively took command in the emergency.

The King then got out and assisted the Queen, who was shaken but also calm, to do so ; as she descended her shoes and her train were soiled with blood. Giving the Queen his arm the King tried to prevent her seeing the dead and wounded all around as he led her towards the carriage of respect. To the Infante Don Carlos of Bourbon-Sicilies and the others who had rushed up the King simply said with deep emotion : "What a misfortune—what infamy !" The Grandees and officers who naturally gathered around the Queen the King pushed aside, as an observer puts it, "like ninepins" !

The example of their Sovereign and his Staff had to some extent calmed the horrified, frightened and excited crowd. Before following the Queen into the carriage of respect, the King turned to his brother-in-law, the Infante Don Carlos of Bourbon-Sicilies, and the officials crowded round the carriage, and said in a loud, clear, deliberate voice : "Slowly, very slowly, to the Palace."

Those already at the Palace knew nothing. Miss Minnie Cochrane and Lord and Lady William Cecil and Lord Londonderry and his son¹ and daughter-in-law heard the explosion, and thought it was a salute. Waiting for the arrival of the King and Queen on the steps of, or at the head of, the great staircase, the Royal representatives and

¹ The present (7th) Marquess and his wife, d. of the 1st Viscount Chaplin.

their suites as yet knew nothing. The King and Queen passed up the staircase, the King's left arm around the Queen. On their way they ceremoniously greeted each of their guests as etiquette demanded. Their demeanour, of course, showed traces of the terrible ordeal through which they had just passed, and everyone at once began wondering. . . .

Here it will be fitting to interject an eye-witness's account of what took place. It was written on the evening of the fatal day by Colonel Guy Wyndham to his wife¹ and carries with it not only atmosphere but conviction :

Well, this has been a day of emotions ! The gorgeous pomp of hours leading up to what might have been one of the most sickening tragedies in all history. What the poor little Queen has been through beggars imagination ; her pluck was simply heroic. I shall never forget the moment that the bomb was thrown. We,² with Sir Maurice de Bunsen, were the first to reach the carriage, and you can imagine that it was when we found both King and Queen unhurt, but just beyond there were horrible sights as nasty as anything I saw in the War.³ . . .

This morning the streets were filling from the earliest hours, and at a quarter-past nine we started in our carriage and drove down the processional streets, which were lined with soldiers, to the church. There everything was very well managed, seats being available for all invited. I send you the plan with a cross where I sat with the Duchess of Wellington.⁴ Every sort of uniform blazing with Orders ; then the Infantes began arriving, followed by the foreign Royalties and, at last, the King. After

¹ Edwina H., 2nd d. of the Revd. Frederick and Lady Olivia FitzPatrick ; d. 1919.

² Colonel Guy Wyndham, Major M. L. MacEwen, Captain C. J. Eccles and Lt. Cecil Howard of the 16th Lancers ; Lt. H. C. Lowther, Military Attaché.

³ South African, 1899-1902.

⁴ Kathleen (1872-1927) wife of the present (4th) Duke, who succeeded 1900.



QUEEN VICTORIA EUGÉNIA

From the portrait painted by DE LASZLÓ in 1927 in the Museum of Modern Art, Madrid.

a long pause the Queen Mother and Princess Ena arrived. She looked extremely nice and walked very well. The ceremony was pretty long. In the middle the King went to the Queen Mother and kissed her and then Princess Ena, with full train, came a little down the aisle and kissed Princess Beatrice. A large veil, which they call the yoke, was put over her head and round his shoulders, and Mass was said with some fine singing. They then stood under a canopy and a most beautiful *Te Deum* was sung to the accompaniment of band and organ.

We then slipped away so as not to be held up in getting to the Youngs' ¹ house ; looking for our carriage we were pursued by a little American reporter in evening clothes with pleated shirt-front, who at last cornered us and said : " I guess you're English," and when we said yes : " Well, I guess you're the handsomest crowd here."

We got to the Youngs' house before the de Bunsens, but they turned up before the procession arrived. It was very fine ; all the Grandees and Royalties had magnificent carriages, the horses with enormous coloured plumes on their heads. We were in the house I have marked black, so you see the procession came towards us and turned to the right just opposite us. Just as the King and Queen's carriage was coming straight at us the bomb was thrown. Two or three of us actually saw it in the air. It was thrown from the upper part of the house next to the Italian Embassy where I have put a black dot. There was a report like a lyddite shell and clouds of smoke. One felt a grip at one's heart as one knew what had happened, as it were, before it had occurred. Lady de Bunsen said : " A bomb ; get the children from the room." The three little de Bunsen children had begun clapping thinking it some special show. As the smoke cleared off in a second we saw that the carriage had come to a standstill.

Lady de Bunsen said to him : " Do you wish to go ? " and he said " If I possibly can," so we said, " We'll go with you," and we were out of the house in a moment, met a short rush of panic-stricken people, but the soldiers never stopped us and we were at the carriage in no time. As soon as we saw that the King and Queen were safe we saluted and cheered, and then the soldiers lining the street waved their swords and rifles and cheered.

¹ George Young, M.V.O., eldest son of 3rd Bt., at that time Secretary in the Diplomatic Service, stationed in Madrid.

The off-wheel horse was on the ground with its legs off and stomach ripped open. His great plumes lying in a mass of blood. The coachman was wounded; but I do not think killed. The Major of the Escort was covered with blood, but not badly hurt and I helped him on his horse. Another carriage was brought and the King and Queen got into it. I never saw such pluck, the Queen actually smiled, touched her heart several times and bowed. The King put his arm round her and kissed her. The carriage then went on escorted by the British Ambassador and the 16th Lancers. I think it was nice that the British Ambassador and we got there first. The front part of the procession knew nothing of it till the King and Queen got to the Palace.

As they moved off little R. got to my side, his poor little eyes swimming with tears. He told me his brother was on duty close to the spot where the bomb fell, so I said, "Come, we shall soon find him," and went back with him to where the killed and wounded were. He saw his brother in the distance untouched and waved to him. But he was much upset, and what we saw was enough to turn one's stomach. I then went back to the Youngs' house with him to tell the ladies that the King and Queen were safe and that de Bunsen had got to them all right. When the others came back from the Palace we all went there. Shaftesbury¹ and others asked whether we were coming to lunch, and when we said only to inquire about the accident, they did not even know that it had happened! Anyhow, we went on to the inner recesses of the Palace and found that they had gone in to luncheon, but the Duke de Santo Mauro came out to us and said he was sure the King would be pleased that we had come, and that he would tell him.

I only saw three dead myself, but fear that three officers were killed and three wounded, and R. tells me he hears three ladies were killed, whether in the house or outside I do not know, but probably several were killed in the crowd just behind the soldiers lining the street. One was a great friend of his, or as he puts it, "one very friend of me" . . .

. . . I do think that both King and Queen showed sublime courage.

¹ Anthony, 9th Earl, K.P., Lord Chamberlain to Queen Mary, 1910-22.

IX

SHAKESPEARE'S "divinity that shapes our ends" was surely present in Madrid that day. True, over twenty innocent people lost their lives as the result of the obsession of a wicked anarchist—but it might have been inconceivably worse. Few people know that the outrage was planned to take place in the church itself!

Although she was not fifteen years old at the time, it had been arranged that Princess Pilar was to take her place officially in the church with the other members of the Spanish Royal family, and the representatives from all over the world. After this was settled the question arose as to where the little Prince of Asturias was to sit. The son of King Alfonso's deceased eldest sister, who had been the wife of Don Carlos of Bourbon-Sicilies, he was heir to the throne until his uncle had a son. It was decided that, being only four and a half years old, he was too young to sit in the body of the church as he would only get tired and restless with the long ceremony. The Infanta Paz suggested that he should be given a place in one of the tribunes or galleries overlooking the nave, and that her young daughter Princess Pilar should accompany him and keep him quiet. Accordingly, the very day before the ceremony a tribune, that had already been allotted to the Press representatives, was reserved for the little Prince, Princess Pilar and their suites. This, by saving the life of everyone in the church, prevented an appalling disaster unexampled in history.

The anarchist who threw the bomb in the Calle Mayor had other plans but the last minute change

prevented him from carrying them out. Telling a plausible story of having lost his own ticket of admission to the ceremony, and showing forged credentials, he had persuaded a member of the Press, who was to be stationed elsewhere, to give up the ticket he had received admitting him to the tribune in the church. Finding, however, that this ticket was useless, he managed, in spite of all the police precautions, to instal himself on the third story of the fatal house in the Calle Mayor. In his agitation he threw his deathly bouquet a moment too soon. Thus, instead of hitting the carriage, it fell on the backs of the horses and this, to some extent, weakened the force of the explosion. The coachman, one of the footmen standing on the rumble behind, some of those seated in the balcony immediately beneath the murderer, some on the street, and two of the horses were killed.¹ The Chain of Carlos III around the King's neck was cut in two by a splinter from the bomb and, hanging broken down his tunic, was one of the first things that attracted the attention of those waiting at the Palace. As Colonel Wyndham's account clearly shows, the young Queen's self-possession and bearing were wonderful. As her beauty had already won all Spanish hearts, so now her courage, that quality most prized by Spaniards, won their utmost respect and admiration.

A large splinter of the bomb embedded in the back of the carriage was secured by the Infanta Paz and sent by her to the Royal Votive Chapel of Altötting in Bavaria ; the Infanta having learned afterwards that, at the very moment of the outrage

¹ A memorial erected by public subscription now stands in the square where the unfortunate victims lost their lives.

in Madrid, prayers were being offered for King Alfonso and the new Queen in this famous and ancient Chapel. The piece of bomb, and a silver tablet commemorating the miraculous escape, remain there for ever amongst the gold and silver casquets containing the hearts of dead Bavarian Kings.

X

THE day, at once tragic and splendid, went on. The prescribed ceremonial was carried out as far as possible as if nothing unusual had happened. The King and Queen got to the Palace about one o'clock and presided at the State luncheon as arranged. Afterwards they both changed and the King took the Queen for her first drive in the Casa de Campo. The King then went to the Hospital to visit the wounded. Meanwhile the Queen rested in preparation for the State banquet.

During the evening the King's aunt, the Infanta Isabel, greatly beloved by Spaniards because of her lofty devotion to duty, stainless life, Bourbon courage, love of music, and inimitable grace of manner with humbler folk, drove unattended in an open carriage through the streets of Madrid and received a welcome indescribable in its warmth and sincerity.

While she did so the scores of special Representatives sat down to a State banquet in the Palace. Everyone was only too glad to fasten on any incident that would relieve a tension that was to some extent unavoidable. Princess Pilar found that her place was between a Chinese and an Arab, both of high

rank in their own country, but neither of whom spoke a word of any language that she knew. The Chinese Envoy, clad in gorgeous robes, was very short-sighted and was trotting about peering at name cards when Princess Pilar, already seated, took pity on him. Seizing his name card she ran after him, tapped him on the shoulder and, making him read it, led him to his place. King Alfonso, who sees everything, observed the incident with amusement, laughed heartily, and nodded his approval to his young cousin. Fortunately, even in those days, the Princess was not shy; the ice having been broken she and her two companions kept up an animated conversation by means of signs. This caused them all to laugh so much that a diamond bow caught insecurely by a ribbon in the Princess's hair, fell into her soup. Her gallant Arab neighbour promptly fished it out, and, after first sucking it clean, dipped it into his glass, dried it on his napkin and, with a profound obeisance, handed it back to its owner. After this all pretence of ceremonial behaviour was frankly abandoned.

When, during the evening, one of the Royal guests asked the King if he remembered that this happy and triumphant day was the anniversary of the attempt on his life in the Rue de Rohan, he said: "Yes; I remember—but the bomb has grown!"

XI

THE next morning such an enormous concourse of people gathered round the Palace vociferously demanding the Sovereigns that they had both to

appear and bow their thanks for several minutes in response to the ovations : presently they were joined by Queen Maria Cristina and Princess Beatrice. Queen Ena had the day before, which for her lasted at least seventeen hours, been through every conceivable emotion. Taken by surprise she had to come out on the balcony in her dressing-gown which, in its way, reminded English onlookers how her grandmother Queen Victoria was hastily awakened from her sleep to receive the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Marquess Conyngham (the Lord Chamberlain), and to realize, as they knelt and called her Majesty, that she was Queen of England. Queen Ena's spontaneously girlish action in coming out to the people just as she was introduced that touch of humanness and informality so dear to Spanish hearts.

Later in the day the bride and bridegroom drove in an open carriage through the streets of Madrid without any attendants or escort. This characteristic action aroused frantic enthusiasm in the hearts of the Spanish people throughout the country. It was as if the Monarch said : Neither my Consort nor I hold our beloved people responsible for the act of an obsessed anarchist. Nor shall we allow any action, however horrible, to divide us from the love of the Spanish people.

It was noted that the most vociferous acclamation came from the students of Madrid.

XII

COLONEL WYNDHAM'S contemporary account of the funeral of the victims, also addressed to Mrs. Wyndham, is well worth recording :

. . . I was to have gone to tea with Cuckoo ¹ but had to start earlier for the funeral than I thought so had to throw her over. It was an extraordinary affair, a large number of troops and Representatives of all Europe. There was a square in front of the hospital and as we arrived there early, it was like an enormous reception. I was taken up to make my salute to every possible person, foreign Princes and Generals, and ministers of every sort of thing and, hardest of all, to relatives of the killed officers. You can imagine having to condole in French, wearing full uniform and in a stifling atmosphere. The whole square and surrounding streets got packed as tight as a sardine-box. There were nine enormous hearses, three for officers with six horses each and six for men, with four horses each. It was a terrible time before the procession started, and when it did everyone went very short in tight or thin boots over cobble-stones. We walked an awful long way till we reached the big square, the Puerta del Sol, where we fell out as the cemetery was another three or four miles, and the processional part was to come to an end when the Infante Don Carlos of Bourbon-Sicilies, the King's representative, left it. He did so in this big square, but was recognized by the people who crowded after him yelling like mad, and it was a regular bear fight back to the Palace. We were drenched with perspiration and most exhausted. Very glad that the reception that evening was only for Royalties. We had a quiet pleasant dinner with the de Bunsens. He told us that the Prince ² was very pleased at eight British officers having got to the carriage as quickly as if they had sprung out of the ground, and I believe both the Prince and Londonderry have written to our King ³ about it. He also said that the Spanish King was equally pleased and was a real good fellow. . . .

This morning at eleven we visited the 2nd Queen's Lancers and were shown all round. They were very sociable, the Colonel spoke French so much worse than I do that I posed as quite a French scholar! They all think me very young for a Colonel, but I explained that it was due to getting a brevet in the War.

¹ Constance, grand-daughter of 1st Duke of Westminster, wife of 9th Earl of Shaftesbury, in attendance on the Princess of Wales (Queen Mary).

² Of Wales (King George V).

³ Edward VII.

All the foreigners discuss our uniform and say, "Guards, of course." I reply indignantly: "Guards! Not at all, we're Lancers." Many of them got to know Sir George White¹ when he was at Gibraltar and are much interested in my "Ladysmith" clasp. They are also interested in the fact that the Regiment led the relief of Kimberley charge, and at all the Spanish honours on our Lance caps.² After we had been all round we were taken into a room where there was food and drinks. I tried to get off light and took a glass of sherry which is excellent here, and clicked my heels and drank to the King, the Colonel and his Regiment. . . .

This afternoon we went to the State bull-fight. It was very picturesque and the Queen looked splendid in a white mantilla, and was cheered tremendously whenever she moved or, if she didn't move, was cheered till she did. . . .

To-night there is a reception at the Palace. It was to have been a State ball but, owing to the mourning, was changed to a reception.

¹ Field-Marshal, V.C. (1835-1912): Governor of Gibraltar 1900-4.

² The 16th Lancers served throughout the Peninsular War and were in action at Talavera, Fuentes d'Onor, Salamanca, Vitoria, and Niva.

CHAPTER FIVE
THE YEARS BEFORE THE WAR,
1907-1914

I

A LITTLE less than a year after King Alfonso's marriage the Spanish nation was gratified by a visit from King Edward VII and Queen Alexandra. King Alfonso went alone to Cartagena to receive them and was happily able to assure the Royal visitors that Queen Ena's absence indicated no lack of loving respect for her uncle and aunt.

Don Antonio Maura,¹ who was then Prime Minister for the second time, seized the occasion of the Royal visit to let it be known that Spain, France and England were agreed on the maintenance of the existing conditions in the Mediterranean, and would accept no alterations without previously consulting each other.

One month ² after the English visit the Prince of

¹ 1853-1925. A lawyer and brilliant forensic and parliamentary orator. At first a Liberal, he joined the Conservatives in 1910; five times Prime Minister. His sons are the present Duke de Maura, a convinced Monarchist; Don Miguel Maura, Minister of the Interior in the provisional Republican Government; and Don Manuel Maura, who has also lately joined the Republicans.

² May 10, 1907.

Asturias was born in the Royal Palace in Madrid, and the proud and happy father, wearing Captain-General's uniform, "presented" the Heir to the throne to the waiting Ministers and courtiers with all accustomed ceremony. The King carried the baby out of the Queen's room; he reposed in a tiny gold cradle which rested on a silver tray. Saint Thomas himself could not harbour the shadow of a doubt on these occasions because the "robust Prince" (and he needs to be robust to survive this first ordeal) is presented naked, and in the exact condition in which he arrives from the hand of God. He was duly baptized Alfonso¹ and they put round his neck the famous Byzantine Cross (*la Victoria*) worn only by the Princes of Asturias—perhaps because of their success in surviving the ceremony of the presentation. His father at the same time bestowed on him the Order of the Golden Fleece.

Twenty-six months² after the birth of the Prince of Asturias three events of first-class importance took place: fighting in Morocco between the Melilla garrison and the Moorish tribesmen became acute; King Alfonso was present at Ferrol at the laying down of the first warship³ of the new Spanish Armada designed to replace the Fleet lost in the Spanish-American war; in consequence of the violent local protests against the campaign in Melilla martial law was proclaimed in Barcelona, and, as a sequel, Francisco Ferrer, the notorious head of a School of Anarchists, was tried, found guilty of being the instigator of the riots, condemned

¹ May 18, 1907.

² July 1909.

³ The cruiser *España* launched February 4, 1912.

and shot.¹ His execution was made the excuse for rabid attacks on the Prime Minister and the Conservative Government ; Señor Maura was forced to resign, and was succeeded by Señor Moret and the Liberals, who, however, only held office for a few months ; upon Moret's fall, Canalejas governed with the help of a temporary (Liberal) Ministry until such times as an appeal to the country gave him a handsome majority over all other parties.² In spite of this his uneasy Government lasted under a year and he also fell³ over what had now come to be known as "the Ferrer case." Spaniards always think, and nearly always act, in terms of personality. Their intense individualism makes this inevitable, and the "Ferrer case" had effects and reactions out of all proportion to its intrinsic importance. Alive, Ferrer was unquestionably a national danger ; dead, he became a martyr.

The three years preceding the Great War were for Spain filled with intense national and international unrest. Virulent communism reduced Catalonia, and more particularly Barcelona, to a state of almost chronic anarchy.⁴

The Spanish character and genius is quite unlike any other in Europe. It is not in the very least Latin in the sense that France and Italy are Latin. Primarily it is Arabic ; the Pyrenees divide Spain from the rest of Europe, but the sea does not divide

¹ Even Señor Madariaga refers to Ferrer as "a narrow-minded reformer." *Spain*, p. 376.

² In view of the events of April-June 1931, the figures are of interest : Ministerialists, 226 ; Conservatives, 108 ; Republicans, 39 ; Carlists, 8 ; Catalanists, 7 ; Socialists, 1.

³ April 3, 1911.

⁴ What was in effect a reign of terror lasted from the end of July to the end of September.

it from north Africa, and never has done so. That Spain should cling to her possessions and her sphere of influence in Africa is right and natural, because the urge to do so is spiritual and cultural rather than merely political. Should she forego her legitimate ambitions there, turning solely to Europe, she will mutilate herself; her unique individualism will begin to perish.

The Spanish people are not an organizable people like the German, nor an organizing people like the British. Although Spain blazed the trail for all subsequent Empire builders, she was unable to consolidate or maintain the premier position she had so brilliantly won. A brief glance at the past and present history of Spain in North and South America is sufficient to prove this. In anything requiring quick, brilliant, dramatic action the Spaniard is irresistible, but, the outpost won, his flaming spirit faints before the dry, dull, patient, co-operative effort of consolidation. This is the paradoxical reason why Spain, a Catholic, monarchical nation, with an ineradicable veneration for tradition and authority, has always provided fruitful soil for the anarchist. Even Catholicism, the most subordinating force in history, has been quite unable to subordinate Spanish individualism. With its unerring wisdom it long ago gave up the hopeless attempt and, in Spain, the Catholic Church has always enjoyed an independence unknown elsewhere: it is the Church of Spain rather than the Church of Rome in Spain, and has accommodated itself to the needs of the Spanish genius, even to the extent of at divers times and in sundry places adapting the Offices of the Church to local demands and peculiarities.

Catalonia, a rich Province with its own history, language and traditions, cut off from France by the Pyrenees and from the rest of Spain by Aragon and Castile, with its face set eastward over the sea, has always turned its back somewhat coldly on Madrid. Psychologically, the truth is that Madrid, apart from being the residence of the Court and the seat of the Cortes, is far too isolated in the centre of the great arid, Castilian plain. When Philip II made it the capital he probably committed a fatal mistake. It is questionable if a city without access to the sea can ever be anything more important than a Provincial capital. The inhabitants think and speak of themselves primarily as *Madrileños* and not as Spaniards—and so the rest of Spain is often content to regard them. It is but one more of the many proofs of the ultra-individualistic bent of the Spanish character. This disruptive tendency in the Spanish mentality made it inevitable that the Spanish Monarchy and the Spanish Government, naturally and rightly striving for unity, should during the past hundred years have become highly and increasingly centralistic. The opposition to this tendency has resulted in almost continuous rebellion and dissatisfaction throughout the Peninsula. About a century ago, apeing French fashions, Spain was divided for administrative purposes into some fifty Provinces almost every one of which considers that it could be completely master of its own destiny; so of course it could, but carry the process to its logical conclusion, and there would be no Spain. The step would be a retrograde one, and the nation would by degrees disintegrate into a number of tribes and, politically, cease to exist. Even to divide it into some six or seven semi-

independent states on the Catalan model would be to commit political suicide.¹

It is not by accident that the rebellion against the Monarchy first expressed itself through the municipal vote and it is safe to say that the reaction was not so much against the principle of monarchy (which will one day reassert its potency) as against government from, and by, Madrid. What is felt so strongly in Catalonia is felt with almost equal strength in the Basque Provinces, in Galicia, in Castile, in Valencia, in the Balearic Islands, and elsewhere.

In spite of their passionate individualism, resentful of all forms of supremacy or overlordship, the Spanish temperament is unsuited for self-government in the British sense of the term. The curse of Spain has been that for the past century or more her most verbose and popular political thinkers and writers have sucked practically all their nurture from abroad. They have suffered from a quite superfluous inferiority complex. Instead of nourishing themselves and Spain on the milk of the motherland they have developed spiritual and moral dyspepsia by ladling out anæmic canned milk from foreign countries, and in the people's stomachs it has turned sour ! This is specially true in the realm of politics. The rebellion against Isabel II was, in essence, the outcome of the foreign revolutionary ideas introduced into Spain by Spaniards after the French Revolution ; the short-lived and abject Republic had a similar inspiration ; the Constitution of 1876 was far in advance of public opinion, totally unsuited

¹ As long ago as 1873 certain doctrinaire idealists drew up a Federal Constitution dividing the Spanish nation into seventeen states ! Separation has been an acute issue ever since.

to the character and needs of the Spanish people and, worse still, had its origin in England; anarchism in Spain has been imported from Russia and Italy via Germany; these ideas and ideals then are amongst the chief sources of the rebellion of 1931—and they are all foreign.

For the present state of affairs, and the chaos that is bound to ensue, the intellectuals and the *intelligentsia*, so-called, are almost entirely to blame. Just as every Spanish beggar considers himself a *caballero* of Spain, so every Spaniard scribbling in an obscure news-sheet considers himself the predestined saviour of his country. Writers everywhere are vain and susceptible to flattery, especially if it comes from foreign lands. "Advanced" thinkers, as the phrase goes, prefer their flattery tinged with eastern mysticism, Russian pessimism, German violence, French morbidity, or British defeatism: for them incense, to be sweet, must have a foreign smell. Because of Spain's geographical position in Europe and her strong elements of Arab and Jewish culture, her great fear has been that the more Americanized, standardized, and mediocre European elements will regard her as inferior; many brilliant and patriotic Spaniards, therefore, have looked without instead of within. Spain must recognize that her native endowments are unique and, therefore, she has more precious gifts for modern civilization than any modern civilization can bring to her.

Subversive foreign elements have always used, and are now using, the Spanish *intelligentsia* for their own ends; indeed, blinded by vanity, everywhere they have become the unconscious tools of their country's foes. In Russia, Germany, Austria,



THE PRINCE OF ASTURIAS AND THE INFANTE DON JAIME AT SAN SEBASTIAN

Se desea la retrato Alfonso XIII.

4210

Hungary, China and India, they have been the spearheads of revolution and disaster. In Germany they are, at this moment, working for similar ends. In England they did their utmost to bring about revolution, were within an ace of succeeding, and were only defeated by the strong common-sense and long political experience of the British people. The Russian revolutionaries, having gained their own ends, promptly set about destroying the *intelligentsia* which is, perhaps, the only sensible thing to do with a class of people which, taken as a whole, is so conceited, so short-sighted, so utterly inept and self-centred. A similar fate will dog them in India and in Spain. Indian revolutionaries—like those of Spain inspired from abroad—will, when the time comes, and they have no further use for them, disown, indeed destroy, Gandhi and all the prattling idealists and visionaries. For the moment the *intelligentsia* appear to be at the head of affairs in Spain: they reign, but do not govern, in Madrid, in Barcelona, in Valencia, in Seville. Extremists regard the Republic as a mere outpost and, once the position is consolidated a little, the communists or the budding Mussolinis will soon push the *intelligentsia* and moderate republicans out of the way. Then, there will be only three alternatives: a Soviet Republic based on mental, moral, political and social slavery; a military dictatorship based absolutely on force; or the return of the Monarch as the unifier and leader of a free, self-governing federal kingdom.

One thing is quite clear if the whole of Spanish history is not to be falsified by future events: as has already been pointed out, Spaniards will never accomplish anything save in terms of personal

leadership. Whatever his faults and mistakes Don Alfonso is a Spaniard, his errors are those of a Spaniard and, therefore, such as his people can easily understand and readily pardon. He, at least, has never found his inspiration, his ideals, or his spiritual home in foreign cultures, foreign panaceas, or foreign lands ; his ardent Spanish nature has nothing in common with that of the feeble hybrid, too cosmopolitan to take root or feel at home in his own, or any other, country.

Of no other living Spaniard can this be said with equal truth, with equal certainty.

II

DON ALFONSO has never forgotten, nor allowed others to forget, the close spiritual and cultural unity of Spain and the South American Republics. He has taken advantage of every possible opportunity of emphasizing that, even if political ties have been severed, racial affinities abide.¹ It has been his lifelong ambition to visit personally Mexico and the South American Republics, and his plans to do so have again and again been on the point of fulfilment. He is envious of the Prince of Wales and his personal knowledge of the United States and the great Central and South American continent.

In 1910 the centenary of the Argentine Republic was celebrated with great pomp. Unable to be present himself, the King, upon the advice of Señor Canalejas, the Prime Minister, decided to send a

¹ In 1921 the King sent Count de la Viñaja, the Spanish Ambassador in Rome, and an important Mission to Peru on the centenary of the foundation of the Republic. See pages 64 and 199.

member of the Royal family to represent Spain and asked his aunt, the Infanta Isabel, to undertake this duty. She responded with enthusiasm. At the head of an important delegation and attended by a large suite the Infanta left Cadiz¹ on the battleship *Alfonso XIII* for Buenos Aires. It is worth noting that while at sea the Infanta heard by wireless of the death of King Edward VII, and she and her suite considered that receiving the news in this way was quite extraordinary.

Apart from this, the voyage was a delightful one. At San Vincente, a nigger boy, aged five, presented himself naked to the Infanta with the earnest request that she would buy him and allow him to walk in her processions! Crossing the Equator she asked to be excused from playing her part in the customary ceremonies, saying that she would carry them out "in a new way." She did so by fining herself one thousand pesetas to be divided amongst the crew, which, as she herself put it, was far from being displeased at "this new way." At Buenos Aires a Spanish notable had placed his palace at the disposal of the Government for her occupation; she was given masses of servants in crimson velvet liveries; everyone fell in love with her friendly gracious manner and warm heart. The visit was in every sense a complete success, introducing, as it did, the vivid human touch that unites nations as well as individuals; it gave undoubted impetus² to a growing movement for closer relations between Spain and her former colonies that has happily gone

¹ May, 1910.

² At the end of 1913 Spanish residents in the Argentine, Mexico and Cuba petitioned to be allowed to send representatives to the Cortes, a request which was, however, inadmissible.

on to this day. The many beautiful souvenirs presented to the Infanta during this visit are amongst her most treasured possessions.

Spain can never be indifferent to events in Portugal. A short while before this¹ the whole world had been shocked by the brutal, senseless murder of King Carlos I and his son and heir Dom Luis, Duke of Braganza—the boy who had so charmingly represented his father and country at Don Alfonso's wedding. The young King Manuel had only occupied the throne just under three years when Revolution² drove him and his mother, the noble-natured Queen Amélie, into exile. The instability³ existing in Portugal ever since has had important and sinister reverberations in Spain. First it fomented revolutionary outbreaks there; and then encouraged the idea of a dictatorship by which such outbreaks are inevitably followed.

In Madrid during 1909 and 1910 the King was faced with an internal political situation acutely difficult, because the ultra-Clerical party were making unjustifiable claims. Don Alfonso is a good Catholic; he considers himself in a real sense the natural lay spokesman of the many millions of Spanish Catholics scattered throughout the world:

¹ February 1, 1908.

² October 5, 1910.

³ Between 1910 and 1926 Portugal had no less than nineteen revolutions, forty governments, and over 500 ministers. This waste can be estimated by the fact that the modest Madeira revolution of March 1931 cost Portugal something like a million pounds. The cost of a monarchy is often criticized by republicans; none of them ever compute the immense outlay to the States concerned, and to the world, of the repeated revolutions in republican countries! During 1930 South America had ten revolutions; Peru managed two in one day!

on suitable occasions ¹ he has fearlessly pressed their claims at the Vatican and elsewhere. As a Catholic he accepts the divine truth that man does not live by bread alone ; he acknowledges, indeed extols, the proper place of religion in personal and national life. Knowing that the wealth of a nation resides not in mere material possessions but in the character of its citizens, he has always desired that religion should have its proper place in shaping the life of the people from the cradle to the grave ; therefore, he holds that, within prescribed limits, the Church should concern itself with education. But he has always resented, and always will resent, anything like bigotry or religious domination. This being so, when the Spanish clergy violently attacked Señor Canalejas and his Government on their policy of freedom of worship for non-Catholics, the reduction and control of religious Orders, universal military service for cleric and layman alike, the registration and taxation of religious bodies carrying on trade, and similar measures, the King held the scales evenly between the Government and the Church. The Church carried the quarrel to Rome ; the Spanish Ambassador to the Vatican was given leave of absence ; the King emphasized Spanish independence and sovereignty by taking an early opportunity of conferring on King Victor Emmanuel III the Honorary Colonelship of the *Saboja* (Savoy) Regiment.² It was, or should have been, a sufficient answer to those who charge the King with being subservient to the Church. The truth is that neither by inclination, nor as a matter of policy, is

¹ On his visit to Rome, November 1923, King Alfonso made striking requests to His Holiness on behalf of Spanish-speaking Catholics.

² March 1911.

the King ultra-Clerical ; a sincere Catholic, he is no fanatic, and would never permit undue clerical interference much less clerical domination in purely temporal affairs.

III

THE Moors conquered, divided and ruled Spain : under her Catholic Kings, Spain, with matchless heroism, expelled the Moors, became united, ruled herself : Morocco has long been looked upon as the Spanish frontier in the south, just as for centuries the French coast was regarded by England as the English frontier in the south. In England the ancient fear of invasion through the north of France persists in some quarters to this day ; in Spain the subconscious fear of another invasion from Morocco has never actually died. Inherited historic memories are a persistent and dangerous form of obsession : Spain is both attracted and repelled by Africa.

During the past hundred years age-old Spanish connections in Morocco have become complicated by the growth of English, French, Italian and German ambitions in the North African continent. Spain, while clinging to the ancient cultural and economic ties existing between Morocco and herself, showed no signs of anything like imperialistic ambitions until she was to some extent compelled to do so by the ever-growing pretensions of other countries. Apart from her old historic claims, she could never, as a Mediterranean Power, a large stretch of whose coast is almost contiguous with North Africa, be indifferent to what takes place there. Nevertheless, it is, broadly speaking, true to say that the immense cost in men and treasure in

retaining her interests in North Africa, has been shouldered more or less involuntarily: historic circumstances, not ambition, saddled Spain with the Moroccan problem.

When Don Alfonso XIII ascended the Throne it looked as if the problem in its modern development might be satisfactorily settled: for one reason or another this settlement was continually postponed. There were those who held, and still hold, the view that Spanish and French interests in North Africa must always be antagonistic; that the chief Mediterranean Powers were always jealous of Spain, and will never rest until they have reduced her to impotence in North Africa. There is perhaps some evidence to support such a contention; nevertheless, it seems unduly pessimistic. On the other hand, to certain minds proud Spain as an appanage or satellite to one or other of the Great Powers is an attractive mirage; discounting all such mad ambitions, it must be admitted that the handling of the Moroccan question between France and Spain has always been—probably always will be—difficult.

Don Alfonso would never admit that antagonism was inevitable. He always asserted, rightly and wisely, that Franco-Spanish interests on the African continent were identical, and could be achieved far better by co-operation than by rivalry. Nevertheless, in spite of several temporary solutions the problem trailed on for nearly twenty years with many ups and downs before reaching its tragic conclusion; and, as Don Alfonso foresaw, a final solution was only reached by co-operation with France. It was unfortunate, but inevitable, that this perfectly natural collaboration unnecessarily aroused European suspicions and jealousies, perhaps

largely because practically all the Franco-Spanish conventions, agreements and treaties were secret.

During the year before Don Alfonso attained his majority some Spanish subjects were abducted in Morocco ; the Moroccan Government indemnified Spain, and France seized the opportunity of proposing that the two countries should divide Morocco between them : Spain, quite properly, declined. However, three years later,¹ France and Spain agreed to recognize and delimit their respective zones of influence. Ceuta and Melilla were admitted to be unquestionably Spanish possessions, and Spain agreed not to extend her fortifications on the North Atlantic or to cede her Moorish territories to any other power—save France. This brought about German intervention, and William II made his somewhat theatrical descent on Tangier.

Needless to say, the original owners of the Moroccan empire were not seriously consulted about all this. Consequently, they observed or disregarded the agreement as best suited their immediate interests and quite naturally were equally ready to raid either "sphere of influence" as occasion offered. As a fighting force their power was unwisely under-estimated by both countries, more especially by Spain who, having swept the Moors out of the Peninsula long ago, was then, and for long afterwards, incapable of accepting them as a really formidable foe. The new Spanish zone was of course contiguous with the old Spanish possessions. Then Germany decided that the moment had come to enforce her somewhat nebulous claims ; the Algeciras Conference took place ² and, like most conferences, really settled nothing. A

¹ October 3, 1904.

² January-April, 1906.

little over a year later,¹ an anti-European outbreak took place ; a few French, Spaniards and Italians were massacred at Casablanca, and the three European powers concerned had a fine excuse for realizing their respective ambitions.

IV

IN due course Fate led Moorish tribesmen to attack the Spanish garrison of Melilla.² What was now to be done ?

Spain could take it lying down and leave the other Powers to profit, or she could punish the marauders and maintain her rights.

She temporized.

A year and a half was wasted in fruitless conferences and negotiations. It was decided that a visit from the Monarch would have a good effect, and accompanied by Señor Canalejas the King embarked³ on the *Giralda* for Melilla. There was a great parade of Spanish and native troops ; the King and Premier visited all barracks and camps and went to the military cemetery to lay the first stone of the monument to those who had died for Spain in Africa. The Moroccan stew had simmered into silence, but all difficulties were not ended.

The upshot of it all was that, anticipating serious complications, Señor Canalejas, the Prime Minister, sent the Spanish fleet to anchor before Larache,⁴ and a landing-party seized the Port and advanced inland.

The German Emperor William II now decided that the moment had come for another spectacular

¹ July 31, 1907.

² July 9, 1909.

³ January 6, 1911.

⁴ June 9, 1911.

move and sent the *Panther* to Agadir¹ "to protect German interests." This seriously perturbed France, Spain and England, and Mr. Lloyd George made an alarmist speech at the Mansion House.² Great Britain opposed Germany and definitely backed France. In Spain a new Cortes, triumphantly Monarchist, endorsed the policy of the late Government's firm action in sending troops; Señor Canalejas again became Prime Minister, and even the Republican leader Don Alejandro Lerroux loudly praised the Government for its firmness. Admirable as this firmness was, it only resulted, after tiresome negotiations, in the Treaty of 1912 by which France, with British support, profited considerably. But, as will be seen, the end was not yet.

True to his conviction that France and Spain must always remain friends, King Alfonso accepted the arrangement. In Paris, upon the Treaty being concluded, he said: "Morocco, instead of dividing us, should, and could, be an occasion for rapprochement. The pillagers who attack us to-day will attack you to-morrow and vice versa. . . ."

These were the King's sentiments, announced with the utmost publicity during a State visit³ which he paid to Paris upon the conclusion of the Franco-Spanish Treaty. They are his sentiments to-day.

V

At the end of the year 1911 and the beginning of 1912 there were republican outbreaks of the most

¹ July 1, 1911.

² July 21, 1911.

³ May 2, 1913. This visit was returned on October 3, 1913, when President Poincaré paid a State visit to Madrid.

violent nature in Valencia and terrible disorder threatened to end in revolution. Cullera, a town some twenty-five miles south of Valencia, was the storm centre. Eventually seven men were arrested, tried and sentenced to death. The republicans used the incident to the utmost to discredit Señor Canalejas and the Government. They remembered the "Ferrer case" and how useful it had been in undermining Señor Maura and his Government, and stopped at nothing to achieve similar ends; even such respectable persons as Señores Lerroux, Pablo Iglesias and Sorriano lent themselves, or their names, to unworthy methods. It was, for example, falsely stated, and widely believed, that the Cullera prisoners were tortured!

The King wished to exercise his prerogative and pardon them all. With reluctance Señor Canalejas and the Government consented to his pardoning six; the seventh they said was the ringleader, a most dangerous criminal, guilty of several assassinations, one being that of a Judge, and consequently must be made an example. But the King was always very difficult to convince that clemency was impossible, and has more than his share of Spanish magnanimity; his attitude is best expressed in his own words:

From the first moment when the Cullera criminals were under arrest I charged my Government to order the Judges to proceed with all care in drawing up the indictment, and in listening to all those who could adduce evidence in favour of the accused because I wished *justice to be done*.

When the Council of War dictated the sentence in the first instance, and the matter later on was transferred to Madrid to be finally judged before the Supreme Council of War, I charged Señor Canalejas to pardon as many of the criminals as possible. The Government considered that all but the seventh could be

pardoned, but that he must be punished because his crimes were so terrible. The whole of Saturday and Sunday¹ were terrible to me, and neither the Queen nor I could think of anything else but the wretched seventh man. Only one thing made me hesitate—the fear that sundry politicians might consider that to pardon him was contrary to my duty as a constitutional monarch. But upon consideration these doubts were dissipated. Once I was convinced that the Crown could take the initiative I decided to assume the responsibility and announced my intention of pardoning the man. Señor Canalejas, who throughout the affair behaved with exquisite loyalty, told me that he bowed to my decision but that, as it was contrary to the views held throughout by the Government, he felt in honour bound to resign.

“Discord therefore exists,” Señor Canalejas said to me, “between the Crown and the Executive power, and I must tender my resignation and that of my whole Government.”

I then made him see that discord did not really exist, because there are two classes of amnesty : those which the King sanctions on the Government’s proposition : and those which, on the proposition of the King, the Government accepts and legalizes, thus assuming responsibility for the King’s acts : the present case belongs to the second category. I added that as Sovereign I could carry my benevolence and benignity to lengths to which the Government could not go for State reasons. That point I urged upon Señor Canalejas and, while he agreed, he insisted on resigning lest maliciously-minded persons might believe that he would consent to anything in order to maintain himself in power.

Señor Canalejas, a true patriot, and a man of clear vision and great strength of purpose, duly resigned. The King summoned Señor Moret and Señor Maura, both of whom, however, advised the Monarch to recall Señor Canalejas, which he did.

On leaving the Palace the following day the King and Queen had a most enthusiastic reception,

¹ January 13 and 14, 1912 : the outbreak took place on September 18, 1911.

and the Republican and Radical papers loudly thanked the King for his clemency.

VI

PERHAPS if Señor Canalejas had insisted on resigning on a point of honour, if he had not bowed to the Sovereign's natural desire to retain his splendid services for the country, he might not have been assassinated, and one of the most foolish and useless of crimes might not have stained the honour of the Spanish nation. That such crimes are possible amongst a warm-hearted and generous people, and that they are not even greatly condemned, is a tragic irony recalling similar paradoxes in recent Irish history.

A month or so after the King pardoned the Valencia revolutionaries, Señor Canalejas, having finished a hard day's work, was looking into a book-seller's window in the Puerta del Sol¹ when he was shot in the head by an anarchist. There was reason to believe that the murder was unpremeditated in that the real victim was to have been the King who was expected to pass that way at that hour. Unbelievably, the murderer was not immediately apprehended. A great public funeral was arranged, and the Royal entourage did not like the idea of the King attending it whilst the criminal was still at liberty. But the King was adamant, saying: "He died for me—I must go."

He left the Palace in a carriage escorted by the Escolta Real, his brother-in-law the Infante Don Fernando, who was then Colonel of the Regiment,

¹ November 12, 1912: the Library San Martin; a plaque on the façade records the tragedy.

riding as close to the wheels as he dare in case of an attack. When he joined the funeral cortège the King got out and walked alone immediately behind the coffin, unguarded, large crowds of people following. The ceremony over, he stood unguarded for more than half an hour shaking hands and condoling with the dead Premier's friends. Then he went home.

VII

THE assassins were only resting. Five months almost to a day¹ after the murder of Señor Canalejas, the King went to the annual swearing-in of recruits in the Paseo de Castellana. An open-air Mass was celebrated and the customary ceremonial observed. Alone, at the head of an imposing Staff, the King was on his way back to the Palace. As he turned to the right into the Calle de Alcalá from the Castellana the attack was made. The King's own account of what happened is vivid and moving :

I saw a man coming towards me armed with a revolver. He fired and I rode at him. When he was quite close he tried to seize my bridle as he fired a second time, the flash singeing my glove, while the ball grazed my horse. I immediately wheeled *Atalun*, who knocked the man over with his shoulder ; at that instant a policeman sprang on him ; his third shot was fired from the ground and whistled overhead.

The King at once dismounted and examined his horse, the police meanwhile arresting the would-be assassin. Finding the wound trivial, the King vaulted into the saddle again and, saluting the crowd in military fashion, shouted : " Señores, it is nothing—*Viva España !* "

¹ April 13, 1913.

The crowd was enormous, largely because there were native troops from Morocco and a Naval contingent in the procession. They would have lynched the man had not the police hurriedly pushed him into the house of Don Florestán Aguilar (now Viscount de Casa Aguilar) near by. The King's chief anxiety was to send news to the two Queens waiting at the Palace, they having returned there before him. Presently, between them, he appeared on the balcony to reassure the enormous crowd that had assembled. Afterwards, speaking to a member of the Royal family the King said: "Even before the man moved I knew he was going to attack me."

Don Alfonso by his uncanny intuition, presence of mind, quick powers of decision, and superb courage saved his own life.

The man was condemned to death, but the King commuted his sentence to imprisonment for a term of years, and he is now at liberty.

All her life Queen Maria Cristina kept the burned glove as a sacred relic; indeed it is in the Palace to this day.¹

¹ Or was until the Revolution of April, 1931.

CHAPTER SIX

THE KING AND THE GREAT WAR

1914-1918

I

HUMAN nature being what it is, when things go well they are either taken for granted, or a meagre thanks is flung casually to Providence; but when they go wrong, the Government, a particular Minister, or pet friends or enemies are blamed. The quick and critical Spanish temperament is peculiarly liable to adopt this unfair method of assessment; the Spaniard likes a notable object for his criticism, and his insatiable pride is gratified should that object be the Monarch: moreover, the Monarch is a permanent factor in the national life and is, so to speak, continuously available for this purpose. Ministers and Parliaments come and go. While they exist they are subject to the fiercest denunciations; as soon as they disappear, which they do more frequently in Spain than in any other country save Portugal and South America, their faults are immediately forgotten, and their virtues—frequently existing only in retrospect—are loudly extolled. One of the consequences of this attitude of mind is that King Alfonso has had to bear the burden of blame for any mistake made anywhere during his thirty years.*

reign, while he is too often denied praise for one single achievement. Writers, even serious writers, for example, speak as if Spanish neutrality during the Great War was merely a happy accident, and that if a scrap of credit is due anywhere for keeping Spain out of the struggle it is due to Don Eduardo Dato and the Government: Had Spain unfortunately been dragged into the contest, they would assuredly have laid the whole blame on the King.

As has been shown, from the day of his first visit to Paris immediately after his Accession Don Alfonso has been in every contingency the firm and loyal friend of France, resisting at the same time with tactful determination any tendency to allow Spain to be dragged at the heels of her nearest neighbour; and, perhaps more difficult still, steadfastly refusing to allow her to become, unconsciously or otherwise, a mere counter in French policy.

Fortunately for Europe, when the Great War broke out Spain had in her service many men of distinguished minds and lofty patriotism. The Marquess de Lema was Minister of Foreign Affairs; Don Wenceslao Villa-Urrutia (since created a Marquess), a former Minister of Foreign Affairs, was Spanish Ambassador in Paris; a man of fine intellect and a writer of charm and distinction, he was a firm friend of the *Entente*. Monsieur Joffre, the French Ambassador in Madrid, was a good friend of England. Don Santiago Alba, General Primo de Rivera and others were pro-Ally. Immediately war was declared the King impressed upon Señor Dato the necessity of strictly observing a policy of "benevolent neutrality"; the Sovereign and Royal family were at Santander and immediately left for San Sebastian to be in closer touch with

events. From the beginning the King shared Lord Kitchener's conviction that it would be a long war. Simultaneously with the Spanish declaration of benevolent neutrality King Alfonso assured President Poincaré that not only would Spain remain strictly neutral, but that the French frontier would not even be guarded, and any troops stationed in the vicinity would be withdrawn; he also reassured the President regarding the French frontier in Morocco. A moment's reflection, however, concerning the King's personal, historic and family relationships with Austria and Germany make it obvious that the unseen service he rendered the Allies must have been much greater and far-reaching than is suggested by these kingly gestures. Precise knowledge is unnecessary to make us quite certain that both immediately before and immediately after the outbreak of hostilities, and repeatedly throughout the fluctuating fortunes of the war, pressure was again and again brought upon the King, from innumerable directions, to induce him to take sides. Being the greatest diplomatist alive, the King's private inclinations, whatever they were, are still a mystery. It is, however, perfectly clear that then, as always, they were strictly subordinated to what he believed to be the best interests of Spain. Don Alfonso is an impulsive, outspoken man of very strong feelings, emotionally sensitive, and swift to react where his feelings are concerned: in fact, a typical Spaniard: he had close ties with France, and the most tender and binding ties with England and Austria; yet it is doubtful if even Queen Ena or Queen Maria Cristina really knew where his personal preferences lay. Within the Palace itself the war was, by common consent, never discussed,



THE KING AND HIS ELDEST DAUGHTER, THE INFANTA
BEATRICE

and neither directly nor indirectly did it cast a single shadow on the delightful intimacy and loving home life of the Royal family. Queen Cristina's brother, the Archduke Frederick, several nephews and innumerable cousins were fighting for Germany; the Queen of Bavaria¹ was Queen Cristina's half-sister; the King's Austrian and Bavarian cousins were of course also fighting for Germany; on the other side Queen Ena's brother, the gallant Prince Maurice, fought and fell for England. Nevertheless, the intercourse of the two Queens was of the utmost cordiality and tenderness. The King both within and without the Palace resisted every influence and every tendency that would by any possible chance embroil Spain. This was realized by the Spanish people at the time is proved by the enormous wave of kingly popularity that overwhelmed the Monarch after Parliament had endorsed Señor Dato's declaration² of neutrality, when it met in the autumn.³ It has been said that, roughly, the Liberal Party favoured the Allies and the Conservative Party Germany. While this was broadly so, in Spain as in every country, the War cut across all party divisions, and the truth is that few Spaniards took sides for other than personal reasons or because, for the moment, to do so seemed to benefit immediate party interests. Far-seeing patriotic people realized that neutrality was the only feasible policy for Spain.

In December 1915 Señor Dato resigned and

¹ Maria Theresa, Archduchess of Austria-Este, Princess Royal of Hungary and Bohemia (1849-1919), m. 1868, Ludwig of Bavaria, afterwards King Ludwig III (1845-1921).

² July 30, 1914.

³ October 30, 1914.

Count de Romanones became Prime Minister ; in the following spring a general election gave the Count a clear majority, and the King opened the new Cortes with a strong speech from the Throne in defence of neutrality. It is true that at times Liberals and Republicans agitated in favour of Spanish support for the Triple Entente, while sections of the priesthood, the existing handful of Carlists, and some of Señor Maura's more extreme supporters in the Conservative ranks demanded a benevolent neutrality towards Germany and Austria-Hungary. But such currents of opposition always blow across the course of Spanish politics and were not to be taken too seriously. The nation as a whole undoubtedly approved of neutrality, and, as for benevolence, the King, from his more elevated outlook determined that it should be benevolent in the widest and truest sense towards all the unhappy belligerents. Don Alfonso's attitude of reserve was inspired not only by the interests of his country but by a chivalrous intention of doing his utmost to mitigate everywhere the unavoidable horrors of war.

True to the spiritual and cultural entente existing for centuries between France and Spain, one of the first things the King and Government did, after withdrawing the frontier garrisons, was to instruct Don Luis Polo de Bernabé, the Spanish Ambassador in Berlin, and Señor Castro de Casalez in Vienna, to undertake the protection of French subjects and French interests in Germany and Austria-Hungary.

Germany has always had considerable influence in business circles in Spain, and a not unimportant section of business men, having first-hand experience

of German business ability and organizing skill, were strongly inclined to believe that such qualities were bound to win. Their belief was doubtless strengthened by the immediate and remarkable energy with which Germany set about organizing propaganda throughout the Peninsula. The *Hamburger Nachrichten* started a propaganda newspaper in Spain which, with a certain absence of tact, began by attacking the venerable and harmless Empress Eugénie (a Spaniard), and was promptly seized and suppressed. When the German Consul at Barcelona demanded the prohibition of all French newspapers in Spain, he met with a flat refusal. Nevertheless, intense German propaganda against France and Great Britain was only scotched, not killed. Posters reminded the people of the British occupation of Gibraltar; French ambitions in North Africa were represented as incurably antagonistic to those of Spain. The situation was not eased by the shooting of Spanish subjects at Liège by German troops. In spite of these, and similar embarrassments, the King, Señor Dato and the Government kept their heads: what they did with their hearts was their private affair. Praise has since been bespattered on those who in Spain in 1914 stood up for France and the Allies, and also on those who backed Germany and the Central Powers: the former have been described as "rising above short-sighted national feelings"¹; the latter as enlightened admirers of organization and efficiency. The truth of course is that the only true patriots were those who, supporting the monarch, thought only of Spain, and in an outbreak of European emotional madness such as that of

¹ Madariaga, S. de, *Spain*, p. 393.

the autumn of 1914 they, and they alone, are entitled to be described as statesmen. To this small elect group King Alfonso always belonged. Had he chosen to throw his influence on one side or the other he could undoubtedly have led Spain into the conflict—and to disaster.

In the spring of 1915 the price of bread soared in Spain, in spite of the fact that in the previous August the Government had forbidden by decree the export of cereals and the slaughter of cattle; unemployed in Seville and elsewhere demanded work. It had not yet become clear to the general public that under neutrality Spain was to expand commercially in every direction, build up a vast business organization as a manufacturer of war munitions for the Allies, and, largely as a result, become transformed from an almost purely agricultural into an advanced manufacturing nation. No doubt Spain was equally ready to sell supplies to the Central Powers, but her geographical position made it quite impossible, and this was, on land, the only geographical factor that favoured the Allies.

Economic prosperity apart, a world war was bound to set loose in every neutral country, and more particularly in Spain, all sorts of undesirable elements. German propaganda never ceased; concentrating hopefully on arousing and fostering industrial unrest, with the intention of crippling the flow of supplies to the Allied and Associated powers, Germany deliberately introduced into various industrial centres, more particularly Barcelona, communist agitators from which Spain has suffered ever since, and the results of whose subversive activities will plague her for years, perhaps for generations to come.

II

INTERNATIONALLY, the most embarrassing question Spain had to handle throughout the War was that of the destruction of Spanish shipping ; it was a problem common in some degree to all the Neutral Powers. Two years after the outbreak of War Spain had lost something like eighty thousand tons, at least one-half of which was known to have been deliberately destroyed by German submarines. The shipowners set up a great clamour. Public opinion was, naturally, outraged, but, in view of the profit to the nation from its business with the Allies, and the importance of its ever-growing intercourse and business with the South American continent, disinterestedly effective protest was difficult : the desire to eat your cake and still have it is of necessity always an embarrassing one. Apart from the huge profits accruing from export business, thousands of German and other exiles from all parts of Europe drifted into Spain, escaping, as is the fashion of such people, from the rigours of war in their own or adjoining countries. In Spain food was plentiful and there is always the glory of Spanish sunshine. German, British, French and Italian subjects appeared in all large cities, more particularly in Madrid and Barcelona ; hotels, *pensions* and lodging-houses were everywhere prosperous. If living was expensive, earnings were large, and, if material things make for contentment, every Spaniard should have been content and happy.

But were they ?

As so often happens, this foreign invasion brought with it not only wealth but trailing clouds of unsettlement, too often introducing elements antago-

nistic to the best interests of the Spanish people. All this was intensified by the profound spiritual, moral, intellectual and emotional pessimism inseparable from war. Spain was awakened by these events from the lethargy which overtook her at the end of the Spanish-American war, but whether the awakening was for ultimate good or ill who could tell? Some saw in this turmoil the growing pains of youth renewed; some the contortions of approaching death: the truth of the diagnosis is perhaps still in doubt.

All this great business of war, with its inevitable and unavoidable claim to over-ride every interest and transcend all aims save that of success in the field, was bound to have repercussions in the Spanish Army. Keenly aware of its past greatness, and still suffering from some remnants of the aftermath of defeat, it became dangerously self-conscious and, by the end of 1915, one of the most acute internal questions in Spain was the reform of the Army and the creation of a General Staff. The King had always been alive to these necessities; he has from his boyhood been a keen soldier, has an intimate knowledge of foreign Armies, and had not failed to note the significance of the establishment of a General Staff in Germany and England.

In Spain the Army, like the Church, has always been a factor in politics and, like the Church, will continue to be an important, if not indeed a decisive, factor in politics for years to come. This is not because of any obscure or ineradicable vice in the Army or the Church; it is simply because, until comparatively recently, they were the only two organized bodies in Spain. The Government of the day, and more particularly the King, have often

been accused of ruling with the aid of one or the other—or both. But is the charge true? At times, when the interests of the country seemed to require it, or during periods when the Army was, for the time being, apparently the only true interpreter of the will of the people, the King made use of the Army; but, as many events prove, he was prepared to oppose the Army when the national will, and national interests, clearly required him at any given moment to do so. From this unfortunate dilemma Don Alfonso had no escape, and in the fulfilment of his duties as a Monarch he alternately—and absolutely unavoidably—antagonized his people, the Army, and the politicians. This inevitably led to charges of favouritism, instability and even chicanery. The very success and skill with which Don Alfonso manipulated conflicting elements and interests in the end brought about his downfall. He, and he alone, had the ability, the fearlessness, the personality, the charm, the tact, and the prestige to maintain a “balance of power” amongst the divergent and unruly forces that go to make up modern Spain. As time went on, one by one, each of these forces had to acknowledge that they had been either outmanœuvred or defeated; this eventually united them all on one thing—a hectic and unpatriotic desire to outmanœuvre and defeat the Monarch, irrespective of all other issues. As a politician Don Alfonso is an experienced expert; as a statesman he is in his first youth. That he possesses the fundamental qualities of a statesman no fair-minded observer can deny. Had he been given sufficient time he would probably have succeeded in resolving the rich diversity of the Spanish temperament into an astonishingly splendid unity. That task would

seem to be his destiny ; all his life up to now has been but an apprenticeship, a preparation, for that supreme achievement. One thing is quite clear ; he is the only man alive who could bring about this miracle. Perhaps, completing the task begun by Isabella the Catholic, Don Alfonso needed a period of repose and detachment during which, removed from the cares and immediate preoccupations of Monarchy, he could see Spain from a distance, gaining a clarity of vision, a detachment, a spiritual and mental poise unattainable in the midst of affairs. That his life-work is ended no one who knows him, or knows Spain, believes.

It is imperative to bear in mind that all Governments everywhere rule with such permanent dependable factors as are available.¹ The declaration of the Republic of 1931 was only made possible by the passive attitude of the Army. Can that Government, or any other Government in Spain, continue to exist without having at least the passive support of the Army and the Church ? The doubt is not dispelled by the Provisional Government's obvious fear of clerical activities and its declared intention of limiting in every way clerical and monarchical freedom of speech and action. Thus do the champions of freedom of speech and freedom of action always begin their reign. They should not be unduly blamed. As champions of liberty they were in opposition ; as suppressors of liberty they are in power ! Then they had only to talk and criticize ; now they must govern, and the more freedom of

¹ The recent Socialist Government in England existed by favour of the Trades Unions, because the Unions are a highly organized permanent factor in the national life ; such a thing could not, at present, happen in Spain.

criticism, organization and opposition they allow, the more force, repression and intimidation they must, in the end, exercise.

In Spain, as everywhere, the interference of the soldier in politics is indeed a grave danger, and it is one which it will be very difficult to eradicate there because of the Spaniard's impregnable conviction that no claims, either of religion, of loyalty, of *esprit de corps*, of politics, or of civic responsibilities, can over-ride his rights or curtail his freedom as an individual, that is, as a man. Oddly enough the freedom to organize and agitate for political ends is at present being demanded by the English Civil Service, and the Socialists are inclined to grant it. The absence of that right has hitherto given Parliamentary Government in England all its stability. With a Civil Service and Police Force free to take sides in politics and in political quarrels, the Government could only rely, as in Russia, on a privileged, but obedient, Army denied similar rights. Modern democracy does not seem to realize that there is no such thing as absolute freedom ; it has also to learn that for every privilege granted to an individual or a class, a corresponding privilege must be denied. A king has no vote ; a priest may not marry ; a diplomat cannot live at home ; a soldier must obey ; to make millions a man must accept personal slavery ; a philosopher cannot become a prominent politician ; a poet does not make money ; a gipsy cannot become a Napoleon or a Bismarck. Spaniards, who have more individual liberty than anyone else in the world, have yet to learn that the price of liberty for the nation is its partial and voluntary renunciation by the individual.

III

By December 1915 the agitation in the Spanish Army had become so acute that the Government of Señor Dato fell. From January of the previous year he had steered Spain manfully through a thousand international dangers, with the support of the King, maintaining at all risks her strict neutrality, snatching for her every atom of prosperity and advantage, serving her best interests, by his sensible and far-seeing policy increasing the value of the Peseta, yet, in the face of the opposition of the Army, he could not survive.

Count de Romanones, his successor, soon made it plain that he would concede the demands of the Army, yet continue to maintain Spanish neutrality. A General Staff with very wide powers was set up by Royal decree; the Minister of War, General Luque, announcing this, said that he considered that its establishment was essential because peace would be long delayed, and Spain must be prepared for all eventualities.

When Italy entered the war,¹ Spain had become the largest and most important neutral in Europe, and her responsibilities regarding peace overtures were more onerous than ever. Spain, the United States, and a few other countries were growing rapidly richer; the belligerent powers were being drained of men and treasure. Opening a new Parliament,² in which Count de Romanones and the Liberals were in power as well as in office, the King said :

¹ May 22, 1915.

² May 10, 1916.

The war will be remembered with horror by future generations, but the unprecedented sacrifice and valour exhibited by the belligerent nations will fill posterity with admiration.

I earnestly desire to find an opportunity which may enable me to hasten the hour of peace.

At the end of the year President Wilson made a determined attempt to induce the warring Powers to come to terms. He appealed to all the European neutral powers, especially Spain, to unite to this end. Count de Romanones, however, considering the moment ill-chosen, wisely refused, promising to co-operate gladly should a really favourable opportunity arise.

In January 1917 the Count was compelled to resign owing to Parliamentary opposition to his declared policy of introducing taxation of war profits; however, the King, after consulting most of the leading statesmen, asked his Prime Minister to remain in office.

Meanwhile the international outlook was becoming increasingly ominous. Germany fatally accepted unrestricted submarine warfare as a part of her campaign, and established an "Absolute Blockade" of the Allied coasts. The Spanish Government immediately protested in Berlin that, in its opinion, "the new measures were quite inadmissible in international law." Nevertheless, when, as a protest, the United States Government invited Spain to follow her example and break off diplomatic relations with Germany, Count de Romanones promptly refused. In thus steadfastly declining, in spite of all provocations, to embroil Spain he had the full support of the great body of his own Party, the Liberals, and of all but a small section of extremists in the Conservative Party.

The most notorious and embarrassing opponent of this policy was Señor Lerroux,¹ leader of the Republican Party, and at that time an unrepentant Centralist, who made a fiery speech in the Cortes condemning neutrality root and branch. This did not exactly help the Prime Minister and, playing into the hands of the military insubordination (which had been steadily growing in extent and volume for some considerable time) finally forced him to resign.

He was succeeded in April 1917 by Señor Garcia Prieto (Marquess de Alhucemas) and a Liberal Coalition with Admiral Miranda, a Conservative, as Minister of Marine. This combination only lasted two months, and in June the Marquess made way for Señor Dato; however, in November, Señor Dato again fell and the Marquess again became Premier.

The Military "Committees of Defence," as they were called, which first began to appear some months before, now decided² that their moment for decisive action had come. As so often happens in Spain, the most turbulent section was found in Catalonia, being led by an officer of the Barcelona garrison.³ The Marquess de Alhucemas rightly decided that the "Committees" must disappear; General Alfau, a very able soldier who was then commanding the Barcelona district, was instructed to bring about their dissolution in his area; the officers refused to obey his orders and were arrested; the revolt spread to Valencia, Saragossa and other garrisons; the Government, having put its hand

¹ Foreign Minister in the Provisional Government of April 1931: in June 1917 the Republicans and Reformists issued a joint manifesto condemning neutrality!

² May 1917.

³ Col. Don Benito Marquez.

to the plough, now looked back ; General Alfau was recalled, a more accommodating General being sent to replace him ; upon his advent the rebellious officers were liberated immediately ; the Marquess de Alhucemas resigned after some three months in office ; the King consulted various statesmen and, as a result, Señor Dato once more became Prime Minister. Pertinacious, he had always been credited with serious designs for reforming the Army and keeping it as far as might be subject to the Civil power ; as leader of the Conservatives he had gained the respect of the country. The most noteworthy names in his Ministry were those of Count de Bugallal, a typical Galician, Señor Sanchez Guerra and General Primo de Rivera—both impulsive Andalusians. No sophism could disguise the fact that, not by any means for the first time, the Army had challenged the Government, the Cortes and the Crown itself and—the Army had won ! it had even imposed its will on the Sovereign personally by demanding, and securing, changes in the personnel of his Military Household. The “ Committees ” now issued a statement pointing out that they had taken action because the Army was neglected and underpaid, but disclaiming any seditious intentions.

In Spain, as elsewhere, almost any section of the community is prepared to press its own interests to the point of civil war and (when it attains what it wants) equally ready to disclaim factional interests or seditious intentions.

IV

THROUGHOUT the War the extremists of Right and Left had, when it seemed to serve their own

sectional interests, considered themselves free to embarrass the Government and the Monarch in a manner seldom legitimate and frequently quite outrageous. Conservatives, for example, were at times found associating themselves with the Carlists. Foreign observers often ask why this bedraggled remnant of disruption still lingers in Spain. There are two main reasons: one is that, as Don Quixote nobly and imperishably proves, Spanish chivalry will for ever misguidedly and passionately espouse a lost or losing cause: secondly, for their own immediate ends, party groups are always cynically ready to wave any flag.¹ In Catalonia, the Separatists had alternatively coquetted with the Allies and the Central Powers in their insane desire to set up within Spain an independent State.

In spite of extraordinary prosperity, there were continual outbreaks of violent industrial unrest. The bad example of the Army was followed by the Police and by the Civil Service who now also proceeded to set up their own "Committees of Defence." In Barcelona some twenty Senators and forty deputies took advantage of a semi-revolutionary outbreak to demand a Constituent Assembly not only with powers to grant Home Rule to Catalonia, but to devise a devolutionary system for the whole of Spain! Should this be denied, they threatened to call a meeting of Parliament in Barcelona on their own responsibility. Again and again this odd phenomenon will be met with in Spain.

¹ Forty-eight hours after King Alfonso left Madrid in April 1931, an ardent Republican declared that, while he would never support the return of the King, the Republic was useless—and he would welcome Don Jaime the Carlist Pretender—who is a bachelor and without an Heir!

Almost any minority considers itself perfectly entitled to set up a dictatorship under the shadow of the flag of freedom, the inspiration of the red cap of liberty, or indeed any other battle-cry. But freedom and liberty are for themselves and, without exception, they all threaten with force, even with death, those who do not choose to follow them.¹ All revolutionaries and reformists everywhere cry: "Be my brother or I will slay you," but only the Spaniards are so honest (and so foolish) as to give the battle-cry a prominent place in their preliminary manifestos: less courageous revolutionaries put their gaudy promises of well-being in their manifestos; they make no threats—only execute them. Faced with the setting up of a rebel Parliament in Barcelona the Government was forced to suspend the constitutional guarantees, which is equivalent to the declaration of martial law.

Between the fall of Count de Romanones in April 1917 on the question of the firm note to Germany and the end of the year, Spain had enjoyed three Prime Ministers (it would be over-stating the case to say three Governments); April to June the Marquess de Alhucemas, June to October Señor Dato, and November to the following March the Marquess de Alhucemas again. Señor Dato, who was a moderate Conservative, conciliatory, and a loyal monarchist, failed to carry on because of the hostility of the extremists of both the Left and the

¹ When the egregious Franco mutinied in December 1930, he threw from the air a manifesto into the various barracks of Madrid which said: If the soldiers do not join us by three o'clock we will exterminate them from the air; Galán, his fellow-conspirator at Jaca, issued a manifesto so vindictive, threatening and foolish that one of the first things the Provisional Government did was to repudiate it.

Right—a fanatic of the Right even going so far as to deface the portrait of the Sovereign hanging in a Maurist Club in Madrid! Moreover, Señor Dato had, like all the others, come into acute conflict with the Army; indeed more acutely than any other political leader because of his declared intention of forcing Army reforms.

The Coalition Government of the Marquess de Alhucemas, who succeeded Señor Dato, held office for less than five months and deserved a better fate. It was a bold attempt to unite public-spirited men of goodwill in an effort to save Spain from herself. His Cabinet included two moderate Conservatives, two Independents, two Liberals and, for the first time in Spanish history, two Catalan Regionalists, Señores Ventosa and Rodés. This gallant adventure failed largely because the Catalans and other extremists behaved unreasonably. It became clear that neither the Cortes nor the country liked coalitions, and Parliament was dissolved: the new elections confirmed the late Government in office. Fair-minded observers have recorded the fact that with a few negligible exceptions, it was, for the first time in Spanish history, on the whole a free election. The results were significant and interesting. The extremists were everywhere defeated. Moderate Conservatives and Liberals obtained a decided majority. The Socialists won six seats, the Republicans fifteen; Señor Lerroux the Republican leader in Barcelona and Don Melquiades Alvarez the leader of the Reformist Party,¹ were both

¹ Señor Alvarez left the Republicans in 1912 in order to form, along with Señor Azárate, the Reformist Party; with leanings to the Left, the Party was patriotic, moderate, and, within limits, monarchical.



THE ROYAL CHILDREN ENTERTAIN THEIR FATHER TO TEA IN THEIR OWN SITTING-ROOM
IN THE ROYAL PALACE, MADRID

Prince
of
Asturias

Don
Jaime

Dofia
Maria
Cristina

Dofia
Beatrice

The
King

Don
Juan

defeated. Some thirty-five Regionalists were returned, and they could count on a good deal of sympathy and some active support amongst the Liberals, and the Independents of whom (a healthy sign) there were twenty. Immediately the Cortes assembled Señores Ventosa and Rodés, the two able Regionalist members of the Cabinet, demanded that a clear pronouncement on Catalan Home Rule should appear in the Speech from the Throne. The Marquess de Alhucemas objected, was violently opposed, offered his resignation to the King; the King declined to accept it, and Señores Ventosa and Rodés unfortunately resigned. The intricacies of Spanish Parliamentary crises are almost unbelievable; but this enlightening episode is worthy of serious attention. The avowed Regionalists in the Cortes numbered thirty-five in a Chamber of four hundred and eight; they had two representatives in the Cabinet, far more than their proper share; there were all the internal and external problems of the War urgently awaiting solution; the Government had no mandate from the country to settle the Catalan question, which was a national, not merely a sectional, issue; yet, because their demands were not immediately and unconditionally granted the Catalan representatives threw away their opportunity as a crossed child would trample on a toy. In a Cortes overwhelmingly moderate the Monarch had no option but to keep his Prime Minister and let the angry Catalan Ministers go: it was his bounden duty. Nevertheless it may be accepted as quite certain that the incident was used, not only in Catalonia, but throughout the country, to bring the Monarch and the Monarchy into disrepute. Spaniards throw envious glances at the British

Parliament, indeed often loudly praise it, but they seem, so far, to be quite incapable of the patient drudgery, the ready give and take, the co-operative spirit, the subordination of sectional interests, the sinking of personalities, without which any sort of Parliamentary régime is clearly impossible. In Spain, while they hanker after parliamentary forms, or say they do, any minority, as has been shown, conceives that it has a perfect right to impose its will on the majority, and by any means legitimate or otherwise. Minorities quite simply decline to bow to the will of the majority. That, of course, is a familiar trait of minorities everywhere ; but, mostly, they dissemble somewhat, whereas Spaniards are too honest even to pretend to maintain the customary humbug about being democratic. King Alfonso has again and again been accused of absolutism ; the plain truth is that he has never been, and in Spain never could be, an absolute monarch. The essence of absolutism is to be able to choose your own Ministers. Don Alfonso could never do this ; he could only choose such men as were available and willing to work together, even temporarily, for a common end.

In March 1918 the King sent for Señor Maura and asked him—nay, begged him to form a Government.

Why ?

Why send for the man who only a few months before had been accused of upbraiding the Monarch in an unseemly speech in the Bull Ring in Madrid ? ¹ Don Alfonso is a proud and sensitive

¹ On April 29, 1917 : Señor Maura subsequently made it clear that the popular accounts of what he said were distorted and grossly exaggerated.

man ; he has his natural feelings, attractions and antipathies : like everyone else he finds some people congenial to work with, others not. But he has consistently set a good example to all Spaniards by never putting his private feelings before the good of his country. He sent for Señor Maura because he considered him the man for the moment, and Señor Maura patriotically responded ; moreover, his disinterested attitude, and that of the King, was applauded and, for once, widely followed.

Backed by the Monarch, Señor Maura got together a very strong Coalition Government which included no less than four former Prime Ministers. Señor Dato was Foreign Minister, Count de Romanones, Minister of Justice (a post he had occupied twelve years before), the Marquess de Alhucemas was Minister of the Interior ; Don Santiago Alba, Minister of Public Instruction. It seemed a formidable combination ; the country was delighted ; the King's action in inducing such prominent personages to put Spain first, and accept any portfolio he offered them made an enormous effect throughout the country ; for days on end the Monarch was acclaimed, and the fear of immediate Bolshevism was removed. But the imminent danger past, the Cabinet, like all its predecessors, soon divided, this time over the ever-burning question of German submarine warfare and the sinking of Spanish ships ; it managed to hold together till October when Don Santiago Alba resigned, and Señor Maura desired to resign, but at the Monarch's request remained for another month. However, in the end, in spite of the Monarch's efforts and the backing of many men of goodwill, the Coalition Government fell.

During the few days immediately preceding the Armistice there was actually no Government in Spain! The King was at San Sebastian, very ill with scarlet fever. On November 10th the Marquess de Alhucemas assumed office and held it for twenty-six days. He was succeeded by Count de Romanones who was favourably regarded by the Allies and who was, therefore, in a better position than anyone to secure for Spain after the War the position in Europe to which her great services had amply entitled her. He might have succeeded had Spanish sectionalism not prevented him speaking in the name of a strongly united Spain.

V

THROUGHOUT the War Spain, as a consistent and disinterested neutral, had rendered immeasurable service to the world. As a result her position abroad had never stood higher since the great days of Ferdinand and Isabella, and Philip V. In four short years, the effects of her defeat by the United States and her subsequent period of disillusion and impotency had been wiped out; her lost spiritual and moral supremacy as the fount of Spanish culture in South America regained; her economic and commercial wealth unbelievably extended.

Her position in the world was at that moment unique: she was the greatest Neutral Power: throughout the War she had been the guardian and servant of the interests of every single belligerent: she was the only nation morally fit to preside at the Peace Conference. While all were in her debt for her disinterested zeal for peace, she had no claims to press, no selfish objects to serve. Yet she was

not even invited to take part in the Conference, much less preside ! The conclusion can hardly be avoided that—like most of the other public men of the world—her leaders were unduly preoccupied as politicians when they should have been serving their contemporaries and posterity as statesmen. No one in Spain appears to have firmly pressed her irrefutable moral claims to at least a place at the council board at Versailles and St.-Germain. Had they done so what poverty, suffering and strife might have been saved to the world. The evils arising out of the Great War are as yet unresolved : the final result of this ghastly and immoral indifference of Europe to the claims of spiritual leadership may yet be that civilization, as we know it, shall perish.

Had Spain, had the chiefs of the Allied nations, risen to the height of their great opportunities, all, or most, of the evil now overwhelming us might have been averted, and the millions who died to make the world safe for democracy might not have died in vain.

How all this magnificent possibility of service to mankind was blindly and wilfully frittered away is one of the great tragedies in history.

VI

THE readiness is all. When, at the end of July 1914, King Alfonso saw the inevitability of war he made up his mind about four things ; that Spain should keep out of the fray ; that she should remain absolutely impartial in order to be free to urge peace at every favourable opportunity ; that, while hostilities lasted, she would do her utmost to miti-

gate the horrors of war ; and that she should, as far as was legitimately justifiable, profit by a conflict she could do nothing to limit or prevent.

As often happens when purpose and will are equal a seemingly trivial event opened up the way. A poor washerwoman of the Gironde, whose husband had been missing since the battle of Charleroi of August 21-22, 1914, wrote to the King begging him to try to find out for her if he was dead or a prisoner : nobody could tell her. The King at once replied saying he would do his best. He did. The husband was found, a prisoner in Germany, forbidden for obvious reasons to communicate with France. The King wrote all this to the wife with his own hand, adding that he was endeavouring to get permission for the husband to write to her himself. The incident appeared in a French newspaper ; similar requests began to pour into the Royal Palace in Madrid.

Don Alfonso had begun a task which will be his monument long after contemporary feuds and perplexities have assumed their rightfully insignificant proportions on the scroll of history.

At first the King's chief private secretary, the Marquess de Torres de Mendoza, tried to cope with the ever-growing work with his existing staff. Very soon this was found to be quite impossible, and as the years went wearily on, the Bureau grew enormously. In view of its origin, its first great activity was naturally that of tracing the missing. To the younger generations this might seem an ordinary enough service, but anyone born ten or fifteen years before the outbreak of the war can realize what a heartbreakingly compassionate task it was. Gradually the work spread over practically

the whole of Europe. The King of Spain could, in many directions, do even more than the Red Cross, being free to undertake activities outside the internationally limited responsibilities of that august service. His work included collecting information concerning prisoners both military and civil ; forwarding correspondence concerning health and cognate matters to and from prisoners in the occupied countries (beginning with Belgium) ; giving material help to prisoners ; arranging repatriation of civilians ; watching over the welfare of interned persons ; securing the mitigation of punishments ; obtaining special indulgences for prisoners-of-war ; acting as the medium of communication between individuals and families in occupied territories and their relations and friends all over the world. In addition to all this His Majesty arranged to supply Prison Camps and Hospitals with books in all languages for both study and recreation ; maintained a continuous and strenuous fight against the evils of reprisals ; these, and a score of subsidiary activities, give some indication of the magnitude and importance of the King's self-imposed task. Amid the distractions and anxieties, national and international, to which he was exposed throughout those four years, his war work was ever Don Alfonso's supreme interest and, although done by him personally, and entirely at his own expense, it was done in the name of, and for the honour and glory of Spain.

Soon the Bureau personnel swelled to over forty persons. Nor were all these mere paid secretaries and typists. Realizing the great importance of prestige, the Bureau had from the beginning, at the King's suggestion, attracted to it an honorary

capacity as its official head a great noble like the Duke de Miranda, the Lord High Chamberlain of the Spanish Court. The Duke, the Marquess de Torres, Señor Don Enrique de Liniers y Muguiro, and Señor Don Luis Muro y Navarro, were all officially of high status in the Spanish Diplomatic Service and, because of their diplomatic rank, were free to communicate direct with Ambassadors and Ministers everywhere, and even with crowned heads and Royal personages. The amount of time saved and red tape avoided in this way was incalculable. Every single communication sent out from the Palace bore the Royal arms and the heading *El Secretario particular de S.M. El Rey*, and no recipient cared to delay replying to such a communication, much less to ignore it. To detail the work of the secretariat would be tedious. Every evening a large special van came to the Palace from the General Post Office to collect the thousands of letters despatched daily. The telegrams and postages alone cost well over a million Pesetas and this, like the forty paid clerks, and all other expenses, was borne by the King out of his Privy purse. The work did not cease day or night. If stamps were sent for a reply they were returned. Bad news was conveyed by his Ambassadors to the bereaved in the King's name through the local Priest or Mayor. Before the United States entered the war that country was in charge of the interests of British prisoners in Germany and Austria, and all inquiries concerning them went through the United States Ambassador. Don Alfonso was asked if in these circumstances he wished to add to his burdens by undertaking British interests. He replied :

“Most certainly: I am Colonel of a British Regiment; they are my comrades-in-arms.”

After the United States entered the war the King at once took over the Americans' task of caring for German prisoners. Figures are not available, but many thousands of German prisoners scattered all over Europe were helped in all sorts of ways; and many Germans who could not get back to their own country were welcomed in Spain and made as happy as expatriated people can ever be made in a foreign land.

VII

WHEN the resources of the Bureau failed to achieve some crying need, when Diplomatic pressure was for any reason ineffective, or when great haste was essential, Don Alfonso was always ready to cut all formalities and take personal action. His initiative early in the War led to the stopping of special reprisals in Germany against French Prisoners of War. By personal appeals to the Emperors of Germany and Austria he obtained the evacuation of the Reprisal Camps at Halle, Kustron and Beeskow. Three times he wrote with his own hand¹ to the Spanish Ambassador in Berlin urging strongly the cause of the civil population of Lille, and even took the unusual course of telegraphing to the German and Austrian Chiefs of Staff. Following protracted negotiations, he personally telegraphed² to the Spanish Ambassadors in Paris, Berlin, London, Vienna, Rome, the Quirinal, and St. Petersburg, and to the Spanish Ministers in Constantinople, Bucharest, Sofia and The Hague urging that, before winter set in, all tuberculous

¹ October 1916.

² September 1917.

Prisoners of War should be transferred to Switzerland.

Spain and the King had never ceased to protest against submarine warfare and, to ensure the safety of Hospital ships and guarantee their character, it was arranged by Don Alfonso that Spanish officers should travel on all Allied Hospital ships. How often has the presence of that single representative of Spain saved the lives of a shipload of wounded, their nurses and servants, the officers and crew! Should these things be forgotten? Furthermore, a chief activity of the King's Bureau was the inspection by Spanish military officers of all Prisoners' Camps in Europe, both military and civil, reporting on their condition and administration, noting complaints and grievances, and making recommendations for improvements or redress. The King himself begged Germany not to bombard from the air towns containing only civilians and prisoners of war.

Needless to say, the personal appeals to the King for assistance in individual cases were endless. All his relatives—indeed every Sovereign, and almost every Royalty in Europe—wrote to him repeatedly about individual cases in which they were directly or indirectly interested. Whenever any difficulty arose anywhere, when ordinary and official channels were found too slow or useless, the instinctive cry was: "Write to King Alfonso." Did the Queen of the Belgians want more care taken regarding the burial of the dead, she wrote to the King. The friend and A.D.C. of the King's first cousin Prince Adalbert of Bavaria is missing; the Infanta Paz writes to her nephew, who makes immediate inquiries by telegram and reports that the young

officer was wounded, taken prisoner and was in Hospital in England. The inquiry took a few days ; by any other method it would have taken weeks, perhaps months. An Italian Princess wished her property in Belgium protected and wrote to the King ; did a Priest in the French devastated areas want his school rebuilt he quite naturally wrote to the King. The King of Serbia (by way of a change) writes personally to thank Don Alfonso for all he did for Serbian children interned in Austria. A New York German Jewess wants to send food and money regularly to her husband who is a prisoner in France : will the King transmit both ? He will, gladly.

People begging help were not always careful to explain exactly what they wanted, and this caused delay and considerably increased correspondence. Yet the King was never impatient. One day he received the following letter from Sylviane Sartor ; as she was only eight years old, her omissions were easily excusable. Moreover, she was writing to the King of Spain, and he, of course, knew everything about all prisoners-of-war :

14 AVENUE D'ANTIN, PARIS, 8e.

MAJESTY,

Mama weeps always because her brother is a prisoner. Majesty, Mama received a post-card yesterday that he would die of hunger. Majesty, will you please send him to Switzerland because he has been a prisoner for two years, and Mama will surely become ill. Majesty I thank you in advance.

SYLVIANE, your servant.

Sylviane Sartor, 14 Avenue d'Antin, Paris ; I have 8 years.

On the very day he received her undated letter the King wrote to Sylviane in French with his own hand :



Chère Mademoiselle !

*Je tâcherai de mon mieux de faire
que personne ne pleure par; mais veuillez
bien me donner des renseignements précis
sur votre oncle afin que je puisse faire
les démarches nécessaires pour savoir
son état de santé et si c'est possible
de l'interner en Suisse—*

Mes meilleurs souvenirs.

Alfonso R.H.
20 IV 1917

DEAR MADEMOISELLE !

I will do my best to prevent Mama weeping ; but do me the favour of sending precise details about your uncle in order that I may make the necessary inquiries regarding his state of health and discover whether it is possible to have him interned in Switzerland—

My best thoughts.

20 iv 1917.

ALFONSO, R.H.

How many executions were prevented, how many death sentences commuted, because of King Alfonso's personal prayer? Eight death sentences passed on women¹ and twenty passed on men! Letters in the Bureau, beseeching his good offices, or thanking him for having successfully exercised it are, even now, almost too poignant to read. Had the Spanish Ambassador in Brussels, that old friend of King Alfonso and Queen Ena, the Marquess de Villalobar, had time² to communicate with his Sovereign, Edith Cavell's life would undoubtedly have been spared.

Even persons condemned to immediate death as spies were not excluded from Don Alfonso's benevolence. On one occasion after the execution of Edith Cavell three people did not sleep the whole night through; they were the Empress Augusta in Berlin, the Emperor Francis Joseph in Vienna, and King Alfonso in Madrid. They strove unitedly by telephone, by telegram, by personal, by diplomatic and by extra-diplomatic means to save the life of a prisoner condemned to death. They succeeded and, to this day, the story has never been told.

In the autumn³ of 1917 a Red Cross Conference of neutral nations met in Geneva. The Marquess de Torres and General Don Eladio Mille represented their Sovereign, and the Conference, speaking in the name of humanity, unanimously sent the King

¹ A glowing tribute of gratitude from one of these ladies, the Comtess de Belleville, now adorns the Palace Museum, as do tributes from many others.

² The execution was so hurried that the Marquess had not even time to telephone to the Emperor William II.

³ September 10-14.

a message of thankful homage for his devoted and beneficent work. This greatly pleased the King. Perhaps he did not dislike even the somewhat sentimental tributes borne to him on the wings of war. In such times of pain and horror people feel deeply and some emotion in their thanks is never unacceptable. The English baptized the Spanish King "Angel of Mercy"; to the French he was the "War Postmaster of Charité," *Le Roi Cavalier, Prince de la Pitié, Royal Chevalier de la Charité*; Austria called his war work the glory of the King of Spain—and so on.

An English boy called Patrick (or was he Irish?), residing at Addlestone in Surrey, wrote to thank the King for "being so good to our prisoners and because I like you better than any other King" characteristically adding that "he would like some Spanish stamps." Patrick got his stamps. Another English boy used to pray: "and God bless father and mother and the horse and send father back soon from his horrid prison in Germany and God bless specially the dear King of Spain who found out father amen." A letter from the United States, speaking of the King, said: "no one in trouble is a stranger to him," which was, perhaps, the finest tribute amongst thousands.¹

On the King's feast day² in 1917 the Mayors

¹ The figures, although incomplete, are of interest: 70,000 civilians and 21,000 soldiers were assisted to obtain repatriation; intervention was made in favour of 122,000 French and Belgian, 8,000 British, 6,350 Italian and 400 Portuguese prisoners-of-war. Over 4,000 visits of inspection were made to prisoner-of-war camps. By the end of the war Spain had voluntarily assumed the guardianship of the Diplomatic interests of all the belligerents, including the United States.

² Feast of San Ildefonso, January the 23rd.

of more than nine thousand Spanish cities, towns and villages came to Madrid to beg Don Alfonso to grant to himself the Grand Cross of the Order of Beneficence in recognition of his great work of mercy. The King, in a simple speech, thanked them saying :

Accepting the Cross, I do so because the Spanish people desire it, and it is always my dearest wish to listen to their heart's desire. Yet it is not I who ought to wear this Decoration, but Spain ; the honour should be bestowed upon the Spanish flag. I therefore propose that this honour which you wish me to wear shall in future be borne upon the standard of the Regiment¹ that bears my name. In this way my name, your thought for me, and Spain shall be for ever united. I have immense faith in the future of Spain. If she was great in the days of Charles V, she will be greater still in the not far distant future.

Therefore, we must never lose faith for a moment ; and each of us in his own sphere must do his duty for the well-being and honour of Spain.

This spontaneous tribute from his own people, and, later, the award of the French Gratitude War Medal by the Government, are two of the proudest and most cherished honours in Don Alfonso's whole career.

VIII

THERE are many war museums in Europe and the United States. There is no museum of Peace. On the top floor of the east wing of the Palace in Madrid, modestly accommodated in a few rooms, are records and souvenirs of the greatest work of healing and peace ever carried out under the

¹ The Alfonso XIII Infantry Regiment of Cazadores and Vitoria.

inspiration and leadership of a single man entirely on his own initiative and at his own expense. This museum should be housed in a worthy building in the centre of Madrid or, if Spaniards are indifferent to the glory of great things done greatly for them and in their name, then it should be enshrined at the seat of the League of Nations as a Temple of Peace. Every single war memorial everywhere in the world is a memorial of loss, disaster, death: here is the one memorial of succour, of healing, of compassion—of hope.

CHAPTER SEVEN
WAR'S AFTERMATH

1919-1923

I

THE War was over, some said won. There were ten, some said twelve, million dead : to the living a million dead, more or less, is a small affair. True, they were "heroes." "Saving others, themselves they could not save" : nevertheless the old adage still held good : "A live dog is better than a dead lion." So the "live dogs" speedily forgot the uncomfortable (but fortunately not seriously disquieting) sight of so great a concourse of "dead lions," and set about quarrelling over the spoils. The spoils have, ever since, been dividing them, as is the evil way of spoils and, in the end, may well destroy those who won them.

For the most part the Neutral nations emerged from the War with honour. True, they all profited by the bloodshed but, at least, they had not caused it.

In Spain, internal political passions, to some extent suppressed of necessity for over four years, burst forth with violence. Señor Dato as Prime Minister at the outbreak of the War had played a fine part then and later in defending Spanish

neutrality ; he, Count de Romanones, the Marquess de Alhucemas and Señor Maura—all Liberals or Conservatives—had, as has been shown, between them steered Spain through this critical period. In addition to all the difficulties of neutrality, the fight for common decency in warfare, the disinterested work for the belligerent powers, the sleepless search for the right moment at which to talk of peace, and continuous vigilance in foreign affairs, they had been faced with great anxieties at home.

Like the Moroccan question, the kaleidoscopic history of politics in Spain throughout the past thirty years is, for the ordinary reader, past all understanding. Nevertheless, an attempt must be made to grasp the situation as it existed at, and immediately after, the Armistice.

In January 1919, Catalonia demanded immediate independence. Count de Romanones declined to be bullied, and had the support of Señor Dato and the Conservatives in his contention that the question was one for the whole of Spain. The King, who always deplored and opposed sectionalism, received a Parliamentary deputation on his Name Day and, the unedifying and dangerous political crisis of the previous spring in mind,¹ in reply to its congratulations made one of his far-sighted and patriotic appeals to the Spanish people. He said :

In the critical period of transition through which we are now passing, not a minute must be lost in the great work of reconstruction undertaken by still bleeding humanity. Spain has her work to do, because she has also her duty. We are the heirs of glorious deeds. Standing at the cross roads of the universe, and being a people whose inexhaustible energy of spirit has always been able to triumph over discord, error and

¹ See p. 177 *ante*.

misfortune, Spain has well deserved to be a great nation, and she will be great by reason of justice, liberty, culture and well-being, and even more by the feeling of solidarity of all her children. Two great virtues are the source of all collective effort : self-denial and patriotism, of which we have an imperishable example in the soldiers who have fought in the terrible war which has just ended.¹

The Monarch's appeal fell on deaf ears. Between the beginning of 1919 and the end of 1920, Spain had four Prime Ministers : the politicians disapproved of the Monarch's action in dissolving the Cortes in April 1919, and, therefore, by abstaining from taking part in its work, compelled Señor Maura, who was then Prime Minister, to resign. It was the first serious appearance of what, later on, was to appear as the Parliamentary boycott, that very dangerous and two-edged weapon. It is a form of retaliation peculiar to those who look on at organized games instead of sharing them. In the nursery the whinge " I won't play " was looked upon as the meanest of all cries. However forgivable in spoiled children it is unpardonable in grown men. When the luck of the game goes against you, to break the rules and challenge the umpire is universally looked upon as bad sportsmanship. Yet this is what serious Spanish politicians did in 1919 ; although warned by the Monarch of its dangers, they had on a previous occasion adopted a policy of abstention ; they have done so repeatedly since. There are few more subtly wicked ways of stultifying national life, and making impossible stable and ordered government. It is a policy leading directly to dictatorship or revolution. In Spain it brought about the first, and ushered in the second ; its evil

¹ *The Times*, January 24, 1919.

effects are not yet ended, and, if persisted in, one day it will lead to chaos.

II

THE immediate outcome of Don Alfonso's war work was that Spain was the first neutral to join the League of Nations. She is an original member, her adhesion being announced on the day the Covenant came into force.¹ Spain should, of course, have been one of the signatories of the Covenant itself, and would have been one, had President Wilson and the Allied statesmen had sufficient vision and disinterestedness to invite her to accept a seat on the supreme council at Versailles.

While the King was doing his great personal War work, through her Diplomatic Service, Spain was guarding the interests of belligerents and neutrals all over the world. At the Armistice she represented the interests of twenty-nine different countries in thirty-four different places.² The work and responsibility involved in the ever-changing condition of the War was incalculable and, of itself, should have entitled her to representation at the Peace Conference. Had she, later on, had a voice in shaping the Treaty of St.-Germain, Europe—in all human probability—would have been saved many of the political ills of the past decade, and

¹ January 10, 1920. Count de Romanones notified the Peace Conference as early as April 1919 that Spain hoped to join the League.

² For example, in Germany she represented France, Portugal, Russia, Belgium, Serbia, Rumania, Japan, the U.S.A., Costa Rica, and Cuba; in Belgium the Spanish Ambassador, the Marquess de Villalobar, represented U.S.A., Portugal, Brazil, Rumania, Italy, Russia, France, and other countries.

such running sores in the body politic as Russia, Silesia, Danzig, Tyrol, Hungary, and Austria, might have been avoided. Moreover, the disillusion and pessimism prevalent in Spain as a result of the cynical attitude of European and American statesmen towards the problems arising out of the War would not have taken such firm root in the popular mentality, or borne such evil fruit. Before the Great War, Spain had no particular reason to acclaim the idealism and beneficence of the United States; since the War she, in common with the rest of Europe, has had to thank that country for the fact that much revolutionary separatism and sectionalism in Spain and elsewhere has found its justification in President Wilson's egregious cry of "self-determination." National and international problems are not solved by flippant catchwords, and, were this retrogressive doctrine pressed to its logical outcome in the country of its origin, the United States, as such, would cease to exist. The North American States won their unity through civil war so very recently that the fact might well give them a clearer apprehension than they seem to possess of the great tribulations other nations must pass through before they achieve a similar goal.

The world having now shrunk to the size of a small parish in space, Spain could not hope to escape the ugly backwash of the European War. It would almost seem that to both individuals and nations war profits are a curse. The gold that poured into Spain throughout the War for munitions, for food, for transport services, for raw materials, seems to have done her little lasting good; the money lavished on propaganda has poisoned

her : a spirit of cheap Americanism was let loose, more especially in her capital and her seaports, which can never be anything but a menace to the great spirit, the old culture, the fine idealism that is Spain. American, German and Soviet gold¹ has, for a time at least, done its disintegrating work, and in the years succeeding the War that fact had become painfully, indeed tragically, evident.

What we now see is not Spain.

The moment home anxieties permitted him to do so Don Alfonso set off to visit Paris ; from there he went to Verdun specially to express his admiration and sympathy for France in all she had been through. Later on he visited all the French devastated areas.

When the Spanish Sovereigns arrived in England in the autumn of 1919 they had been absent six years—perhaps the most momentous six years in recorded history. During the interval the whole world had changed. The United States, protestingly and reluctantly, but inevitably, had become for good or ill a permanent factor in European affairs. True, she later on left the Peace Conference, marched out of Germany, shook the dust of Europe from her feet ; but the dust of history has a nasty way of sticking, and international responsibilities, once shouldered, cannot easily be cast aside. As our existing civilization advances our responsibilities continually extend, and our vision and unselfishness does not keep pace with their growth. Beginning with the satisfaction of merely

¹ Since the Russian Revolution Soviet propaganda has been more intensive in Spain than in perhaps any other country : Trotsky said she was to become "the first Soviet State in Europe" : it may yet happen.

personal needs, man's duties have grown in ever-widening circles through the family, the tribe, the parish, the province, the nation and the empire, until those duties now embrace the circumference of the globe. And so we must go on through error and suffering until there is no black nor white, nor bond nor free, nor creditor nor debtor, but one great brotherhood.

III

IN the autumn of 1920, King Alfonso sent his brother-in-law, the Infante Fernando de Baviera, to represent him at the celebrations organized by the Republic of Chile in honour of the fourth centenary of the discovery of the Straits by Magellan, the famous Portuguese explorer, who was in the service of Spain. The Infante left Algeciras on the cruiser *España*, travelling via the Canaries, Porto Rico and the Panama Canal.

The South Americans had expected an Infante of Spain to be cold and formal, but, when he told them at Valparaiso and Santiago de Chile not to bother to address him as Your Royal Highness, as they were unaccustomed to the designation, they began to change their ideas. As for the Infante, he had a wonderful time as the Chileans are most hospitable: he liked the people very much, their mixture of Spanish, English and German blood having produced a fine and vigorous race, and found the Chilean ladies extraordinarily beautiful. After attending official receptions at Arica, Iquique, Antofagasta and Valparaiso, the Infante left the *España* at Valparaiso and went by special train to Santiago, where he spent a very strenuous ten days filled with

official receptions, fêtes, and the delightful private hospitality of the generous South Americans. From Santiago he journeyed by special train to Puerto Mont to join the Chilean cruiser *O'Higgins*, as the *España* drew too much water for the Canals. On the way brief stops were made at San Fernando, Curicó, Concepcion, Valdevia and other places. Worn out with strenuous days the Infante was in bed one night in a deep sleep when one of his Staff woke him up and said they were at Talca, the Provincial capital, and that the entire population was at the Station clamouring to see an Infante of Spain. On being told that the exhausted traveller was in a sound sleep they said : " Well, if he won't come out, bring us his uniform to look at ! "

Still half asleep, the Infante inquired, " But where is Talca ? "

" For goodness' sake, Sir, do not allow anyone to overhear such a remark ; it's the capital of the Province and the inhabitants only recognize the existence of three cities—Talca, Paris and London."

At this momentous news the Infante got up, hastily put on his uniform, and, to their intense satisfaction, addressed the assembled crowd.

Several days were spent travelling through the Canals or inland waters of southern Chile to Puerta Arenas on the Straits of Magellan where the Infante was to unveil a monument to their discoverer ; the picturesque Canals continually reminded the traveller of the Norwegian Fjords.

His official duties in Chile ended, the Infante decided to visit the Argentine quite unofficially. After spending a few days at the house of a friend at Viña del Mar, he crossed the Andes to Mendoza, where he found awaiting him a special train sent



THE KING AND QUEEN AT A PUBLIC CEREMONY IN EL RETIRO, THE BEAUTIFUL PUBLIC PARK
IN THE CENTRE OF MADRID

by the Argentine Government to convey him to Buenos Aires. The journey across the great plains filled with cattle and, oddly enough, flamingoes, made an ineffaceable impression on his imagination. At Buenos Aires, which he found a most lovely city, the Infante was lent a Palace by an Argentine lady married to a Chilean : in South America apparently no one ever lends anyone a mere house. While in Buenos Aires the Infante heard that the *España*, having met with an accident, would not be available for some time, and decided to return to his Chilean friends at Viña del Mar. While there the Pacific Squadron of the United States Navy arrived in Chilean waters. The Vice-Admiral called on the Infante to invite him in the name of the Admiral to pay an official visit to the U.S.S. *New Mexico*. This he gladly did, and was received with full honours and a salute of twenty-one guns—the first time such a compliment had been accorded to a Spanish Prince since the Spanish-American war : the courtesy made an excellent impression in both the United States and Spain and greatly pleased King Alfonso. Eventually the *España* was again ready for sea and the Infante boarded her for Panama where he spent a few most interesting days, paying an official visit to the President. The United States authorities were equally courteous. The Infante was immensely impressed by the elimination of malaria throughout the entire zone, and greatly charmed by the Canal banks looking like flower gardens.

Everywhere the Infante went he was received with the greatest cordiality. Presents were showered upon him, some of them quite embarrassing, such as a couple of pumas, all sorts of tropical birds,

horses, and a parrot that could imitate its master calling his A.D.C. so exactly that the crew were enchanted at the resulting confusion—an enchantment the malicious bird seemed fully to share.

The Infante returned to Spain after eight months' absence, bringing with him, as he himself puts it, "an unforgettable remembrance of the affection, hospitality and generosity of the South American peoples."

IV

1921 was a most fate-filled year for Spain. It opened unhappily with the wreck of the *Santa Isabel* off the Galician coast and the loss of eight hundred lives.

In February the gallant King Albert of the Belgians and his charming Consort Queen Elizabeth paid a State visit to Madrid to thank King Alfonso formally for all he did for stricken Belgium throughout the Great War. A valuable and permanent outcome of that fine work was the establishment of courses in Spanish studies in Belgian universities, and Belgian courses in Spain.

The Belgian Sovereigns had hardly gone before the Prime Minister, Señor Dato, met the fate of Cánovas del Castillo and Canalejas: he was foully assassinated by Syndicalists in the Plaza de la Independencia in Madrid.¹ Throughout the War he fought for Peace. A moderate Conservative with modern ideas, Dato had made a special study of social problems, more particularly those concerning the well-being of the working classes, and had encouraged many wise and far-seeing reforms, it being his intention, amongst other much-needed

¹ March 8, 1921.

measures, to establish a system of insurance against accidents, unemployment and sickness for the working classes. He had also in view reforms to increase the efficiency of the Army and Navy, had outlined important schemes for the development of the Spanish zone in Morocco, and was intensely pre-occupied with the Agricultural and Housing problems. But to unstable political fanatics excited to the point of madness by alien Syndicalists and Bolshevik propaganda such merits counted as dross.

It was to be the fate of his successor, Señor Allende Salazar, at the head of a Coalition Ministry, to face that supreme crisis in Morocco which has since come to be known as the Annual disaster.¹

Throughout the War, Spanish Morocco was used by the Germans as a base for active propaganda against the French Protectorate. The various agreements reached by Spain, France, Germany and England shortly before the outbreak of the Great War² had not had time to harden into concrete political realities. During the War the Riffs had received money and arms from the Germans in order that they might turn them against the French; they had seen native and European troops fighting side by side; their innate pride had been flattered by the attentions of the Central Powers. From 1919 onwards they turned unmistakably against the Spaniards. In the early part of that year Abd-el-Krim, a Rifi chieftain of some importance, was received in Madrid with considerable pomp, given generous hospitality, and went through

¹ July 21, 1921.

² i.e. between 1890 and 1914; nothing was really settled when war broke out in 1914; the whole involved question was therefore reopened in 1923. See p. 152 *ante*.

a course of special studies organized for him by the Spanish Government at his own request. Ambitious, able and untrustworthy, less than two years after he led a rebellion of native troops serving under the Spanish colours. He treacherously attacked loyal officers and men near Melilla, murdering many of them in the most barbarous manner. Those who escaped Abd-el-Krim's barbarity fell back on the fortified camp at Anual. General Fernandez Silvestre, a brave and dashing cavalryman, who was second in command of the Spanish forces in Morocco under the High Commissioner, General Damaso Berenguer, immediately set out with a relief column for Anual. Either he advanced too hastily, or he was insufficiently acquainted with the difficulties of the wild country, which the rebels, of course, knew like the palms of their hands. General Silvestre was surrounded by the tribesmen, his force practically annihilated, and he and several of his staff were either killed or committed suicide. As a result of this initial defeat the entire Spanish forces in Morocco were overwhelmed; by the end of July they were back in the positions they held when they first occupied the Rif in 1909—the work of twelve years disappeared at a blow; Spanish prestige was lowered at home and abroad; the ancient enemy had triumphed.

Needless to say the Anual disaster and its tragic results dismayed the Spanish people. As was perhaps not unnatural, they started hunting for scapegoats—and the hunt has lasted to this day. It was said, probably with justice, that the Spanish organization and defences in Morocco were insufficient and the lines of communications unsecured. What the country and the Cortes conveniently

forget was that, however urged by the soldiers, they would never provide sufficient money to make Spanish military effort and organization in Morocco really effective.

It was said without any proof that the King had encouraged General Silvestre in his ill-advised advance by sending him a telegram of encouragement and approval. What really happened was this. The Feast of the Cavalry was being celebrated in Spain; General Silvestre was a cavalryman. What more natural than for the Monarch, in the name of that branch of the Service, to send a friendly and encouraging message to a fellow-cavalryman who was suspected of being in a tight corner; suspected—because the disaster was so sudden that precise knowledge was quite impossible. Don Alfonso, as a good soldier, would be the last person to give orders over the head of General Berenguer or any other Commander-in-Chief in the field; but, as senior Captain-General in the Army, as its supreme Commander-in-Chief, and as Sovereign, he had the privilege—nay, the duty—of sending a message of friendship and encouragement to any of his officers facing a difficult situation anywhere. The King can delegate his authority as Head of the Army; he could never abdicate it. It is now conveniently forgotten that all Spain was as one man united in resenting and punishing the treachery of Abd-el-Krim and, in sending his telegram (although its despatch arose out of considerations unconnected with the War) the Sovereign, as it happened, was voicing the feelings of the entire nation, which, after all, is his special and peculiar business. The assertion that a mere friendly message could in any way have influenced General

Silvestre's military operations is, on the face of it, absurd.

General Silvestre has been severely blamed for the rapidity of his advance, but a relief force that does not move quickly is a farce. The tribesmen were concentrating from every direction upon Anual and the advanced Post entrenched there. There simply was not time for Silvestre to submit plans to the King in Madrid, wait for Royal approval, and then take action. It may well be that Silvestre had not even time fully to consult his High Commissioner and Commander-in-Chief, General Berenguer; if so, he appears in all the circumstances to have been fully justified in acting on his own initiative. *Mañana* is a favourite word in Spain and doubtless has its uses, even in war, but it is an ineffective weapon against Moorish tribes suffering from an outbreak of blood-lust and descending rapidly upon a small beleaguered garrison for the purpose of annihilating it.

v

INEVITABLY the Anual disaster brought about the fall of Señor Allende Salazar's brief government¹; and Señor Maura became Prime Minister for the fifth and last time. He managed to maintain himself in office some ten months²—the average term of office for a Premier in Spain being something like six months. Señor Maura took firm hold of the reins. Men and munitions were poured into Morocco, and all might have been well could the people at home have resisted the national inability to forbear squabbling over spilled milk.

¹ March–July 1921.

² July 1921–March 1922.

Señor Maura's policy was stern punishment for the Moors, gradual disengagement from excessive military commitments and, eventually, the establishment of self-government in some form or other throughout Spanish Morocco. The Prime Minister gave fullest support to the able, indeed notable, work of General Berenguer, while clinging to the hope that the Moroccan burden would cease to be Spain's "old man of the sea." Very soon General Berenguer was able to report that Spanish heroism and devotion had to some extent retrieved the situation. For this happy result both Señor Maura and Señor La Cierva, his able Minister of War, deserved a full share of credit.

Nothing was more splendid than the remarkable way in which the ladies of Spain rallied to the support of the country and Army. The high example of unselfish devotion set by them during this trying period may yet become one of the determining factors in the salvation of Spain. It must be remembered that Spanish women had in the past for the most part found their interests and activities confined by the walls of the home. Disregarding this fine but in modern times somewhat narrow convention, great ladies like the Marquesa del Mérito and the Duchess de la Victoria volunteered to go to Melilla as nurses. These ladies, and many others, served in Morocco for six years. In 1916, largely through the influence of the Queen, Training Schools for Nurses had been established in Madrid and elsewhere, and a proper service of trained nurses organized. These organizations, inspired by the Red Cross, had learned much from the Great War. Consequently they were invaluable in Morocco, where, at the end of the campaign,

five hospitals, each consisting of one thousand beds, had been established.

VI

THERE can hardly be another Spaniard who knows Spain as well as does the King. Those who revel in the artistic and architectural glories of Spain often forget that one-half of the country is lonely mountain or desert wilderness. Little towns and villages far from the beaten track were, until recently, out of touch with the whole world. Apart from extensive and comprehensive tours undertaken for definite purposes, the King has, as a sportsman, become intimately acquainted with remote parts of the kingdom known to most people only by name. Moreover, these hunting trips frequently entail spending days on foot or horseback, sleeping in camp, with natives of the district as guides and companions. Amongst sportsmen all are equal, and in close and prolonged intercourse with local hunters, fishermen and guides, the King, with that magic touch of his, has acquired an unrivalled and invaluable knowledge of the hearts, homes and lives of his humbler subjects.

Sometimes tourists on their way from Madrid to Lisbon visit Plasencia, because of its marvellous position, and its ruins and fortifications comparable to those of Carcassone. They seldom pause to visit Ventas de Caparra for its Roman ruins, much less venture further to Trujillo founded by Augustus Cæsar two thousand years ago, or on to Granadilla, the gateway to the untamed, inaccessible mountain region known as the Hurdes: for generations, indeed centuries, the inhabitants of the Hurdes

have been a people living apart, with their own laws and customs, practically no education and little contact of any kind with civilization—a people of disputed origin interesting to ethnologists, existing in caves, rocks and mud huts in a wild, poor mountainous country known and admired by only a few artists and writers. From time to time these unsophisticated people have jumped into public notice, mostly because of calamity. One day in the beginning of 1922 the Bishop of Coria personally brought the condition of the inhabitants of Las Hurdes to the notice of his Sovereign. In those days the district could only be reached by a bridle path from Granadilla, and the latter part of the journey had often to be done climbing on hands and knees. The King, keenly interested, and always active and practical, announced his intention of going there and seeing for himself. His advisers tried to dissuade him, pointing out the inaccessibility of the place, the danger of malaria, and the insanitary state of the mountain settlements—villages they could hardly be called. The King's answer was : “ Does it not form part of my country and are they not my people ? ” And he went.¹

He may, or may not, have read the beautiful descriptions of Las Hurdes by the famous poet Gabriel y Galan. Probably not, because he is not so susceptible to poetry as his father was, and mere rhetoric leaves him unmoved. Gabriel y Galan loved the untamed magnificence of this

¹ June 1922 ; later the King paid a second visit to Las Hurdes. Speaking during the War to Prince Radowitz, the German Ambassador, the King said apropos of the danger of assassination : “ If there were one town in Spain which I could not enter I should not like to be King.”

tract of country hemmed in between Portugal, Leon, Castile and Estremadura in the very west of Spain. He speaks of it as an open space between heaven and earth, far above the brown hills and sea-like waving fields. What the King found was some thousands of his subjects living as our ancestors must have lived long ago. As a result of his personal inspection of their dwellings—often made on hands and knees—houses have been built, roads made, sanitation and water installed and the ordinary amenities of modern existence provided. For the better carrying out of his remedial plans the King consulted engineers, journalists and doctors, notably Dr. Marañón, from whom His Majesty received valuable advice and assistance. The King also set up an organization known as the *Patronato de las Hurdes*; some two hundred schools were established, school canteens started, doctors and nurses provided. The Queen sends regularly quantities of clothing from her own *Ropero*, that charitable needlework guild, for which all her friends and acquaintances are made to work, and which does so much good. Motors can now go quite close to Las Hurdes and the inhabitants are in touch with the rest of Spain. One who knows well what has been accomplished there in the last ten years writes :

Maybe artists and poets found it more interesting formerly, but the inhabitants thank God and their King for what has been done.

Perhaps only a Sovereign with the quick vision, dynamic energy, and iron resolution of the King could quickly accomplish such tasks—and that too in a land where no one is ever in a hurry.

VII

IN the early days of 1922 the Maura Government, like so many of its predecessors, came into violent opposition with the Army. Two years earlier General Villalba¹ had legalized the Military *Juntas* or Committees subject to certain conditions; in the opinion of Señor La Cierva, the War Minister, these conditions were being transgressed; he, therefore, drafted a decree modifying them; this the Prime Minister and Cabinet submitted to the Monarch who, fully recognizing the extreme danger of the crisis, asked time to consider it. Señor Maura and the Government, feeling that they had the country behind them, were impatient, and wrongly seeing in the King's hesitation an expression of lack of confidence, resigned in a body. It does not seem to have occurred to them that, with the nation at war, the moment was very ill-chosen for a trial of strength between the military and the civil power. The King, by temporizing and gaining time, allowed heated passions to cool a little, and, upon reconsidering the matter, the Government consented to remain in office. Don Alfonso knew that even the expeditionary force in Morocco was divided on the vexed and much debated question of promotion by seniority or by merit. To bring matters to a head in such circumstances would have been lunacy.

However, large sections of public opinion, led by the sleeplessly active socialist, communist and republican elements, took sides against the King; fierce criticism raged; not only the policy, but

¹ War Minister under Señor Alledne Salazar, Premier from December 12, 1919, to May 5, 1920.

even the person of the Monarch being subjected to virulent abuse !

Once again the Army had challenged the Government, the Cortes and the Sovereign and, once again, as in 1917,¹ the Army had won.

It is easy enough now to see that the King had no other choice. For generations Morocco had been a running sore. All sorts of elements had conspired continuously to postpone a decision in the field, not the least being the Spaniard's national obsession that to take action to-morrow is always better than to take action to-day. *Mañana, mañana*—that fatal word—breaking the heart of every true lover of Spain, and too often neutralizing the legitimate effect of all her splendid endowments.

The Army was then, as now, the only hope not only of a settlement in Morocco, but of the maintenance of any sort of stable government in Spain. Don Alfonso, from his elevated position, realized this as no one else seemed capable of doing. A sort of peace between the Government and the Army was, therefore, patched up by the King ; but, foundationless, it could not last, and Señor Maura's Government finally fell.²

Had he maintained his prestige with the civil population, kept the Civil Service in its proper place, and succeeded in introducing some sort of stability and order into the national finances, he might have been able to overawe the Army and thus secure enough time to bring the Moroccan affair to some sort of conclusion. But the difficulties were stupendous. Large sums of money had to be found for the war, and the bold proposals

¹ See p. 172 *ante*.

² March 7, 1922.

of the very able Minister of Finance, Señor Cambó, to introduce the necessary taxation were resisted on every hand.

Upon Señor Maura's fall the King sent for Señor Sanchez Guerra, a politician who, in spite of an unguarded tongue and some instability of purpose and temper, was generally respected, but whose subsequent career proves that his ability and moral courage were too often dominated by visionary aims. He formed a Liberal-Conservative Government with a distinct bias to the Left. The nation looked to him to end the intolerable situation in Morocco, and he failed.

As has so often happened in war, the gallantry and devotion of the troops in the field was completely neutralized by political quarrels at home. His advice disregarded and his prestige undermined by the unending clamour about "responsibilities," General Berenguer at last resigned from a post that had become intolerable.

In the early days of his High Commissionership he had won unstinted applause and admiration by his conduct of the war. From his appointment in 1919 until the Anual disaster, he had enjoyed the support and confidence of the King, the Government and the nation. Now all except the King turned against him. Alfonso XIII, like his mother, never forgets an old servant, high or humble; he enhances his moral stature but often injures his material interests by keeping on his staff men who have outlived their usefulness to him; he was therefore unprepared to give way to ill-informed clamour. For this the ill-informed, as is their way the world over, have never forgiven him. The clamour for scapegoats, "investigations," "res-

possibilities," and similar inquisitions grew and intensified. It must never be forgotten that it was in Spain that the Inquisition flourished. Everyone had their own theory and their own panacea. In the Army, restive under all this criticism direct and implied, the "Military Committees," never more than temporarily passive, again began to erupt into dangerous activity. Special Press "investigators," self-appointed and self-styled, created such a rumpus that some time before Señor Maura had, in sheer desperation directed General Picasso to investigate, and report upon the Annual affair.¹ No one knew better than Maura's successor Señor Sanchez Guerra that every atom of the national energy should have been concentrated on bringing the Morocco campaign to a swift and successful conclusion. But, just as in the autumn of 1918 factional preoccupations and quarrels had played their part in preventing Spain from assuming her rightful place as the first protagonist in the Peace parleys, so now they made her subordinate imperial obligations to parochial obsessions. Can this inherent vice be the fundamental reason why the great Spanish empire fell? A patient investigation of this question might well explain many things in Spanish history.

General Berenguer was succeeded in Morocco by General Burguete, who was charged by Señor Sanchez Guerra and his Government to try conciliatory methods, which he did with a measure of success. El Raisuli, a prominent chieftain, who had for years indulged in a fierce personal quarrel with General Silvestre and who was a dangerous enemy of Spain, submitted, and this resulted in

¹ This report appeared in October 1923.

the pacification of the western part of the Moroccan zone.

When the Cortes reassembled in the autumn public resentment at the power of the "Military Committees," combined with a demand for "responsibilities" that had now become almost fanatical, brought about the downfall of the Government. The Radicals, under the Marquess de Alhucemas, had combined for the purpose of demanding the impeachment of General Berenguer, and did not hesitate to carry their vendetta against him into the Royal study. Consequently Señor Sanchez Guerra fell and the Marquess de Alhucemas succeeded him. The Cortes was dissolved and during the subsequent general election the predominant question was the fixing of "responsibility" for the disasters in Morocco. Meanwhile, the now generally accepted policy of peaceful settlement in that country was continued by the Marquess de Alhucemas with such success that at the end of the year General Burguete was recalled and a civil High Commissioner, Don Miguel Villanueva, sent in his place.

VIII

"RESPONSIBILITY and Reconstruction," the watchwords of the Marquess de Alhucemas and his uneasy Radical coalition, proved, as slogans so often do, to be a hangman's rope instead of a life-line. A political Assembly, such as a Cortes or Parliament, cannot fix responsibilities. Sitting as a High Court, even if it has been given temporary legal status, it has no moral or judicial basis, and its decisions can therefore never be anything but a

travesty of justice. As for any serious measures of reconstruction they must be based on unity and agreement, and these two factors have never yet been found in any Spanish political party : perhaps never will.

Talk about the urgent need for a dictatorship now became common. It had, as was natural, first been heard immediately after the Annual military disaster. Frightened people always cry out for a master. Rumour had it that the King, sick of political turmoil and stratagems, desired to abdicate. The rumour had of course no foundation and was simply used to darken counsel. Those who knew Don Alfonso realized that he would never voluntarily desert his ship in a storm. And a storm it was. Devastating winds blew from every direction. Religious dissensions ; an intelligent and important section of the community demanding a dictatorship ; an almost general loss of belief in the efficacy of Parliamentary government ; cabinet dissensions over Moroccan policy and acute cabinet disagreements about " responsibilities " ; a transport strike in Barcelona accompanied by murder and every sort of violence paralysing the life of the greatest commercial city in Spain ; members of rival labour gangs assassinating each other daily during what was nothing less than a prolonged reign of terror ; the madness spreading to other industrial centres ; murder of the venerable Cardinal Soldevilla ; the murder in Valencia of Señor Maestre, who was Governor of Barcelona ; the belated decision of the Senate—amid scenes of shameful, indeed incredible violence, without precedent in an Upper Chamber—that General Berenguer should be tried by court-martial, and, finally,

the setting up of a Parliamentary Committee for this purpose ; the collapse of the ten weeks' strike in Barcelona and, as an offset, a strike of Bank clerks in Madrid ! In other countries the latter would seem ridiculous (almost as ridiculous as a strike of curates) but in Spain finance is unfortunately more often based on politics, than politics on finance. Sharp fighting now began again in Morocco, and troops embarking at Malaga for Melilla mutinied.

As was inevitable, Cabinet dissensions grew ; the Ministers of Finance and Public Works resigned ; reconstruction followed ; next the Cabinet's strongest member Don Santiago Alba, Minister of Foreign Affairs, having incurred the relentless enmity of the Army, showed signs of leaving (as he has a way of doing) the sinking ship just in time. The King and Royal family were at San Sebastian, where they usually spend the summer and early autumn, the King, with one Minister, Señor Santiago Alba, in attendance, carrying on the business of the Monarchy from there.

On the night of September 12-13 the storm finally broke.

Don Miguel Primo de Rivera, Marquess de Estella, Captain-General of Catalonia, having first assured himself of the support of the eight other Captains-General¹ and, through them, of the entire Army, seized control of all communications,

¹ For administration purposes Spain is divided into forty-nine civil Provinces, and, for Army purposes, into eight Military regions, at the head of each being a Captain-General : the Balearic Islands and the Canaries are separate Provinces : Palma de Majorca, Santa Cruz de Teneriffe and Tetuan are separate Captain-Generalships.

proclaimed martial law in Barcelona, and issued a manifesto calling upon the King to dismiss the Cabinet and rule the country with the help of the Army !

The Cabinet, in spite of the history of the past few months, was (or said it was) taken by surprise. But then feeble people always are. On September 11, the Prime Minister was handed a typewritten copy of the manifesto which set forth the fact that the Barcelona garrison had decided to overthrow the Government. Even this did not inspire decisive action ; the next day, September 12, the garrison mutinied—still the Government did nothing ; the Cabinet met at nine o'clock in the evening ; an optimistic telegram was sent to the King giving a vague account of what was happening, and abject messages were sent to the Madrid garrison suing for support, which was, of course, refused. His Majesty desired to return at once to Madrid, but the Government advised delay. While the Cabinet was supinely debating in Madrid a ball was being held at the Miramar Palace in San Sebastian. The guests noticed that the King and Don Santiago Alba, who was present accompanied by Señorita Alba, seemed preoccupied. Between three-thirty and four o'clock in the morning the King went upstairs to bed.

The next morning about eleven o'clock Señor Alba, the Cabinet's strongest member, crossed the frontier into France. He had received a hint from a good friend—and taken it. Had he been in Madrid events might have shaped differently.

The King, impatient of the Cabinet's advice, and far from fully informed as to what was taking place, left San Sebastian by rail on the night of

the 13th, accompanied only by the Duke of Miranda and one A.D.C. On his arrival in Madrid the next morning a few minutes after nine o'clock he was met by the Prime Minister and Cabinet. The Marquess de Alhucemas tendered his resignation on the spot, but the Monarch declined to accept it until he had consulted the other Ministers. It was noticed that the usual group of General Officers were not present to welcome the King, the Army being only represented by the Captain-General of Madrid and the officers of the Sovereign's Military Household.

An hour later, the Cabinet having confessed its impotence, the Monarch was placed in the intolerable position of having to decide between a military dictatorship or civil war.

In reality there was no choice. All who know Don Alfonso realize his hatred of the very idea of civil war. Acting, as always, in what he sincerely believed to be the best interests of his country, he decided that, at all hazards, it was his duty to spare his country the horrors of fratricidal strife.

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CHAPTER EIGHT

THE DICTATORSHIP

1923-1929

I

THE Spanish Dictatorship has become so inextricably mixed up with politics and faction that its real origin is too often forgotten. It was born of Spanish defeat in Morocco ; brought into existence by the Moors. It was they who, in reality, suspended the Spanish Constitution. Primo de Rivera's *coup d'état* had behind it the entire Army, and the great majority of the civil population. Primarily it was not designed to supersede constitutional government, but to wipe out the shame the Army had suffered in Morocco, bring the campaign there to a speedy and successful conclusion, thus re-establishing the prestige of the Spanish soldiers and the Spanish people. For over thirty years Spain and the Army had watched successive governments treat Moroccan difficulties with neglect or ineptitude. Anual and Monte Arruit were the last straws. A proud, brave army and people could bear no more. The paralysis of the Marquess de Alhucemas and his Government, and the flight to France of Don Santiago Alba appear inexplicable unless it be remembered (as they well knew) that the movement of Primo de

Rivera was not—as had so often happened before—the rebellious discontent of a mere section of the community. It was an expression of the anger and exasperation of practically the whole nation united in a fierce determination to end an intolerable situation.

The Spanish temperament is such that it usually desires to escape from a mass of subtleties and entanglements by some direct, violent action. This has been repeatedly proved by Spanish history, and is the reason why, in moments of crisis, Spain has always turned to a man to save her, and has always preferred that he should be a soldier. It is also the reason why in the last analysis it is the soldier who always best understands and interprets the will of the Spanish people—not the lawyer, philosopher, doctrinaire, ideologue or politician.

By September 13, 1923, the Dictatorship was inescapable. Not Primo de Rivera, but the relentless logic of events, brought it into existence. It was the clear-cut expression of the national will. If Primo de Rivera had not led the movement someone else would—some other soldier—because, for the time being, at all events, the nation had completely broken with politics and political manœuvring. To speak of King Alfonso as having a choice is an abuse of language. At that moment he had no more choice than a cork has in a torrent. Such was the temper of the Army that, had he resisted, he would have been politely, but quite firmly, made a prisoner, and such was the temper of the country that it would, in the circumstances, have supported, indeed applauded, the action of the army! These facts must be recalled and emphasized.

II

IN the long perspective of time the Dictatorship of Primo de Rivera will rank as one of the most fruitful periods of recent Spanish history. The world already knew that the Spanish people could plan brilliantly ; what it did not realize was that, given the right conditions and leadership, they could carry their plans with rapidity to a brilliant conclusion. Many notable and patriotic Spaniards¹ who have studied the question closely, hold the view that the Spanish temperament is such that it can only work constructively outside the stultifying realm of faction and politics and, therefore, that at any rate for some considerable time to come, a Dictatorship, or Military Monarchy, provides the only appropriate conditions. There is a common delusion in Anglo-Saxon countries that those who advocate one or the other are all evil reactionaries ; whereas in Latin countries and in Spain they are in reality—for the most part—students who have made a special diagnosis of the situation, and not mere visionaries inflamed by political rhetoric, or self-deceived idealists who see in foreign ideas and experiments a cure-all for every national ill.

The Dictatorship was established abnormally, illegally, doctrinaire constitutionalists would say, but effectively and, in the last resort, it may well be that the only real right of any government to exist is effectiveness. Does it work ? The Constitution of 1876, founded too closely on British and other foreign models, was never effective, never suited the genius of the Spanish people, and was broken at their whim or according to their interest

¹ Notably such brilliant writers as Don Ramiro de Maeztu,



A FAMILY GROUP AT THE PALACE OF MIRAMAR, SAN SEBASTIAN

Left to Right, Standing—Don Jaime, Don Alfonso de Orleans y Bourbon, Prince of Asturias, King Alfonso, Don Juan sitting—Doña Maria Cristina, Doña Isabella Alfonso de Bourbon (Countess Zamolski), Queen Maria Cristina, Don Gonzalo, The Queen, Doña Beatrice.

by every Spanish political party in turn. The charge that the King did anything more than suspend the Constitution cannot be supported. Practically all writers on constitutional law and practice admit the right of the Government to suspend the Constitution at any time when the safety of the State clearly demands such a measure.¹ The eminent Republican writer, Pi y Margall, in his well-known work on *Droit Internationale* lays it down clearly that the Sovereign or Chief of State has at all times a perfect right to suspend the Constitution as a whole, or in part, and that such action does not break, much less destroy, the Constitution.

All classes throughout Spain, without exception, hailed the Dictatorship with enthusiasm, indeed with acclamation. Primo de Rivera knew well why the Spanish people accepted and supported him, and immediately promised them a solution of the Moroccan problem which had become an agonizing anxiety to the country. The King, in accepting the *fait accompli* was completely and rightly convinced that he was interpreting and fulfilling the aspirations of his country.

The history of the Directory is too well known to need more than brief recapitulation. Its immediate result was to put an end to the uncertainties and perplexities of the previous five years. Within a few days Primo de Rivera gave the country clearly to understand that he intended to govern. That

¹ Castelar (at one time President of the Spanish Republic) said : " An intelligent Monarch ready to rise above Party Politics can assess changes in public opinion as well as any of his Councillors. In cases where liberty and order are at stake he can even take measures against the rights of his subjects, without Parliamentary sanction, when such measures are justified by necessity. Even Justice herself must be silent before Necessity."

was something understood and liked. The Decree of Incompatibility was issued forbidding politicians, that is, past or present members of a Government, and all high officials, to become directors of companies; public or private. It was a stout blow at bribery and corruption, a declaration of the Dictator's determination to achieve clean government, and to abolish the *caciques* or Boss system, in Spanish politics. A great deal has been said and written—even by Spaniards—about political and business corruption in Spain, most of it entirely unjustified. Admittedly there is in the Spanish character and temperament a predisposition to nepotism and favouritism, coupled with some eastern indifference towards the evils of bribes and secret commissions. There is a temperamental delight in bargaining, in over-riding a rival by over-subtle dealings, in greasing useful palms, and in the exercise of methods of intrigue in business that is disliked, at any rate nominally, by Anglo-Saxons. It is probably an inheritance from the Jews and Moors who for so long dominated the business life of Spain. The consequence is that all political parties accuse each other, probably quite justly, of corruption, of buying votes, of jerrymandering elections, and so on. No one takes these charges very seriously. They are a part of the ordinary political stock-in-trade. Naturally all new governments start out with a proclamation of their political and financial incorruptibility and, equally naturally, no one believes them. But—strange phenomenon—Primo de Rivera, it was soon demonstrated, actually meant what he said. Those who criticize Spaniards for their readiness to oblige a friend for a consideration would do well to remember that

there is bribery and corruption in almost every phase of municipal and county government in England ; while in the United States, in one year a city like New York or Chicago would spend more money on these things than has been spent in the whole of Spain in the past century. These admissions are unpleasant, but must in fairness be made. And there is another deplorable thing that must be said quite frankly. Corruption seems inseparable from politics, and the more democratic the outward form the more deadly and impregnable the inward corruption. Leaving aside Eastern nations and all others with their own standards, it is quite obvious that in the United States and in Great Britain corruption in one form or another is a normal part of political life ; so normal in fact that those practising it do not always recognize that it is there ! In the United States it takes many and obvious forms, all of them evil ; but none of them so utterly bereft of common decency as in England, where the wholesale corruption of the population has been cynically developed into a debased art by every political party. Critics of the British Empire often prophesy hysterically as to how it will end. The answer is at hand : the Dole, and all that it stands for, will end it. It is only necessary to go to Canada or any other part of the Empire to realize within forty-eight hours how those stalwart sons of a once great motherland regard the abject decadence of the race that nurtured them. In England no voter is nowadays even expected to support a policy or party unless doing so not only shamelessly promotes class interests and class legislation, but, in addition, benefits him or her as an individual. The bribery of the Boss system and the big business of which

the United States is so persistently accused, is at least financed by the interests concerned; in England a far more evil, corrupt and extensive system is financed out of the public purse. And to emphasize the insidiousness of this corruption it is only necessary to point out that the "public purse" as such does not exist; it is represented by the contributions of a small and ever dwindling industrious and honourable minority on whom the large spoon-fed bulk of the population batten and thrive for a brief day, as parasites batten on the slowly dying body of a lousy animal. Let the Pharisees inside and outside of Spain take note of this. She has never yet been guilty of this sinister abdication of manhood, and never will unless her newest pastors and masters teach her. Such corruption as existed, or may still exist, was and is comparatively venial; nevertheless, Primo de Rivera was the first who had the wisdom and courage to challenge it and, being symptomatic of an innate tendency, corruption should be ruthlessly exterminated by Spaniards themselves.

The Dictator's hopeful earnest of better things at home was soon followed by his first great success abroad. Raisuli the astute, a Berber chieftain who had been a thorn in the side of Spain for years, realizing that he was now dealing not with a politician, but with a man, telegraphed his support to the new Government: on top of this, the Government's first financial operations were completely successful: these two events at once gave the Military Directory considerable prestige in foreign countries. This had invaluable reactions in Morocco where prestige is everything.

Within two months of his assumption of office,

Primo de Rivera was able to prove publicly to Spain and the world that he was not only in office but in power. He could without fear hand the reins of Government to a subordinate. The King and Queen, going to Italy to pay promised visits to the Pope and to the Italian Sovereigns, were accompanied by the President of the Directory. These two visits were an unqualified success ; the Royal party returned to the capital via Majorca and Barcelona, and the greetings given to Primo de Rivera in those places, and in Madrid, was only a little behind the tumultuous reception given to the King and the Queen.

In November an incident of some importance took place. Count de Romanones, President of the Senate, and Don Melquiades Alvarez, President of the Chamber of Deputies in the lately deposed Cortes, waited on the King. Their mission was to remind the Sovereign of an obligation laid upon him by the Constitution of 1876. That Constitution gives to the King the power to convoke, suspend or dissolve Parliament and, in case of dissolution, lays upon him the duty of convoking a new Cortes within three months. The Sovereign's power to convoke, suspend and dissolve have, of course, been in frequent use. Count de Romanones and Señor Alvarez now desired Don Alfonso immediately to exercise his power to summon a new Cortes—or said they did !

What was their object in going to the Palace ?

They can hardly have expected the King to do what they suggested because, if he had, the Civil War which he had adroitly avoided three months before by his unwilling acceptance of the Military Directorate would have been upon him again.

Moreover, the entire country had acclaimed the Directory which was just getting into its stride and beginning to do real things. As these two gentlemen could not reasonably have expected to be successful in their mission, and as good Spaniards they can hardly have wanted to be, the assumption is that, for Party purposes, they merely made a professional gesture. Count de Romanones is one of the shrewdest and most successful politicians in Europe and if he and his distinguished colleague merely desired to provide themselves with an alibi their foresight was amply justified by after events.

As for the Monarch's views on the question they were clearly set forth in a message which he gave to the *Figaro* a short time after.¹ First of all, speaking of Morocco, he said :

As the enemy occupy territory in both the French and Spanish zones, an agreement to take concerted action against the enemy becomes a matter of the highest importance. We did not go to Morocco for our own pleasure. We are fulfilling an international mission which we cannot shirk. . . .

Then, turning to home affairs, he continued :

Each of us must bear his share of blame for the mistakes of the past. . . . Foreign opinion has never understood that the coming into power of the Directory was the first phase of an essential change . . . and was the only possible form of Government invested with absolute power to abolish and reform. There has been no departure from Constitutionalism ; but there are moments in history when the desires of the people have to be interpreted for them in order that there should be a truer representation of the people afterwards.

When asked whether he approved of the censorship, King Alfonso replied :

¹ April 21, 1924.

The Government must have its reasons for thinking it important. The moment was one for *union sacrée*; it was necessary to support the faith of the country and the censorship undoubtedly helped in that respect.

About the same time the Monarch went out of his way to acknowledge publicly the country's indebtedness to the patriotism of the old politicians. He never made Primo de Rivera's mistake of denouncing and traducing them. He was, as always, willing to let bygones be bygones. In acting and speaking thus during the first flush of the success of the Dictatorship, Don Alfonso in a public speech in Valencia, made it quite clear that, even from its forced inception, he was ready to welcome the counsel and help of the politicians. Alas for Spain that it was withheld!

Before Christmas the Dictator had more laurels to add to those already garnered abroad and at home. The Hispano-Italian Commercial Treaty was duly signed; the Tangier Convention was provisionally signed¹ in Paris, and shortly afterwards ratified.

III

1924 was for the Directory a full and fruitful year. If it was to accomplish its work malicious criticism must be stopped. The Marquess de Cortina, an eminent Liberal, Señor Soriano, and Professor Don Miguel de Unamuno were banished. Professor de Unamuno's punishment aroused resentment amongst the pale pink *intelligentsia*, not only in Spain, but elsewhere. Sensible people, on the other hand, considered it well-deserved; this high-

¹ December 18, 1923.

souled, patriotic and lofty-minded intellectual, having disgusted them by the venomous, vulgar, indeed disgusting, personalities in which he had thought fit to indulge in both speech and writing concerning the King—and, worse still, concerning the King's mother. A writer whose Spanish can be as perfect and lovely as a polished blade of Toledo steel, he must deliberately have condescended to use a bludgeon for mere political purposes.

In February there was published in Madrid a speech made by King Alfonso in Cordoba nearly four years before¹ which had been suppressed for some unknown reason by the Government of the day. It was made by the Sovereign at a moment when, in common with all thinking Spain, he was, both as Monarch and as citizen, thoroughly unhappy about the unending and exasperating delays in getting anything definite done either in Spain or in Morocco. Because of its frankness and deep sincerity, the speech made an extraordinary impression, not only on those who heard it, but on those who only heard about it. Over two years after it was delivered Don Alfonso was again passing through Cordoba² when the Alcalde told him that his great speech would never be forgotten; it had been illuminated on parchment by the finest artists in the city and hung in the room where it was delivered.

¹ In May 1921, during the brief premiership of Señor Salazar; it was two months after making this speech that the King sent for Señor Maura and besought him to form a stable Ministry. See p. 206.

² February 1, 1924. On this occasion the King complained to the Bishop because such a large percentage of the population of the Province were illiterate.

The King said : " Which speech ? The one I made or the one they said I made ? "

" The one you made, Your Majesty."

Every Spanish Government, irrespective of party, provides on paper all sorts of schemes for the good of the country, but are seldom unduly concerned to carry them out. The King, as a traveller and motorist, realized only too well that the roads and communications of that period in Spain were a disgrace. Knowing that communications are the arteries of civilization, speaking of their provision, and defining his own position, he said amongst other pertinent things :

These needs are provided for in part by the scheme of public works presented to Parliament. I say provided for, because the matter is only presented to the Cortes, and I do not know if it will be approved, because it happens that, as King, I can do nothing else. All I can do is to approve the presentation of the scheme to Parliament and sanction it when approved : nothing more. I am not an absolute monarch. I am only absolute inasmuch as I can offer my life for my country, and this I have done and do with pleasure, but I am without responsibility. . . .

Responsibility has been conferred upon Parliament, and it is a severe thing to say, but it is the bald truth, that Parliament is not living up to its duties, and the many schemes presented to it which would be of great benefit to the country do not make headway. There is profuse debate, in which the desire to improve the project does not appear, but rather a wish that it shall not prosper for the better service of political ends. Time passes and the Government falls ; other men take office and again the King signs the same scheme for presentation to the Cortes, and those who formerly supported it, but failed to secure its passage, by law of political logic, being in opposition, now oppose it.

It may be thought by some of those who hear me that I am infringing the constitution. I have been King for nineteen years and I have never overstepped the constitution. I know

my ground and I know what I can say. And because I know this, and in view of the state of things I have described, I feel the necessity for the Provinces to start a movement in support of the King, and then in Parliament the welfare of the nation, and not political interests, will triumph. Then the politicians will behave as they ought, that is, as representatives of the nation, and the people's vote will be effective. . . . When this comes about, approved schemes will carry with them a writ for execution.¹

The speech was a vivid presentation of the parliamentary evils that inevitably paved the way for the establishment of a Dictatorship in some form or another. The King's enemies are never tired of branding with all sorts of evil names his technical breach of the constitution in accepting the Dictatorship. They never even mention the fact that, not only collectively but personally, every one of them is in some degree responsible before the bar of history for placing the Monarch and the nation in an intolerable dilemma from which there was no other escape.²

In June, the Court went east to spend the King's thirty-eighth birthday in Barcelona and "the Count of Barcelona," to judge by the popular enthusiasm, was firmly enshrined in the hearts of his Catalan subjects. As an earnest of this, the Sovereign was presented by the Province with the splendid new Palace of Pedralbes, ready for occupation. The Palace, which had been furnished by nobles and simple people working side by side, was designed and carried out entirely by Catalan artists and craftsmen. It was popularly christened "the Palace

¹ *The Times*, February 2, 1924.

² Between October 1918 and the *coup d'état* of General Primo in September 1923 Spain had no less than ten different Governments!

of Concord," and for the first Court held there Queen Maria Cristina, the Prince of Asturias, the Infanta Isabel and many members of the Royal family made a special journey to Barcelona. In thanking Catalonia for its munificent gift the King said: "I have brought my family to live amongst you."

Soon after this the King and Queen of Italy returned the visit of the Spanish Sovereigns, and had a brilliant reception in Madrid. It must have interested King Victor Emmanuel III to be a guest in the Palace where his uncle Amadeus had reigned for two hectic years.

Soon after, the clamour for "responsibilities" had its way; General Berenguer was tried for the Anual disaster and, as a punishment, was struck off the active list! General Navarro, a most gallant soldier, was also tried for surrendering at Monte Arruit,¹ but the case against him was withdrawn. The King, however, with his delightfully ironic sense of humour simultaneously pardoned both General Berenguer and Professor de Unamuno. Some time afterwards His Majesty found employment for the General as Chief of his Military Household. Certain observers saw in this a public expression of Don Alfonso's resentment at the manner in which the Directory was established. Others, crediting him with a foresight perhaps

¹ After the fall of Anual General Navarro, who was the next senior officer to Silvestre, assumed command, collected the scattered and disorganized Spanish forces and, hemmed in on all sides by ever-increasing numbers, tried to fall back on Melilla. They got to Arruit where, after the bulk of the 3,000 Spanish troops were massacred, General Navarro, part of his Staff and some five hundred and fifty men were made prisoners. They were treated shamefully.

granted to angels but never to mere man, believed that the King desired to have a second string to his bow should Primo de Rivera let him down. Politicians everywhere find it difficult to believe the simple truth just because it is simple—and obvious. The King had no other thought but to stand by an old friend who, after rendering Spain notable service in Morocco, had become the victim of faction and clamour. Although the King forgave General Berenguer, Primo de Rivera never really did so, and his persistent enmity was one of the few dark spots on a character otherwise entirely amiable and good-natured. Like many things apparently small it had far-reaching results in that, later on it, in all probability, to a certain extent inspired General Berenguer's unwise hostility to some of the work of his able predecessor.

IV

WHILE Generals were being tried for "responsibilities" and the politicians were playing for safety or position, Spanish soldiers were still being killed in Morocco; Spanish women were there year after year tending the sick and wounded under the shadow of the Red Cross; certain people at home were growing fat on the conflict. The King, Primo de Rivera, all who truly loved Spain were still desperate. Following a visit of inspection to Tetuan and the north of Spain, Primo de Rivera himself assumed the office of High Commissioner and Commander-in-Chief in Morocco. About this time certain important personages organized a dinner at an hotel in Madrid which turned out to be a demonstration against the Directory. General

Berenguer, who was present, and who was reported to have made an incautious speech, was tried and sentenced to six months' detention in a fortress for a breach of military discipline. Señor Blasco Ibañez, an able, violent and over-rated writer with a great gift for self-advertisement who, as a politician, behaved like a mad bull in a china shop, published an attack on the King and the Military Directory full of inaccuracies and almost as coarse, vulgar and inept as that of the highly cultured and polished Professor de Unamuno. It seems unbelievable, but a band of Spanish politicians exiled in Paris even made an armed raid across the frontier at St. Jean de Luz and were repulsed by the Civil Guards. It was interesting as an example of the Spaniard's predisposition to violent and unbelievably futile action: they love to make a spectacular demonstration.

These things were perhaps not very important but they are some indication of how frivolous serious people could be in face of the gravest national danger, and how difficult it is to govern successfully the high-spirited and impulsive Spanish people.

V

FROM the beginning Primo de Rivera decided that his most immediate task was to settle things in Morocco. No success at home could compensate for failure in North Africa. In the autumn of 1924 he was bold enough to retreat there when he found it necessary; even to confess to the heavy losses of men and territory which he experienced at the outset. In his ingenuous way he appealed to the

nation for support in a tight corner. The country would have accorded it, because the Spaniard is never mean-spirited or vindictive to a man who candidly admits his mistakes—but the politicians would not let it respond to its truest instincts.

In January 1925, Abd-el-Krim was in sole control of Morocco, having roundly defeated his rival, Raisuli. This made him one of the most powerful of Moorish chiefs; he rapidly developed swelled head, boldly attacked the French Protectorate, and with such success that he gave the Paris Government a bad fright. For some time it had been plain to Primo de Rivera, who was a better soldier than he was a politician—as it had long been to the King—that only by joint action between France and Spain could the Moroccan problem ever be solved. The hesitations of years must be abandoned. The pride of the Spanish people was hurt; and their anger was aroused because all they had spent in Morocco seemed to have been spent in vain. Primo de Rivera was the first who had the moral courage to compel them squarely to face the facts. Disregarding national susceptibilities, Primo de Rivera met Marshal Pétain at Ceuta—the Spanish seaport opposite Gibraltar—and made plans; carried them out; defeated the enemy: Abd-el-Krim, who had been hailed, even in England, as a second Napoleon, lost prestige and in the East to lose prestige is to lose everything.

The friendly interest of Italy was admittedly a factor in bringing about success; and no serious person is likely to deny that in international affairs there are only two possible policies open to Spain: isolation and impotence; or co-operation with

France, England and Italy,¹ thus maintaining her rightful position in the counsels of the European nations.

Events trailed on for many months before finality was reached, but, for all practical purposes, the long war in Morocco was ended. And Primo de Rivera had ended it. For years, indeed generations, politicians had fought it with armaments, with treasure, with sacrifices, with the heroism of the Spanish soldier. With every sort of courage save one. The moral courage that faces, and tells, the truth had never been tried. History knows, the world knows, how Spain displays and glories in physical courage: even Spaniards themselves do not always seem to realize that, under the right leadership, moral courage will call forth in her an even deeper, higher, more fundamental response.

If Primo de Rivera had done nothing else but settle the Moroccan evil he deserved the eternal gratitude of his country. The war had become chronic and, horrible as it sounds, there were some who would have liked it to remain so. Spain poured out men, blood, energy, money; she was exhausted materially, financially, and it may even be morally and spiritually, by long engagement in a task where no possible success could compensate for the price she had to pay. Yet there were those who, for their own advantage, wanted that hopeless struggle to continue, and, consequently hated the man who, at last, brought it to a satisfactory and successful end.

¹ It is well to remember that the status of the Spanish zone in Morocco has always been somewhat equivocal: she has no Treaty with the Sultan of Morocco, only an Understanding with France since 1904: a further complication is the International status of Tangier, which dates from 1923-4.

VI

THERE was no department of public life in Spain in which the Dictator did not beneficently interfere. Sharing the Monarch's conviction that communications are the channels through which flow the life-blood of modern civilization, he gave Spain in an incomparably short time new and improved railways, some of the finest roads in the world, and a telephone system second to none. He saw Spain as the great centre of telephone, wireless and airway communications between the old and the new worlds, a position for which her geographical position pre-eminently fits her, and which is, moreover, a direct continuation of her historic mission—the bridge between two hemispheres. The King had complained at Cordoba that far too high a proportion of the inhabitants of that ancient seat of world culture were illiterate, and Primo de Rivera started building schools at the rate of over three a day. Such a feat was unheard of in Spain—or in any other country for that matter. A man who liked women, and appreciated their great influence for good in the life of the Spanish nation, Primo de Rivera gave them the municipal vote and encouraged them to take part in public life. He improved municipal laws, realizing that here was the most fruitful possibility of awakening a true sense of citizenship and civic responsibility in the masses. The isolation of her component parts has been the political curse of Spain. By roads, railways, an autobus service unequalled anywhere, telephones, wireless and flying services, Primo de Rivera sought to eradicate ancient suspicions, overcome geographical disadvantages and obscure racial

antagonisms, and concentrate into one great current the diversities of Spanish genius for the common good of the whole nation. His ideal was Spain a potent nation; not Spain a bundle of impotent and quarrelsome provinces or "republics."

He had, apparently, completely succeeded even in Catalonia the irreconcilable, and on that success he sought to build lastingly. His ideal, as it has been the ideal of all great Spaniards since Ferdinand and Isabella, was a united Spain: it may have been premature, it may have been hopeless, it may even have been impossible; but at least it was noble. If Primo de Rivera erred in this he erred in great company. In a modern world struggling for unity and co-operation in political, financial, social, moral, scientific, intellectual, philanthropic and spiritual spheres he was with those advanced spirits who see no hope of lasting progress anywhere save in world-wide co-operation for the common good. It is significant that it was during the Dictatorship that Spain, through the League of Nations, attained her highest and most potent moment in the Councils of the World.

VII

THE most loudly advertised charge against Primo de Rivera was that he suppressed the liberties of the Press and maintained a limited censorship. But the so-called liberty of the Press is too often in Spain mere licence, and must go with other useless popular superstitions. In the United States it is a tyranny; in England where newspapers are now arrogating to themselves the right to make and unmake Governments, declare war and peace,

create or destroy politicians and political parties, and indulge in trial by newspaper, it will soon, if not checked, become equally tyrannical. In every country what newspapers do not like they suppress, and on balance it is probably much better that this prerogative should be exercised by the Government of the day than by whim, self-interest or personal venom of individuals, or groups of irresponsible persons. One of the first things the Provisional Republican Government did in Spain (after it had released all the criminals) was to establish a censorship ; the next was to suppress all the newspapers that did not agree with it and even imprison some of the Editors. Press censorship of one sort or another exists in Germany, France, Italy, Ireland, Poland, Rumania, Greece, Turkey, Czechoslovakia, Bulgaria, and so on ; while in Soviet Russia and in the Portuguese and South American Republics it is a normal and apparently essential part of the machinery of Government. It is noteworthy that it is only in the kingdoms of Great Britain, Scandinavia, and Holland, and the British Dominions that a relatively free Press can be said to exist, although the freedom is more apparent than real. Unbridled freedom of the Press is one of the greatest evils and dangers to which democracy everywhere is exposed, and, if that freedom must be bridled, by whom is the bridle to be held ? Until the advent of a cultured, high-minded, self-controlled and complete democracy, censorship of some sort there must be. This is very evident in England, the Irish Free State, and the United States, where a literary and dramatic censorship—a censorship by suppression or distortion—continues to flourish, both officially and unofficially.

Apart from politics, General Primo was on very dangerous ground when he challenged corruption, gambling and bull-fighting. The first two he determined to abolish, the third he desired to humanize a little. His immediate successor, General Berenguer, removed the bull-fighting restrictions ; one of the first acts of the Provisional Republican Government was again to legalize gambling in Spain ; it did so as the result of pressure from San Sebastian and Santander, both of which rather oddly became strong Republican strongholds after the Directorate abolished gambling !

The Dictator's most beneficent efforts were perhaps in the realms of industrial reform. Having stamped out murder, sabotage, revolutionary strikes, and lockouts as weapons, he set up a co-partnership scheme between capital and labour unequalled anywhere. Under his " Joint Committees " masters and men have an equal voice in management. He introduced a scheme of allowances for large families and the idea of compulsory old-age insurance ; and he formed the Patriotic Union, a body which he optimistically hoped every man and woman of goodwill would join and unselfishly co-operate with each other, intent only on serving Spain. He planned an Afforestation scheme for which Spain had been waiting for centuries, and which, if carried out, would in fifty years modify the extremes of her climate and add to her national health and wealth in a measure almost incalculable. Extended irrigation, another crying need, was one of his pet hopes ; and he planned that Spain should improve all her harbours and make them equal to receiving the giant ships of the world. But why go on—to the dispossessed Spanish party politician and his

supporters, to the fanatical separatist, the paid foreign agitator, the selfish, the short-sighted, the self-seeking, these things were nothing.

In everything he undertook, so long as he enjoyed the confidence of the nation he had the full support of his Sovereign: if any man will work wholeheartedly for Spain Don Alfonso will accept him whatever his faults.

Had Primo de Rivera faults? The question is merely rhetorical.

He was too optimistic, too trusting, too lenient. He thought he could imbue all with his own disinterested patriotism, his own endless capacity for work. He undertook too much himself, as was indeed inevitable. Those who could help him did not, and those who did were not always efficient and trustworthy. It is the fate of all Dictators. He was magnanimous and forgiving—nearly all Spaniards are—but he aroused envy, widespread envy, and envy, procrastination and cynicism are given too free a rein in Spain. He failed to grasp the full significance of the cry: "Catalonia a nation." He needlessly antagonized the politicians. Like many Spaniards, he was unable to bridle his tongue.

He made three major mistakes. He forgot that the Army, which set him up, could cast him down; he under-estimated the strength of separatism in Catalonia and elsewhere, and, quite unwittingly, he undermined the prestige of the Throne and, in the sequel, compelled the Monarch to bear all the criticism for the mistakes of the Dictatorship. Dictators, unfortunately, cannot ensure their own continuance, or count on a successor to carry on their work. Cromwell, Napoleon, Bismarck, Mus-



THE QUEEN BEING DECORATED WITH A SOCIAL SERVICE MEDAL BY GENERAL PRIMO DE RIVERA (WEARING THE KEY)

Left to right, Standing - Duchess de San Carlos, Queen Ena, Doña Beatrice, Doña Maria Cristina, the Infanta Isabella, the Infanta Paz, the Infanta Maria Luisa de Baviera.

solini, Lenin, Stalin—they all go, and their work perishes. This is the only reason why intelligent people tolerate so-called representative democratic governments for a moment. Government by the inept will only exist as a stop-gap until constructive thinkers have evolved some means of ensuring continuity in Government by the fit. Parliamentary Government, or government by a machine instead of government by individuals, ignores the fact that men instinctively desire men to govern them, and that machines wear out and become obsolete just as rapidly as do human beings. So far we have gone on patching up the Parliamentary machine, but the hour is at hand when it must be scrapped. Government by the fit must be substituted for Government by the mob. In Russia it would appear that the “fit” are merely those who can seize and firmly hold the power—a very old story re-told; yet, perhaps, the only true one.

Primo de Rivera worked himself to death. He was a fine soldier with a strong, clever brain, but his health was not good. On the verge of collapse, he consulted the Army, which placed him in power, to find out definitely if he had lost its confidence. He had. He failed to learn from the politician that while it may be necessary to consult the people before achieving power, it is fatal to do so afterwards. He discovered too late that, in politics, “to announce one’s death is to die.”¹

Primo de Rivera lacked the full courage to be a successful dictator. He admitted it himself. In Italy Signor Mussolini and in Russia Lenin and

¹ His own phrase in the remarkable series of articles he wrote for *The Times*, which were published in March 1930, shortly after his death (March 16, 1930).

Stalin reorganized social life from top to bottom, imposing on the nation by relentless force the full machinery essential for the successful trial of new methods. In Spain Primo de Rivera retained most of the old out-worn machinery, thus falling between two stools. For the stupendous task of reorganizing the country from top to bottom he had not sufficient vision or sufficient ruthlessness, perhaps not sufficient ability—he certainly did not enjoy sufficient time. Yet, for a professional soldier, totally without experience of civil government or administration, totally without the finesse and guile of the professional politician, he performed miracles. Being human (and he was very human) he made mistakes. Nevertheless, he will find a lasting place amongst the great men of Spain. Turned against and abandoned to a man by those with whom, and for whom, he had so unselfishly worked, almost his last words, modest and sincere, were :

In civic and patriotic life I do not think my balance-sheet will show a deficit.

He was an Andalusian, a Jerez man, of excellent and reputable family, and in Jerez de la Frontera in the centre of the most important square in that famous little town, they have set up to him an inspiring and attractive monument. Beneath it those who knew him intimately (for he lived amongst them from the cradle to the grave) have inscribed the words :

To the illustrious Jerezano Miguel Primo de Rivera y Orbaneja Marqués de Estella. Restorer of Order. Pacificador de Marruecos. La Patria agradecida.

VIII

FROM the very beginning, the King and Primo de Rivera had the ambition to make the Dictatorship a prelude to a reformed, enlightened, respected and workable Parliamentary system. The Constitution of 1876 is unworkable in Spain. The Dictator could use the plough and the harrow; it was for those who came after him to sow and nurture the crop and, ultimately, reap the harvest. For this ideal he had the full support of the Monarch who, two years ¹ after he assumed office, wrote to him as follows:

I hope that as soon as convenient—and I trust that it will be shortly—the country may enjoy laws setting up and consolidating a normal régime so that there may soon be no need for an exceptional period.

The Dictator himself never grasped how long his task was going to be. Even at the end he had not fully realized that in Spain, as in other countries, it is one thing to introduce reforms; quite another to make them acceptable and operative.

In 1925, after the settlement in Morocco, the Military Directorate was dissolved and a semi-civil Government set up, in which General Primo was described as President of the Council and Minister of State, that is, Premier and Foreign Minister. Two years later the famous National Assembly was organized and, in due course, formally opened by the Monarch. It was an important, in many ways a representative, body; it produced, after long deliberation, a draft Constitution which, however, pleased nobody. As soon as General

¹ December 2, 1925.

Berenguer assumed office he dissolved the Assembly. All this is sufficient evidence that the achievement of a Parliamentary régime was the Dictator's true ambition and constant aim. But, meanwhile, the onerous work of government had to be carried on and the time, energy and propaganda required to prepare the popular mind for the projected changes was not granted by fate to Primo de Rivera.

It has been given to many men in Spanish history to frame constitutions and promulgate them; it has never yet been given to the Spanish people to work one of them successfully.¹

IX

For the King the last year of the Dictatorship was the saddest but one of his whole life. He had begun to realize that not only had the Government lost the confidence of the country, but the Dictator was losing grip over events and over himself. Don Alfonso was grieved because Primo de Rivera's health was obviously failing, for he had come genuinely to like and respect the man who was wearing himself out with work. However, it was in his home life and in his own heart that the King was to experience such anguish. People seem so often to forget that Kings and rulers have their private lives like other people and that what happens there must have its influence and effect on their public careers. Even a film star, one supposes,

¹ One of the greatest judges of such matters that ever lived, the great (3rd) Marquess of Salisbury, considered that representative government only worked when confined to Teutonic peoples: even amongst them representative government has already been completely superseded by bureaucratic government.

must somehow, at some time, be almost a human being.

During the last weeks of the old and the first weeks of the New Year¹ the Monarch and Government were seriously perturbed by the acute state of unrest in the Army. There had been indiscipline amongst the Cadets at Segovia ; various garrisons reported unrest and, worst of all, in the Artillery, long the crack Regiment in the Spanish Army, serious insubordination had occurred. At Ciudad Real the first Regiment of Light Artillery so far forgot its oath and its duty as to seize the barracks of the Civil Guards and sever railway communications.

Some time before² these incidents took place the Government had decided to introduce into the Army promotion by merit instead of promotion by seniority. Their action was widely misunderstood and resented. General Primo de Rivera met this resentment to the extent of substituting for the original decree another one establishing a system by which, as in England, both seniority and merit received due consideration. Even this was violently resented. Open rebellion by Artillery units in Valladolid and Segovia brought the King by motor at breakneck speed from Santander to Madrid ; martial law was proclaimed throughout Spain ; the rest of the Army, and the Artillery stationed in Morocco, supported the Government, and order was restored. By command of the Monarch the rebellious Artillery Arm was first disbanded ; later on it was reorganized and reconstituted.

Resentment in the Artillery Corps smouldered

¹ December 1928 and January 1929.

² June 1926.

and, in time, began to be associated with political activities of a subversive nature. Don José Sanchez Guerra, who had become leader of the Conservatives on the death of Señor Dato in 1922, was the avowed enemy of Primo de Rivera, and found it convenient to live abroad during the Dictatorship. During the last days of January, accompanied by his son Don Rafael, he arrived in disguise in Valencia from Port Vendres in France and, going to the Barracks of the 5th Artillery Regiment he urged them to support their revolting comrades at Ciudad Real. If the material with which this prominent former Minister played had not been so inflammable, his extraordinary procedure might have been viewed with amusement rather than anger. The tragic and really dangerous thing in Spain is that serious leaders of the nation, and the greater bulk of the population, can, at the call of idealism, be influenced into committing almost any atrocity under the intoxication of visionary rhetoric. It explains to some extent the extraordinary contradictions and instantaneous transformations characteristic of Spanish thought and action and, in our ultra-materialistic, ultra-realistic modern civilization, its beauty and appeal are not to be denied.

While Don José Sanchez Guerra was passionately haranguing the patient garrison a senior officer impatiently inquired: "Who is in command here?"

Whereupon a young officer instantly sprang forward and cried: "The ideal! Wearing the Spanish uniform we can only serve the Ideal!"

It is exactly the same impulse as frequently causes untrained spectators to hurl themselves into

the Bull Ring and get instantly gored to death ! It is exquisitely lovely and divinely foolish and futile : the arch-gesture magnificent.

Another odd thing was that the rebellious Artillery elements besought the leadership of Señor Sanchez Guerra, and he accorded it, because he was a prominent Monarchist, and desired that the movement should remain strictly monarchical !

The rebellion was quashed, but it did great and lasting harm to the Monarch it was meant to serve, to the Monarchy it was to help to consolidate, to the Spanish Army, and the whole Spanish nation. It brought unbearable sorrow to every true lover of Spain.

X

ON the last evening but one of February the King and Queen, Queen Maria Cristina, the Infantas Doña Beatrice and Doña Maria Cristina, and the members of the Household-in-Waiting spent a quiet evening together and, after dinner as was their custom, went to one of the large rooms in the Palace to watch a kinema performance. When it was over the King, with his customary tender deference, said good-night to his mother and went to his own rooms to work. The two Queens, the two Infantas and their brothers, lingered a little, chatting over the arrangements for the reception of the King and Queen of Denmark who were to arrive in Madrid on a State visit the next day. It was agreed that Queen Ena and Queen Maria Cristina should meet early the next morning and await the arrival of the visitors at the head of the grand staircase. On this they parted affectionately,

each warning the other by saying, "For goodness' sake don't be late."

During the early part of the night Queen Maria Cristina, who had been suffering from a slight cold, was very restless and complained to her maid of a pain in her side; she would not, however, allow the Doctor always on duty in the Palace to be summoned. A little later she had a more severe attack of pain and agreed to the maid telephoning to the Doctor to ask what should be done, but insisting that he was on no account to disturb himself by leaving his room in a distant part of the Palace. A third attack frightened the maid so much that she disobeyed orders and, explaining the Queen's symptoms over the telephone, begged the Doctor to come at once. Recognizing how serious the symptoms were, he at once telephoned to the King and they both arrived in the Queen's bedroom almost at the same moment. The King's only words were, "Tell me exactly what I am to do." Together they tried artificial respiration, the King, in his night attire, working for nearly an hour under the Doctor's directions. Injections were next tried and, having no effect, the maid was sent to summon Queen Ena and arouse the Household. It was too late. The Queen Mother never recovered consciousness. When it was clear that all was over Queen Ena herself went upstairs to awaken her daughters and break gently the sad news. With the Artillery revolt fresh in their minds, their first words while still but half awake were: "Is it the revolution, Mamma?"

Upon realizing the full meaning of what had happened they exclaimed almost simultaneously: "Poor Papa; how can we help him?"

The Infante Alfonso of Orleans y Bourbon and his wife the Infanta Beatrice were sent hurriedly to Escorial to stop the King and Queen of Denmark, and explain that the State reception in Madrid was impossible. When, later in the day, the Danish Sovereigns arrived quietly in the capital they found all the flags which had been hoisted in their honour at half-mast, and the decorations being hastily covered with black.

As for King Alfonso, he was desolate. Those who have watched him all his life say that never, not in the greatest crises, has he been so intensely moved. To the man without a father the mother becomes all in all. From the time he could remember anything Don Alfonso had been accustomed to turn to his mother for wise guidance and invaluable advice. She had never once failed him. She was first among the few entirely disinterested persons he has ever known. Her three great loyalties were service to God : service to Spain : service to her son appointed by God to be King of Spain. . . .

No portrait or photograph of the Queen ever did her justice. Not strictly beautiful, she had great charm and elegance and a quiet unpretentious dignity that never failed of its effect. She had real love and knowledge of music, was widely read, had truly modern ideas about education and the value of science and technical instruction. She was an excellent raconteur and loved to tell a good story. Since her death she has been almost canonized by the Spanish people, but during the Regency she had to live down much ignorant, indeed malicious, opposition and criticism. A good Catholic, faithfully and regularly discharging her religious duties, she was as far from being a fanatic

or a devotee as is her son. Her natural bent would have been pacifist and anti-military and yet, during her rule, she had to pilot Spain through the American War, and the earlier stages of the Moroccan wars. In home affairs she relied mainly on the Church and the Army for the simple, practical reason that they were—as her son later discovered—the only two existing organizations in the Peninsula. Her patriotism was unselfish and intense; during the American war when money was short she offered to give her entire private fortune to the country; later on she and the Infantas gave between them a million Pesetas to the soldiers.

The Queen had the great gift of getting the utmost out of all who came near her, and her fine intellect, sharpened by mother-love, enabled her to choose the very best men available in Spain as guides and teachers for her son.¹ Like all people of strong character she had much reserve, and only those privileged with her intimate friendship knew how sweet and winning, joyous and racy, tender and strong, yet acute and deep, was her nature. Her charity, while national in its scope, was of that personal kind that not only knew everything about every one of her innumerable servants, and about

¹ Of course her choice caused both criticism and resentments. In this connection it is interesting, even significant, to note that the distinguished writer Don José Ortega y Gasset at one time ardently desired to be a Privy Councillor to King Alfonso and Tutor to the Prince of Asturias. His disappointment did not, of course, influence him to become a Republican—nor did it prevent it. Nevertheless, it is rather odd that many of the Republican leaders have a Royalist past; apart from Franco, no one would ever accuse them of choosing their lofty political views for anything so paltry as personal reasons.

their needs and desires, but this personal concern was extended to all their family and relations, none of whom were of course individually known to her.

The beauty and affection of her home life and her family life was quite unusual. For every member of the large Hapsburg family into which she was born, and the even larger Bourbon family into which she married, Queen Crista had a sincere and abiding loyalty and love. An illuminating example of this was the close ties that bound her to each of her husband's three sisters and their families. Had she, after the death of King Alfonso XII, feared their power and influence and sought to keep them at a distance, it would perhaps have seemed natural and wise rather than surprising. As a matter of fact she did nothing of the sort; after her Consort's premature death his sisters, the Infantas Isabel, Paz and Eulalia, and their affairs and well-being, became even closer and dearer to her than they had been during their brother's reign. They, and their children and grandchildren, revere and love her memory.

Although written nearly thirty-eight years before her death a letter from the Queen Mother to the Infanta Paz in Munich beautifully illuminates this side of her personality. The letter is undated: the occasion was the birth¹ of her niece Princess Pilar, the Infanta Paz's youngest child:

DEAREST PAZ,

As I suppose that by the time this arrives in Munich you will be able to read it, I want to send you my most affectionate congratulations. Thank

¹ At the Nymphenburg Palace, Munich, May 13, 1891.

God that everything has passed happily and that you have such a lovely and robust little daughter ! May God keep her well and strong for you, and may you soon be quite recovered yourself. I am impatiently expecting the letter Luis¹ promised me. I enclose a sacred picture for my little niece ; please hang it near her cradle. The children send you many kisses. They are enchanted with their new cousin and are always asking where she came from.

Good-bye, dearest Paz, I embrace you with all my heart, also Luis and your three children.

Your sister who loves you very devotedly,
CRISTA.

Thus, to the echo of her own simple, sincere, loving words we may take farewell of one of the best of wives, best of mothers, best of Spaniards, best of Sovereigns.

XI

WHEN she was a girl the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria made the Archduchess Maria Cristina titular Abbess, or in other words Protectress, of the Order of Noble Ladies of St. Theresa of Prague ; the office, of course, entailed no vows or religious obligations of any kind. After the Queen's death the nuns of the Royal Convent of Descalzas, founded by the Infanta Juana, daughter of Charles V, in the middle of the sixteenth century, sent to the Palace the third habit of the Order to be put on over her shroud before the Queen was placed in her coffin. Her granddaughters asked

¹ General H.R.H. Prince Ludwig Ferdinand of Bavaria, the proud and happy father of the new baby.

their parents if they might help to put on the habit—a last service of love for one to whom they were deeply devoted.

This touching incident over, a private Mass was said in the Queen's sitting-room, which had been hastily turned into a temporary Chapel, in which her grandchildren had themselves arranged the altar and flowers. For those last few hurried hours the Queen Mother belonged only to her family and, as is the lovely Spanish custom, they unitedly performed for her—with their own hands as far as might be—the last sad services that we are permitted to offer to those whom we greatly love.

The Mass over, the casket was borne along the Gallery she had so often traversed to the Royal Chapel where, however robed and crowned, she had always abandoned at the doorway her earthly Majesty. Clothed in the humblest habit of the Order to which she belonged, her body now entered the Chapel, as her spirit had always done, in utmost humility. . . .

The King and Queen of Denmark arrived and prayed beside her. . . . That night Don Alfonso asked to be left alone in the Chapel. He stayed a considerable time. When he came away they found the casket had been covered with his own hands by the Spanish flag.

It was as if the son, saying good-bye to the mother, had given the Queen into the keeping of Spain.

XII

THE death of Queen Maria Cristina caused a great outburst of grief throughout the country. Even those who had most relentlessly criticized her in

life now began to see something of what her long unselfish, tranquillizing and unifying service had meant to the well-being of Spain. The Sovereign, bowed with sorrow, wished to do something to lighten the griefs of others and therefore expressed to General Primo de Rivera his desire to grant an amnesty to those sections of his people whose actions had brought them into conflict with Military or Civil law : Don Alfonso had more particularly in mind the trouble with the Artillery Corps whose rebellious conduct had painfully overshadowed the last days of his mother's life. But neither that consideration, nor any other, could quench the love of clemency which is one of the most fundamental and abiding characteristics of King Alfonso's nature.

In spite of the national outburst of sorrow at Queen Maria Cristina's death, within a week of her burial in the Escorial riots amongst students broke out in the streets of Madrid and, in consequence, the University and some of the High Schools were closed.

May came, and the Sovereigns and their family, putting aside their grief as Royalty must always be prepared to do, went to Seville to open the Ibero-American Exhibition ; and then to Catalonia to open the great International Exhibition at Barcelona. These two Exhibitions are amongst the greatest triumphs of the Dictatorship. Speaking internationally, they put Spain on the map, showing the whole world not only what Spain had done, but what Spain could do. The Barcelona Exhibition had been projected for many years, and perhaps nothing less than the fiat of a Dictator could ever have brought it finally into being. In com-

prehensiveness, in magnitude, in sheer beauty it has hardly been equalled, certainly never surpassed. The Seville Exhibition, if not so imposing, was almost equally lovely. When one thinks of the horrors of Earl's Court and the White City in London, Barcelona and Seville seem a magic dream. True they both had as background gardens and parks of incomparable charm ; Barcelona has its great harbour where, it is said, Ferdinand and Isabella received Columbus when he returned from his first long voyage ; Seville has the mighty river Guadalquivir up which he, later, proudly sailed to be greeted by the entire population of the lovely city wrested from the Moors by Fernando el Santo to become the chief glory of Christian Spain. The Seville Exhibition buildings had as frame and background the large and beautiful park of San Telmo, left at her death to the city by the Infanta Maria Luisa, only sister of Queen Isabel II.

Towards the end of a marvellous visit to Barcelona, where they had a tumultuous reception, the King, Queen and Royal family paid a special visit to the shrine of Our Lady at the Benedictine Monastery of Montserrat, the traditional site of the Chapel of the Holy Grail. One of the most ancient, most venerated, and most magnificently situated shrines in Spain, if not indeed in the whole world, the King had been requested to present to the Chapel in the name of the Nation a great banner of Our Lady on which was embroidered the coats-of-arms of each of the fifty Spanish Provinces. The King, who has a special veneration for Our Lady, took the opportunity of presenting to the Monastery for the shrine the robe of state worn by his mother as Queen Regent

which she had put on for the last time on the day of his Accession. In doing so he uttered these moving words :

My Lord Abbot : As you have just heard, the Provincial Deputations have entrusted to me their King the presentation of their county's flag to our Lady of Montserrat and, in so doing, they express the sentiments of the entire Spanish people. . . .

In laying this flag at the feet of her image we also offer our hearts at the feet of our blessed Lady. And just as her Divine Son founded one Holy Catholic Church so also Spain will always remain by the grace of God one, holy, and catholic. . . . I also wish at the same time to bring a remembrance of my beloved mother and present it to the Virgin of Montserrat. This remembrance is the court train worn by her on the day when I went to the Cortes to take the reins of government into my hands. I think this robe should only belong to the image of Our Lady of Montserrat. I know well what a mother is, and since I have lost her whom I had on earth, I seek consolation from the Mother of us all and ask for her protection.

My mother, who is now in heaven, close to the Blessed Virgin, sees us and is continuously asking a blessing on all Spain.

One request I have to make to you, my Lord Abbot, is that in your prayers and in the prayers of those who surround you, there may always be a special one for Spain and her King. Thus we shall all be united in the love of our religion and love of our country.

The King's words found a profound response in the hearts of all true Spaniards because in Spain mother-love is the holiest part of that deep love of the family which is one of the strongest and most fundamental traits in the Spanish temperament.

CHAPTER NINE

THE KING AND HIS FAMILY

I

THE family is perhaps the most fundamentally important and impregnable institution in Spain, and long may it remain so. Governments come and go; major and minor revolutions become a mere speck in history; political parties change their coats with the rapidity of a music-hall artiste; rival interests quarrel and make it up and quarrel again; that peculiarly indigenous Spanish product the *Café* politician, eternally loquacious and vociferous, travels ever to and fro on his own well-worn political tracks—but the family goes on. At midday and between nine and eleven o'clock in the evening even the most inveterate *café* politician disappears in some mysterious way to his home with the utmost regularity and in that sacred fastness presumably listens to his wife talking for an hour or two—for surely the mothers of such incurably talkative men can hardly be dumb! Within the home the Spanish woman, who is a wonderful creature, is unquestioned queen. In the *café* the Spanish middle-class husband may overthrow as many governments as he likes in an argument; he cannot overthrow a single feminine prerogative in the home.

Speaking generally, this rule holds good in the



queridísima

¡Ay!

Como siempre
que cuando llega
esta carta a mamá
ya habrás leído,
quiero invitarte
a mis casicóndas
felicitaciones. Mamá
y Dios que todo
ha pasado felizmente
y que tienes una

adivina a Luis
y sus tres hermanas
tan hermosas
que te gustan
en el alma
Cristina

Palace as in the cottage. Like all typical, self-respecting Spaniards, King Alfonso finds consolation for all his anxieties and preoccupations within the family circle.

The Royal family may be taken as typically Spanish. Ceremonial and representational duties apart, it is as simple, natural and, in the English sense homely, as any cultivated family in the land ; it is not homely in the American sense, because all of its members are handsome, or, at least, distinguished-looking.

To the Spaniard, as to the Frenchman, home is a sacred place and family ties are precious and imperishable. The American, even the Englishman, will admit all sorts of casual people into the intimacy of his home without a sufficient probationary period of acquaintanceship. The Spaniard will not, indeed cannot, do this. The result is that to be invited to take some part in the life of his home and his family is the greatest honour a Spaniard can grant. It is true that, inherited with their Arab blood, the Spaniards have that ancient courtesy which makes it impossible to eat or drink in the immediate presence of a stranger without inviting him to share your bread and wine ; but this gracious custom is never a prelude to indiscriminate and facile hospitality.

King Alfonso's elder sister, the Infanta Mercedes,¹ being six years his senior, was the first to marry. This she did one year before her only brother came of age. She chose her cousin the Infante Don Carlos of Bourbon-Sicily, eldest son of the Count of Caserta and grandson of King Ferdinand II of the Two Sicilies. If the young King lost his elder

¹ Born 1880 ; married 1901 ; died 1904.

sister he gained as brother-in-law a man who has been his loyal friend and servant ever since. Don Carlos, who early in life became naturalized in Spain, made the army his profession, and has had a long and highly successful career. Within a year the happy couple presented King Alfonso with his first nephew. The boy was baptized Alfonso Maria. This is the child whose presence with Princess Pilar at the Church of San Jerónimo on the Royal wedding day prevented a disaster even more appalling than that which actually took place. As soon as Alfonso Maria was born his mother lost her title as Heir to the Throne : the baby became Prince of Asturias, and retained that designation until the birth of his uncle's eldest son, the present Prince of Asturias, six years later. The boy, like his father Don Carlos, entered the Army, was gazetted to the famous Princess's Hussars (the 19th Cavalry Regiment) and has turned out a good soldier. His only sister, the Infanta Isabella Alfonsine, married the Count of Zamoiski and lives in Poland.

Three years after the death of his first wife, Don Carlos married Princess Louise of France, sister of the late Duke of Orleans and of Queen Amelie of Portugal and the Duchess of Aosta. The children of this union are Prince Carlos and the Princesses Dolores, Maria Mercedes, and Maria de la Esperanza, all born between 1908 and 1914, and therefore exactly the same ages as the King's children. Don Carlos has been successively Captain-General of Andalusia and Catalonia ; his children therefore saw a great deal of their cousins during the Royal family's regular visits to Seville and Barcelona.

II

KING ALFONSO's second sister, the Infanta Maria Teresa,¹ to his great pleasure and satisfaction, married her cousin and playmate, Prince Ferdinand of Bavaria, only a few months before he himself married Princess Ena. The bridegroom, like his father before him, was born in Madrid and was thus by birth a Spaniard. Having studied successfully at the Bavarian Military Academy and the University of Munich, he was already at the time of his marriage a senior Lieutenant in the Bavarian Cavalry. Anyone born in Spain has the right to Spanish nationality should they decide to claim it : moreover, should they wish, they can add their mother's name to that of their father, or, if they prefer, even use their mother's as their only name. It is this custom that makes the correct use of Spanish family names so difficult for foreigners. When several unmarried brothers and sisters each sign themselves by a different name, some confusion is excusable in a stranger. When they marry, things often become worse, because they may then use their father's name, or mother's name, or both, in conjunction with that of their husband or wife ; and, to the uninitiated, the various ways in which this may be done are hopelessly difficult. Then, if they are of the nobility, each one may have a title of their own—there are instances where even the husband and wife are known by different titles ! In England all the titles belonging to a family are invested in its head, the only exception being that the eldest son, as heir, usually assumes his father's secondary title as a courtesy title.

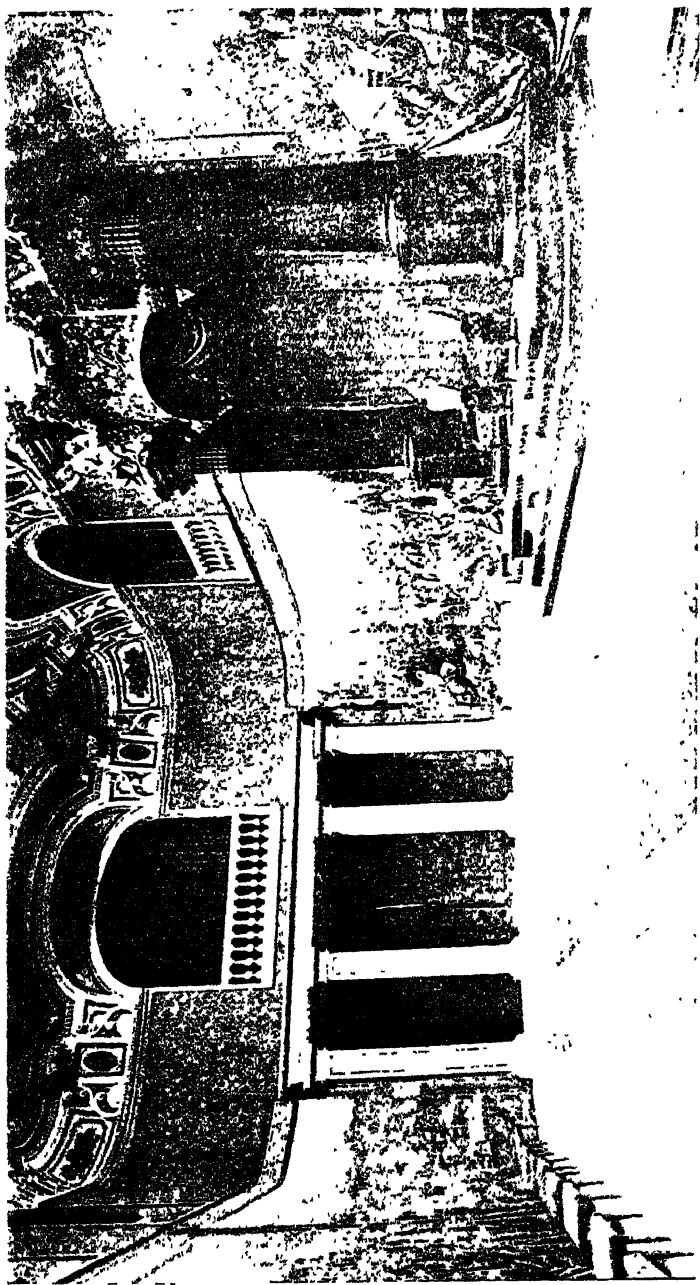
¹ Born 1882 ; married 1906 ; died 1912.

When he became engaged to the Infanta Maria Teresa, Prince Ferdinand renounced his Bavarian nationality together with all his claims to the Bavarian Throne and was created *de Gracia*, an Infante of Spain ; ever since he has been officially described as the Infante Don Fernando Maria de Baviera, Principe de Baviera. It should be explained that the sons and daughters of the Sovereign are born Infantes and Infantas of Spain, a title which, however, dies out after the second generation, their grandchildren being only entitled to the prefix Prince or Princess. The King can, however, create any Prince or Princess an Infante or Infanta *de Gracia*, but the prerogative is very rarely exercised.

Don Fernando entered the Spanish Army as a Captain in the Pavian Hussars (the 20th Cavalry Regiment). As he and the Infanta made their home in the Royal Palace for some years, King Alfonso had not lost the companionship of his sister nor Queen Maria Cristina that of her daughter ; the King, indeed, had gained a brother, a staunch friend and supporter, an indefatigable and faithful servant. But an example of the constant and invaluable services rendered by the Infante Fernando to the King, the Army and the State, has already been briefly described.

Three children¹ were born of this marriage : the Infantes Luis and José and the Infanta Mercedes. Having had the grief to lose their mother early, the children have been brought up under the affectionate care of their stepmother, the Infanta Luisa. This lady was born Doña Luisa de Silva y Fernandez de Henestrosa, and her marriage with

¹ A Princess was born in 1912, baptized Pilar, and died in 1918.



THE PALACE OF PEDRALBES, BARCELONA—THE THRONE ROOM

Don Fernando was morganatic.¹ She was created Duchess de Talavera de la Reina and was known by that title until 1927, when, on the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his reign the King raised her to the rank of a Princess of the Blood Royal and created her *de Gracia* an Infanta of Spain. The honour was the Sovereign's own spontaneous act and was bestowed, to use his own words, "because of her devotion to duty and her loving care of my nephews and niece." As a member of the Royal family put it: "Doña Luisa is the only one of us who is an Infanta of Spain because of her personal merits and not because of her birth." The King's action, almost unprecedented in Spanish history, proves how modern he is, and how ready to admit that not only blood, but work and merit, can admit to the Royal caste.

Like their father, the two sons of Don Fernando chose the Army as a career. They are both in the Engineers and have exactly the same status and perform the same duties as any other junior officer. Don Luis is tall and fair like his Bavarian ancestors and is already a junior Inspector of Army signalling; Don José, who is Queen Ena's godson, is very Spanish-looking like his mother, indeed he is the living image of his grandfather, King Alfonso XII. His father is very proud of the fact that he passed in first to the Military Academy, retained his place throughout his stay there, and passed out first; he has specialized in wireless and is stationed at the Military Wireless Station outside Madrid. Both he and his brother are good sportsmen, but their greatest interest is music, a joint inheritance from their Bavarian grandfather, Prince Ludwig Ferdi-

¹ At Fuenterrabía, October 1914.

nand, and their Austrian grandmother, Queen Maria Cristina ; no important concert in Madrid ever takes place without their presence, and one of Don José's great ambitions is to become known as a composer—an ambition, moreover, which he is more than likely to realize.

III

THE marriage of King Alfonso's cousin, the Infante Alfonso de Orleans y Bourbon, eldest grandson of Queen Isabel's sister, the Infanta Maria Luisa, and the Duke of Montpensier, and elder son of the Infanta Eulalia, to Princess Beatrice of Great Britain and of Ireland, fourth and youngest daughter of the late Duke of Edinburgh, has been one of complete happiness. The Infante, who is both soldier and aviator, learned to fly in France as long ago as 1910—the year of his marriage. In 1911 he was serving with distinction in Morocco, where it was very unhealthy for a Second Lieutenant, his first Colonel being Primo de Rivera. In 1912, in Germany, he was shown some stereoscopic and telescopic rifle sights that had been condemned by the German General Staff. Seeing that they were just what the Spanish troops wanted in Morocco, the Infante, to avoid red tape and delay, bought them out of his own purse and they were used there with great success. But the Prince's real bent was flying, and he was duly seconded to the young Spanish Flying service. Before the Great War there were only twelve machines in Morocco, and, while it lasted, flying development was held up because of shortness of material. When the War was over the Infante visited England and bought

from the Disposals Board all the new machines he could find. The Spaniards make good fighting pilots, and by 1926 the Service was well established, and had been granted its own smart green uniform. Although the Infante proved himself a brilliant pilot and a remarkably able instructor and administrator, an unusual combination of qualities, he only held temporary rank in the Air Service, his actual rank being that of a Major in the Infantry. This, at any rate, proves that members of the Royal family owe nothing to birth or favouritism.

The Infante and Infanta have three sons, the Princes Alvaro, Alonso and Ataulfo. All three were educated at Winchester, and are now serving their time in Zurich as Engineers; Alvaro having chosen machine, Alonso electrical, and Ataulfo agricultural engineering. They all inherit their father's love of flying, and Prince Alvaro and Prince Alonso have already gained their first-class pilot's certificate. Prince Alvaro passed his final tests only the other day¹ when he was enjoying his Easter vacation in Spain; every moment that he could spare from playing golf with the Queen and the Infanta Beatrice² being spent in the air.

In 1927 the Infante and Infanta visited the United States accompanied by Prince Alvaro. King Alfonso urged them to go and, quite unofficially, forge another link between Spain and the continent

¹ April 4, 1931.

² In June 1931, it was officially announced that the marriage of the Infanta Beatrice and Prince Alvaro would take place in Paris in December. Although nominally cousins the relationship is by no means close: their respective great-grandmothers, Queen Isabel II and the Infanta Maria Luisa (Duchess of Montpensier) were sisters. Later, the engagement of Prince Alonso to the Infanta Maria Cristina was also announced.

she discovered and civilized. They had, of course, a marvellous reception everywhere, and, as the Infanta Beatrice put it : " My husband flew from one aerodrome to another, and I from one wonderful entertainment to another."

Captain Edward M. Haight, the United States War Ace, now an Inspector in the Airways Extension Department at Washington, was appointed by the Government to take the Infante about, and they became good friends, as pilots will the world over. The Infante declares that one of the most magical experiences of his life was being taken over and round New York at night by Captain Haight.

While their sons were at Winchester the Infante and Infanta had a house at Esher in Surrey ; now their principal home is in Madrid, their palace being next door to that of the beloved Infanta Isabel ; their country house is at San Lucar, on the Atlantic near Cadiz—not so very far from Trafalgar.

The Infanta, like her sisters the Queen of Rumania and the Grand Duchess Kyrill, is a lover of literature and art. On arriving in Spain one of the first things she asked was to have Echegaray the famous writer, who was a declared Republican, presented to her. She greatly enjoys meeting writers, scientists and musicians, and is herself devoted to music ; rarer still nowadays, she is a brilliant conversationalist with an acute, eager, inquiring mind.

IV

KING ALFONSO and Queen Ena have been blessed with six children, and the love, unity and happiness of their family life is a beautiful thing to see. As is generally known, the Prince of Asturias suffers

from a tedious form of inherited weakness. He was two or three years old before anyone noticed it, and it was his grandmother, Queen Maria Cristina, who one day remarked, after a slight accident, that his wound was very slow in healing. Had he been treated from his babyhood he would in all probability have quite grown out of his disability. Even as it is the resources of modern science and medicine enabled him to make a remarkable recovery. A year or so ago he toured all over Europe, was swimming, motoring, and undergoing all sorts of fatigue like any other young man of his age. Becoming careless, as a sporting boy will, he took undue risks, had a nasty accident and a severe setback. Nevertheless, he takes the keenest interest in all that goes on. Since his twenty-first birthday he has had his own Household, grants audiences, and orders his own affairs. His great hobby is agriculture, a love of which he inherits from his father. He spends a great deal of his time in the country at Aranjuez or El Pardo, but his favourite residence is at the Quinta, a small delightful old house on the Royal estate a few miles from Madrid. Here he lives in a simple suite consisting of three rooms and a bathroom and is waited upon by the caretaker and his wife. He has a big open stone fireplace for the cold evenings, whitewashed walls, books, a big desk, a telephone and all the current agricultural journals. He can draw plans of the property himself and a large one of the estate hanging in the study autographed with his bold and characteristic Alfonso P. would not disgrace a surveyor. He likes to design, supervise, indeed help to carry out, the erection of outbuildings and chicken houses. Because his greatest interest is

poultry and he conducts constant experiments in order to discover what breeds and crosses are most likely to flourish in the very varying climates and conditions obtaining throughout Spain. Exact accounts are kept ; pedigree eggs and chickens are sold, and the farm just pays its way. An interesting side-line is pigs. King Alfonso, recognizing what an important and profitable industry pig breeding and curing could become, has made more than one attempt to help to establish bacon factories in Spain ; he has repeatedly said that he wants the Spaniard to " buy his York ham in Andalusia," and his eldest son's experiments and tests are designed to assist in bringing about this desirable result. The Prince also experiments with olive growing and vines, each in their degree very important assets to agricultural and commercial Spain. The chicken-breeding houses are of the latest design, are heated and ventilated on modern principles, and lit with electricity. At the same time, as far as possible to keep down unnecessary expense, and to serve better as practical object lessons, existing buildings are adapted and used. The staff declare that the Prince works like any one of themselves and is a born farmer.

The King's second son, Don Jaime, is the tallest and perhaps most Spanish-looking of the whole family. Well over six feet high, he has a fine athletic body and bearing. As he was born deaf he perhaps does not fully realize his loss, and was brought up and carefully trained to do everything his brothers and sisters do. Only a year and a half younger than the Prince of Asturias, he has for some time undertaken certain ceremonial duties for his father. He can make quite a good speech, is a

skilled lip-reader in Spanish and French, and is learning English and German ; he, of course, hears far more than most people—often with amusing, occasionally with embarrassing, results. Sometimes at a large family dinner party, when everyone talks at once, as families will, it is unwise to rely on Don Jaime not *seeing* what you say. With an intensely happy, radiant nature, he is an enormous favourite wherever he goes. As Queen Ena says : “ He is a perfect example of happiness and an inspiration to all discontented people.” His father has made him Protector of all the deaf and dumb in Spain, and he takes the duties of his beautiful office most seriously.

The two daughters of the King and Queen, the Infantas Beatrice and Maria Cristina, are well known in England. They love going there with their mother and have a wonderful devotion for their grandmother, Princess Beatrice. Although such healthy open-air girls, full of fun and fond of dancing, either of them would gladly give up the most attractive entertainment to spend a quiet evening with their grandmother at Kensington Palace listening to music. Their duties in Spain are onerous. Apart from ceremonial and social appearances, their patronage of charities and, with their brothers, of animal welfare movements, and all the other inevitable duties of their station, they work hard and, above all, regularly. Both Infantas are Certificated nurses and take duty at the Queen's Red Cross Hospital at least twice weekly. Their hours are from nine to one or three to seven. They undertake exactly the same duties as the other nurses and are addressed by the patients as *Señorita*, which amuses them very much because in Spain,

as in England, Royal ladies, married or single, are only addressed as Señora—Ma'am. Miss Moran, who has been English Reader to the young Infantas for the past eleven years, or a Lady-in-Waiting, accompanies them to and from the Red Cross Hospital. It is the one in which Lady Carisbrooke was operated on, and when the Infanta Maria Cristina had appendicitis recently she was successfully operated on in the Hospital where she works. The example of the Infantas has been largely followed by the younger members of the Spanish aristocracy, and, not to be a Certificated Red Cross nurse doing regular duty is now almost as unfashionable as bobbed hair or a short skirt.

Like the Queen, both Infantas are fine horsewomen, indefatigable tennis players and, especially Doña Beatrice, very good swimmers; they also play a reasonably good game of golf. The Infanta Beatrice, as the elder, is the President of the San Sebastian Red Cross, and both Princesses work in the Hospital there even during their summer holidays.

Of the two younger children, Don Juan is a Cadet at the Naval College in Cadiz.¹ He is tall like all his brothers and, as people say, "favours" the Bourbon side of the family; for a lad of seventeen, Don Juan is remarkable for his swift, strong intelligence, great charm and personality, and fine, manly character; Don Gonzalo, the youngest, is still only a schoolboy, and is an attractive sturdy lad, some say his father's favourite.

The King's children and their Bavarian, Bourbon-Sicily, and Orleans y Bourbon cousins have, of

¹ Since August 29, 1930; in May 1931 he joined the British Royal Naval College at Dartmouth.

course, been brought up together and are all close friends ; being almost exact contemporaries they have all happily enjoyed equality in friendships and personal contacts almost entirely denied by circumstances to King Alfonso. The family dinner party as an institution brings the whole Royal family together at frequent and regular intervals, and informal gatherings at the Palace, such as improvised concerts, bridge parties and frequent kinema performances, are a feature of a regular, simple, very quiet family life. When his children were younger, Don Alfonso, however busy, was a constant visitor to the nursery ; and to see him playing games like piggy-back with his offspring threw a delightful side-light on the eternally boyish side of the character of the King of Spain.

Not only the King's children, but all the members of the Spanish Royal family have been allowed to follow their natural bent and choose their own professions and hobbies. Each one of them has a most useful and inspiring part to play in the new Spain of the twentieth century. Each one of them is a good sportsman and a good fellow, living fully the everyday life of their young contemporaries. Those who imagine Infantas and Princes of modern Spain as sitting on golden chairs of state, insulated from life behind a smoke screen of etiquette, would be astonished to meet King Alfonso driving his cheap American two-seater, or to see Prince Alvaro in the streets of Madrid in his leather flying-jacket, boots much stained with oil and mud, driving his own two-seater which, by the way, is more expensive than the King's ! Prince Alvaro playing golf with Queen Ena and the Infantas Beatrice and Maria Cristina, bareheaded and wearing tweed plus-fours

and a disarming grin, he is typical of any other good-looking, healthy, cheerful lad of his own age ; the three brothers like going bareheaded and it is said that, apart from uniform, their tall, handsome father can never wear a hat or cap for the simple reason that he does not possess such a thing. It is also characteristic of the brothers that at Zurich none of their engineering chums or companions realize that they are Princes as they are simply known as Señor Alvaro, Señor Alonso, and Señor Ataulfo. They join ski-ing parties, travel third-class, carry their own meagre luggage and their skis just like everyone else, and immensely enjoy doing so.

v

OF late years the King's habits have changed somewhat, affairs of State tending increasingly to cut down his hours of recreation and rest. Horse-racing has gone, polo has almost been given up, shooting is more and more curtailed each year ; indeed save for some vague golf, his yachting, and family holiday each summer at San Sebastian and Santander, the King enjoys very little leisure, and at both places there is always a Minister in attendance to keep him in touch with the Government.

He still rises early ; never later than eight o'clock, often sooner, and still begins the day with his cold bath. At breakfast he is surrounded by his whole family, and their day's studies and plans are discussed. He personally directs and supervises the education of all his sons, and takes the utmost delight in watching the development of their markedly different personalities.

At ten o'clock daily the King receives the Prime

Minister when everything concerning Spain is discussed : clearly these talks must often be of the most protracted, serious and anxious nature. Beginning on Monday with the Minister of Grace and Justice, he receives daily in turn, except on Thursday, each of the Ministers of State ; War, Marine, Home Affairs, Labour, and Public Instruction. On Thursday there is a full Council of Ministers at which the King presides. This is the normal procedure ; in times of crisis the work is naturally increased and intensified. When he has finished with his Ministers the King's daily audiences begin ; on Monday, Wednesday and Friday they are Military ; on Tuesday and Thursday, Civil. As these are often prolonged he is usually late for the one-thirty luncheon, which is never kept waiting for him. In the afternoons there are visits to barracks, schools, factories, studios and the thousand-and-one functions to which he so freely lends his support and patronage. The whole family endeavours to meet at tea at five o'clock. It is generally served in a delightful small octagonal room with a log fire. The walls are covered with handwoven Valencia silk damask with a pattern of gay flowers all over. The only ornaments are two recessed cabinets filled with lovely objects of green and pink jade illuminated by concealed lights ; otherwise there is nothing but chairs and a couch ; pictures would destroy the effect of completeness and unity. After tea the King receives his principal Private Secretary, the Marquess de Torres, and is engaged with him, the Duke de Miranda, his Lord Chamberlain, the Count de Aybar, Intendant of the Palace, or one or other of the heads of his Household, until it is time to dress for dinner.

Occasionally he grants audiences in the early evening, but these are avoided as far as possible.

People dine late in Spain, and the Royal dinners begin—more or less—at nine-thirty. They are of two sorts, family and formal, and the family ones are very informal indeed and are served in the private dining-room. From the cradle to the grave, except for a few hours in the middle of the night, a King of Spain is never alone! At these family dinners the members of the party who are the greatest strangers, the most infrequently in Madrid, sit, if ladies, on either side of the King; if gentlemen, on either side of the Queen. Otherwise there is no precedence or etiquette and, apart from this custom, the King or Queen will indicate where they wish particular people to sit. The ladies-in-waiting and A.D.C.'s dine in an adjoining room. There is much good informal conversation, the King always seizing the opportunity of discussing events of the day, a new factory, a business proposition in which he is interested, the state of agriculture (a frequent topic), some new invention or gadget he has read of or seen in his travels, and which might with advantage be made use of in Spain.

The Infanta Paz and Princess Pilar, who are generally on either side of the King during their frequent visits to Madrid, must answer endless questions.

Do young Bavarians, who are good colonizers, learn Spanish and go to South America, and, if not, why not? How is the farming doing on the Infanta's country estate in La Mancha? The crops, the water supply, the young trees, the new sheepfolds and shepherds' houses she has just built, the bull-breeding? Then swiftly, as an interjec-

tion : "Thank God it's raining." Princess Pilar must tell of her painting, drawing and writing. Does she make any money ? Will she write some travel books about Spain ? Will she and her brother Adalbert go with him to Morocco next spring, visit the most outlying spots where, only five years ago, death was certain, and which now are as safe and tranquil as the Straits of Gibraltar ? When she comes back will she write and illustrate a travel book about it and make people visit Spanish Morocco ?

Princess Pilar can talk fast, but it is a neck-and-neck race—and King Alfonso always wins by a long hand. Dinner over, there is music, bridge, mah-jong, or wireless and the kinema, because they are the best means of keeping everyone in close touch with the outside world. At these family parties uniform is not as a rule worn, but ordinary evening dress with miniature decorations.

Formal dinner-parties are naturally otherwise. The Royal family assemble privately in one of the state drawing-rooms, form a procession and enter the ante-room in strict order of precedence. There each member is handed a plan of the table with their own name printed in red. The King and Queen speak to their guests and a procession is formed to the dining-room, the Sovereigns, as usual, walking last. The King and Queen, as always, sit opposite to each other. A footman in blue and gold with white stockings and gloves stands behind each chair. The Band of the Halberdiers plays in an adjoining room ; the plate, flowers, and food are excellent ; Spanish and French wines, both red and white, are always served ; the conversation is lively and good ; the Grantees-in-Waiting are on duty, and several

members of both the Household of the King and the Queen are present ; uniforms for men and full dress with jewels and Orders for ladies are essential. The meal over, the Royalties and guests leave the room arm-in-arm, there being no unsocial sitting over rich port and richer stories as in England. Afterwards there is coffee and liqueurs and conversation, or perhaps if any famous artiste is in Madrid they will sing or play. This delights the Queen and her daughters, if not the King.

Very often the King will have to make his excuses and return to his study, and work there far into the night. His reading is of necessity largely utilitarian ; books about agriculture, new processes in commerce or industry, irrigation, afforestation, travel in Spain, are all eagerly devoured and, where possible, translated into action. King Alfonso likes to bring everything to the test of practical experiment—immediate action—and this trait, which is by no means Spanish, often lands him in difficulties. He has introduced a very successful system of irrigation and artesian wells on the El Pardo estate. In order to encourage the commercial development of the country he has financed or subsidized every sort and kind of business enterprise or experiment. In very few of these ventures has the King really made any money ; the Madrid Underground Railway being perhaps the only exception. Yet, when the scheme was first projected it was received coldly. Only a few thousand Pesetas were subscribed until the King inspired confidence and enthusiasm by subscribing the first million. Don Alfonso has no regard for money, only for results beneficial to Spain : Spain and her well-being are his obsession. People who are by nature selfish or merely personal

in their ambitions find it difficult to understand or believe in his disinterestedness, but as a member of his family who has known him all his life and lived with him in closest intercourse, truly says : " He has no regard for money, no selfish ambitions, and would give you the shirt off his back."

The King has been accused of taking undue care of his personal financial interests and those of his family. The true test of such a charge is a psychological one : it is simply not in his nature to be over-prudent in these directions. No doubt his financial advisers have as a matter of course insisted that he should not foolishly put all his eggs into one basket. But the King's temperamental indifference to such considerations point more to carelessness in these matters than to punctiliousness. Spanish mentality being what it is, it is doubtful if the Sovereign is really well-advised in taking any part in business enterprises ; yet, if he does not, how is the country to receive the commercial lead and encouragement it so badly needs ?

It may be asserted without any fear of contradiction that the King and his family have received very little, if any, personal benefit from the Civil List. First of all, compared to that of other Monarchs, it is not munificent¹ : indeed, it would compare extremely unfavourably with the remuneration earned by the heads of great business organizations in the United States. As for his savings, they are paltry. Moreover, his expenses are enormous. The Head of the Spanish State could not live like

¹ £150,000 a year ; the Prince of Asturias has £10,000 a year and each of the Infantes and Infantas £3,000 a year. The aggregate income of the Spanish Royal House compares unfavourably with the sums paid in other countries.

an American millionaire. Most of the King's expenditure was compulsory, arising from history, tradition and custom, and was made for the dignity and repute of the Spanish people. In addition to the huge Royal Palace in Madrid, the King has to keep going as best he can at least seven residences—Aranjuez, La Granja, El Pardo, the Alcázar at Seville, the Miramar Palace at San Sebastian, the Magdalene Palace at Santander, and the Pedralbes Palace at Barcelona. Their repair and maintenance is a charge on the Privy Purse, and they provide employment for over one thousand persons.

During her son's minority, while bringing up her young family, Queen Maria Cristina of necessity lived very quietly and therefore made considerable savings. What is left of this constitutes almost the whole of King Alfonso's small private fortune. A moment's thought will make it quite clear that had he chosen selfishly to disregard the economic development of his country, Don Alfonso could have safely invested all his money abroad and, as a result, been a rich instead of an impoverished exile. The charges made by the Republicans, including those concerning the telephone contracts, reflect their own character, not that of King Alfonso.

The King, Queen and Royal family usually spend Easter at the Alcázar in Seville, and, while in residence there, visits are paid to neighbouring cities such as Granada, Malaga, Jaen, Jerez de la Frontera (to encourage the sherry trade), and to Cadiz. Of late years at least one visit a year has been paid to Catalonia, either in the spring or autumn. Then, when Madrid becomes unbearably hot, there are the annual summer and autumn visits to San Sebastian and Santander. Both these

delightful places owe all their popularity to the patronage of the Royal family. Indeed, San Sebastian may be said to owe its very existence to Queen Maria Cristina. It was she who built the Miramar Palace, and laid the foundations of the resort as a rival to its long-established French neighbour, Biarritz, and this fact is acknowledged by the attractive statue of the Queen erected by the grateful inhabitants in her memory.¹ Miramar is the private property of the King, but the Magdalena Palace at Santander, like the Pedralbes Palace at Barcelona, was a gift from the inhabitants, and is, therefore, presumably the property of the Crown. If the gifts were made with the idea that they would be an admirable investment by the community, the idea was sound. Fashionable people from all over the world visit Madrid, Seville, Barcelona, Santander and San Sebastian because of the presence of the Court. At Santander and San Sebastian the King, Queen and Royal family are indefatigable in doing everything likely to attract yachting people, tennis players, golf enthusiasts and sun and surf bathers from all over the world.

The King's wide knowledge of English and continental resorts enables him to see just what such places are, and can be. Indeed, wherever he goes, he is continuously looking around in every department of life for such things as might benefit Spain ; on the other hand, as a commercial traveller continuously advertising his country he is only second to the Prince of Wales. There is no single element in the national life that does not owe some-

¹ One of the first outrages of the Republicans was to tear it down ! This hurt the King more than did any other similar act.

thing to the Monarch's interest, encouragement, practical help, and quickening zeal.

One comparatively small but significant example of this is illuminating. Like so many ancient cities Seville and Cordoba have had to grapple with a problem of the utmost difficulty : to adapt decrepit, narrow, lovely streets and plazas to modern requirements without diminishing their age-old beauty ; to graft on to famous cities, places of pilgrimage for the whole world, new residential areas, open spaces, parks, great wide boulevards and motor roads, without destroying their essential unity and charm is a matter requiring the nicest adjustment between æsthetic, hygienic and practical claims, and the inevitable limitations of finance.

Just before the War, King Alfonso himself initiated a scheme of workmen's dwellings for Seville that might well serve as an example. A wealthy Spaniard living in Peru made a first donation for the purpose ; the King made a grant from the Privy Purse ; the municipality of Seville gave land and exemption from taxation for a number of years. The scheme in its realization, far from detracting from the beauties of Seville, has added to the countless attractions of that exquisite city. Indeed, in no place in the world are ancient glories and modern amenities and beauties so successfully combined as in Seville and Cordoba.

VI

It is a natural and on the whole an engaging instinct, and it has resulted in much good to mankind, that most men should desire to leave behind them some

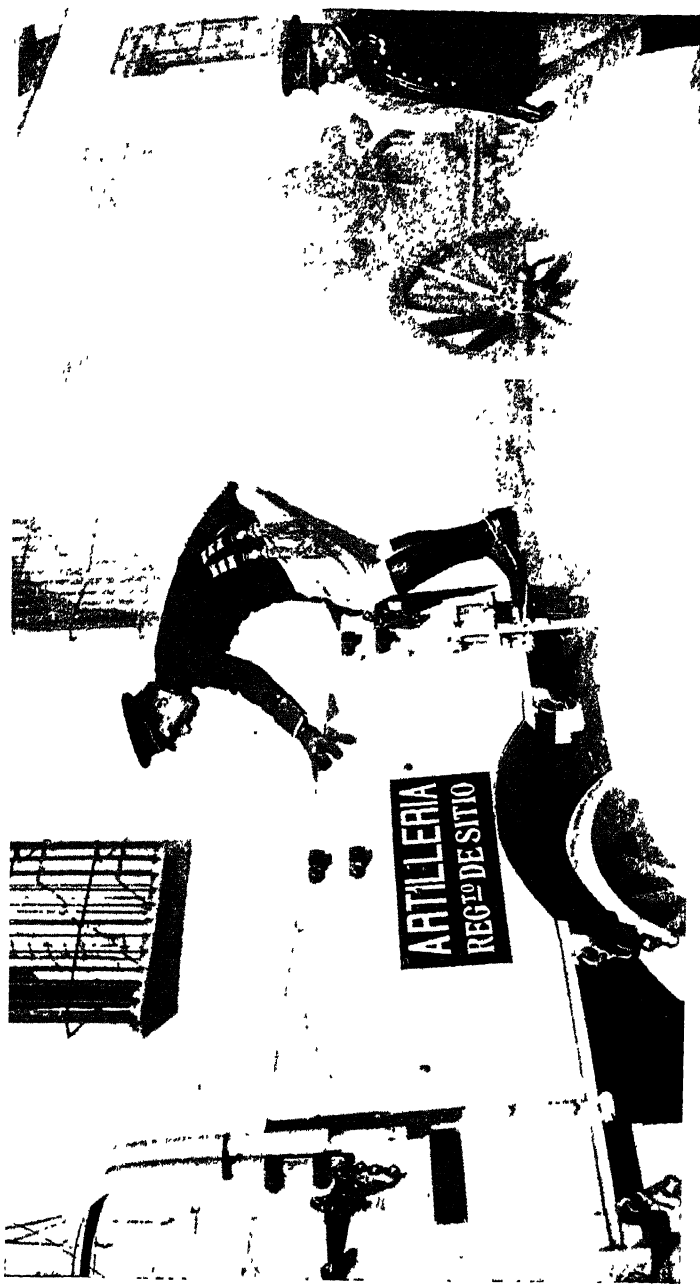
worthy permanent memorial of their earthly pilgrimage. It mitigates a little the pathos and loneliness of our brief life, perhaps even casts a ray of human warmth into the eternally chill recesses of the tomb, if we can hope that for centuries to come at least an occasional human being will push life aside for a moment to remember that we too have lived, and perhaps even feel glad or grateful that this was so.

The most human person that ever walked, King Alfonso, looking at the glory of his ancestors, contemplating the splendour of Spanish history, musing, perhaps, over *El Cid*, *El Gran Capitán*, *Fernando el Santo*, Don John of Austria, Charles V, Ferdinand VI, and all the magnificence of their accomplishments, happened upon a dream and its fulfilment: his thoughts turned longingly on those others, writers, navigators, explorers, discoverers, whose triumphs if less spectacular are even more enduring: Columbus, Vasco da Gama, Ferdinand Magellan, Francisco Pizarro, Hernando Cortés, Vasco Nuñez de Balboa—and a score of others. Not merely the martial, but all the glory of Spain is Don Alfonso's passion.¹ He desired that his name should be associated with advance, with discovery, with education. When the Spanish people collected a large sum of money to be spent in commemorating the twenty-fifth anniversary of his Accession, he begged that it might be devoted to building the foundations of *La Ciudad Universitaria de Madrid*—Madrid City University. The ancient university has an illustrious history, but it is out of date, cramped, and situated in an unsuitable and noisy

¹ It was left to the King to buy, in 1912, the home of Cervantes in Valladolid and make it a Museum.

part of the old town. So King Alfonso set about building what may well prove to be his Escorial.

The monument chosen by King Alfonso to celebrate the twenty-fifth year of his Accession to the Throne has hardly been equalled anywhere in either conception or scope. On the hill of Moncloa, a suburb of Madrid, sloping down to the bed of the Manzanares and looking towards the mountains of Escorial, is being created under the constant personal inspection and supervision of the King, a University that will bring back to Spain the great days of old when she was the spiritual light of the world. Its geographical area, the size of its buildings, the extent and completeness of its teaching facilities, its hospitals, research centres, library, halls of residence for Spanish and foreign students, stadium, sports centres, and so on, are bewildering in their extent and variety. Even more amazing is the amplitude of its spiritual and cultural conception. Perhaps, in our puny days, only Spaniards could plan so nobly. Don Alfonso's kingly ideal is that it should become, in his own lifetime if possible, the spiritual city of every man and woman in the world who has in them one drop of Spanish blood—and an ever lighted lamp for all those who have not. Like Columbus and those others, he lifts his eyes across the Atlantic to all the twenty-odd young, aspiring Latin-American nations that have sprung from Spain, and sees for untold generations their sons and daughters coming to the motherland to drink deep on that sacred soil the old rich wine of her intoxicating culture and transmit it to endless generations : he sees as in a vision the whole of our modern, materialistic, shoddy civilization baptized anew by the unique authentic genius of Spain.



The late Count del Grove

THE KING THOROUGHLY INSPECTING AN ARTILLERY UNIT

Day or night since the dream began to shape itself in granite, marble, stone and water, in forests of young trees planted in that spot looking downward on Madrid and outward and upward over the woods and valley to the eternal sierras, the dream has never been absent from Don Alfonso's thoughts. It hardly seems credible but there were, and are, those who for base political reasons envied the Monarch the dream and its fulfilment and, even while trying to share in its glory, were silently and ruthlessly endeavouring to prevent its development. Yet that has been the fate of all men who have set their hands to a great task. Let the base impute base motives (they can do no other). If the gods measure by vision and ideal and not only by accomplishment, as they must surely do, then Don Alfonso XIII need not be afraid to meet them face to face. As for those great Spanish builders gathered around the gods—Alfonso the Sage, Fernando the Saint, Ferdinand and Isabella, Christopher Columbus, the Little Lady of Avila, El Greco, Cervantes, and a thousand more—they will clasp him warmly by the hand and hail him as one of themselves.

VII

HER pioneer work on behalf of nursing and hospitals will be Queen Ena's best and most lasting memorial, and she for one would have it so. Although until recently Spain has been behind in Hospital and nursing services, she possesses, and has always possessed, some of the most distinguished Doctors and Surgeons in the world ; many Spanish names are famous in the annals of medical and scientific

research, and the Queen has built her success on the pioneer work of these men. Her Red Cross Hospital in Madrid is a model of what such an institution should be, and has set a standard throughout Spain. It has a large out-patient department, and the extent of its violet-rays department astonishes strangers. But, although Spaniards love the sunshine and air they will never allow them to do anything so dangerous as to penetrate their houses—hence diseases of darkness like tuberculosis and rickets are far too common. From the Red Cross Hospital radiates throughout the Peninsula a well organized and ably directed system of nurses and sick visitors. The Red Cross Hospital standard of training for nurses is very high and lasts three years. All amateur honorary nurses must train for at least one year. Formerly all nursing in Spain was done by nuns and sisters of charity who were, of course, untrained ; now many of them go through a proper course of training like lay nurses. Tuberculosis is one of the scourges of the country, and the first tubercular hospital was founded by the Queen. Tuberculosis Committees have been established in every Province ; they collect information, advise the Hospitals as to those who require hospital treatment, and act as After-care Committees. There are now also Cancer Hospitals in Madrid and San Sebastian, and one is being built in Santander. The Duchess de la Victoria in all these matters acts as the Queen's immediate deputy. The Red Cross Hospital in Madrid is so up-to-date that it has a department for paying patients consisting of fifty-two rooms, where a room and all medical and nursing services can be had at from ten to one hundred Pesetas a day. For the latter sum a

patient has an apartment resembling one in a first-class hotel (except that there are no microbes); it consists of vestibule, sitting-room, bedroom and bathroom *en suite*. The Infanta Maria Cristina and Lady Carisbrooke occupied one of these recently and paid for them like anyone else. This service is much in demand and there is hardly ever a vacant room. All profits made benefit the non-paying patients. The Duchess de la Victoria is at the Hospital all day and every day. In her trim, practical dress she is the personification of energy and efficiency. The Queen is at the Hospital two or three times a week. In addition to their passion for hospital work, the Queen and the Duchess have in common a great love of open-air life and sport. They are both devoted to tennis, and Queen Ena plays a reliable, steady game. The Duchess's six years in Morocco have left her a convinced Spartan. Her attitude to life is: "What does one want with possessions? A bed and bath, little to own or eat, plenty of hard work and exercise, disinterested effort for others—these provide *the good life*." A noble, unselfish creed, anyone professing it or carrying it out could never be less than an aristocrat, and, under the inspiration of the Queen and ladies like the Duchess and their friends, Spanish women are emerging from their historic seclusion and taking a full share in the spiritual, philanthropic, social and intellectual life of the community.

It is not without significance that Queen Isabel II was in a very real sense a pioneer of the suffragette movement. As Queen Regnant of a country that has produced women so noble and able in their different spheres as Isabella the Catholic and the exquisitely lovely Santa Teresa, the Queen encour-

aged the participation of women in public life. She appointed the philosopher and great prison reformer, Doña Concepcion Arenal, an Inspector of Prisons, and one of the first things the revolutionary Government of 1868 did was to cancel the appointment! King Alfonso XIII created Doña Emilia Pardo de Bazan,¹ the famous authoress, a Countess in her own right; in England she might by luck or chance have been given a C.B.E.!

Queen Ena has never interfered directly or indirectly in politics, and has never discussed politics with anyone but the King. Nevertheless, she has a clear grasp of this very involved aspect of Spanish life, and a keen perception of the Monarch's many difficulties that must be of value to her husband. In addition to her multitudinous duties she renders the King invaluable service by keeping in close touch with modern literature in Spanish, French, English and German. Every new book of interest or importance is to be seen in her private sitting-room, and the contents are passed on to the King in conversation.

Clearly their joint love of their home and children is an indissoluble bond, perhaps even stronger and more tender because the health of some of them has often caused anxiety. As the King said before his marriage: ". . . In my mind, love of my family and love of my country go together."

VIII

To those accustomed to other Courts nothing in Spain is more astonishing than the freedom with

¹ 1851-1921: Professor of Comparative Literature in the University of Madrid: the first Spanish woman to occupy such a post.

which the poorest, even the beggars, wander in and out of the precincts of the Palacio Real. When the King and Queen sit at their writing-tables they can hear, or glancing out of their windows can see, the children of their poorest subjects and their parents happily enjoying themselves. Mothers bring a folding seat, their entire family, some sewing, and sit the whole afternoon working and gossiping, while their offspring of all ages eat oranges and play on the sand with which the Plaza de Armas is covered. On a warm sunny afternoon it is just like Blackpool Beach or Coney Island in August, or Hampstead Heath on a Bank Holiday.

On great occasions the Gallery of the Palace traversed by Royal processions is lined on each side with three or four rows of people, including, it is true, the noblest names in Spain, but also including, equally welcomed and equally graciously received, the humblest in the land. And what is so regal about these poorer people is that very often they pop in to see the King (just as they pop in to church to see God) in their workaday clothes. They put aside their job, as it were, for an hour or so, just to see how the King and Queen do theirs. If anyone thinks they could see an equally human, beautiful and democratic sight in the immediate precincts of the White House, or the Elysée, they are gravely mistaken.

IX

THE rooms where King Alfonso has spent so much time for the past thirty years are of great interest. He, the Queen, the Infantas, and Don Jaime and Don Gonzalo inhabit the narrow, projecting wing

of the Palace that flanks the Plaza de Armas on the south-east and overlooks the Calle de Bailén and Plaza de Oriente on the east; a surprisingly small part of the great Palace satisfying their needs. Since he had his own Household the Prince of Asturias resides in the north-west wing. The King's private rooms are entered from the *Camara* or audience chamber. Leaving out the Council Chamber, there are only four rooms, none of them really large, all being long and rather narrow with high French windows opening on to stone balconies overlooking the Calle de Bailén. The first, the study, is perhaps the most interesting. In the centre is a very long table filled with papers; it is lit from the window on the left and behind the King's chair is the fireplace with a back-warmer upholstered in red leather. Very plainly furnished, it is essentially a workroom fitted out with modern simplicity and efficiency. The carpet, like all those in the Palace, is a fine example of the beautiful products of the Royal carpet factory. On the centre of the King's desk is a large portrait of Princess Beatrice wearing a tiara (because the King and his mother-in-law are, and always have been, devoted, affectionate friends), on the left is a large group of Queen Ena and all the children, on the right one of Queen Maria Cristina. A movable stand contains reference books such as the Spanish *Army List*, *Sociedad de Madrid*, the English *Army List*, *Who's Who*, the *Almanach de Gotha*, and so on. There is a large box of his own special cigarettes, because the King is seldom without one, and he offers them freely to his guests. It may be taken that, except in special circumstances, the audience will last no longer than it takes to smoke one, and,

the King will sit, stand or walk about as the mood takes him. His manner is extraordinarily engaging and attractive. When particularly interested he will lean confidentially towards his visitor and by his intimate, almost caressing manner convey the impression that you are the most important person in the world. His manner is so frank and spacious that many people make the mistake of thinking the King is not reserved: he is—intensely so. There are very few people alive who really know and understand Don Alfonso. His voice is an attractive baritone; his thought and speech terrifyingly rapid. As Bacon put it, he “draws the eye strangely.” His own eyes are magnetic, full of fire and passion, watchful, changing—lonely. The face changes with the rapidity of the thought and is one moment old, sombre; the next, almost boyish, ingenuous—full of laughter! The combination of the Hapsburg jaw and the Bourbon lips makes the lower part of the face seem almost too determined when seen in repose in public on serious occasions, but the life behind it is so alert and resilient, so vivid, that there is never any hint of heaviness. This humour is so acute and wide that Don Alfonso can laugh at most things—even his own Hapsburg jaw and, moulding it with his fingers, declare that he will make it of Grecian contour and beauty. And the hands? Fine, long-fingered, with long well-kept nails, sensitive, capable, strong, with something more potent than physical strength, though that is by no means absent. Those hands can seize and hold a bridle, restrain a spirited thoroughbred or give him his head, handle the tiller exquisitely during a squall as he keeps the nose of his craft in the wind.

And the decision behind the Royal ease and graciousness. It is like finest Toledo steel, you can bend it to a circle : you cannot break it. By force of circumstances you can keep it bent to a circle indefinitely ; but, when the moment comes, it will fly back to its native power. Nearly a thousand years of rule and royalty, of kingship, of pre-eminence, of responsibility, of service, have gone to the making of that unique personality Don Alfonso XIII King of Spain.

X

ADJOINING the King's study is a small private study or rest room ; the same length as the larger room, it is not quite so wide. The walls are distempered in grey. There is a big, tightly-upholstered, uncomfortable-looking couch in red damask, beside it a low table containing all the Spanish daily papers, *The Times*, *Daily Telegraph*, *Morning Post*, *Daily Herald*, *Daily Mail*, several New York papers, *La Nación* and other South American journals. There are many pictures, mostly old sporting prints, there is a collection of hunting crops and walking-sticks on a rack on the wall ; a burberry, for a King's quite reasonably dirty, and a soft green felt hat are on a chair beside the wide-open window. No luxury, indeed, hardly comfort ; the feeling of the room is rather bleak—a sort of cross between an entrance hall in a small English country house and a gun-room. Next door is the bedroom and bathroom. About the same size and shape as the larger study the walls are covered with a deep rose damask, with a small raised pattern. As in the other rooms there is an open fireplace. The large, not very

lovely, white marble wash-table has no nonsense about it. Although it is December the window here is also open. There is a small, modern, brass bed which, to be quite frank, is rather ugly, and above it a simple crucifix and two small crossed flags of Spain.

Philip II's cell-like bedroom in the Escorial is not more austere and unpretentious.

XI

DON ALFONSO is known and admired throughout the world as a fine sportsman.

The greatest sport in Spain is Bull-fighting, and it is a "sport," and bull-fighters are "sportsmen" because their task involves courage, skill and death. It also involves the exercise of grace and beauty, but that is incidental and happens because the Spaniard loves a fine action beautifully performed. Being a courteous gentleman, there is no record of what King Alfonso thinks of a carefully organized English or Scottish shoot where neither time, brooding hens nor money has been spared to show the guns good "sport." Nevertheless, to anyone who has the very slightest experience of shooting in Spain, such exhibitions must seem a little undeserving of their splendid name.

First of all as to the variety of sport obtainable in Spain: it is almost unbelievable; and the conditions under which it is enjoyed are as unlike those obtaining elsewhere as anything could well be. The Spaniard must be prepared to face discomfort, indeed hardship, if he is to take high rank as a sportsman in his own country. Not for him luxurious lodges on the edge of a deer forest, motor

omnibuses, ponies up the mountains, hot luncheons, permanent shooting shelters, armies of beaters and all the elaborate paraphernalia which has done so much in England to bring the fine word sportsman into disrepute. Of course, such organized shooting exists, and the King often participates in it, but it is rightly looked upon as an amusement rather than as a sport. In Spain the name hunter has not been exchanged for "gun" because there the man still remains more important than the weapon. True, he must be as handy with a rifle as with a gun and must be prepared (often without any assistance from a loader) to exchange one for the other as quick as thought. Disappointed at dawn of an expected stag, the hunter may be glad later to bag a mere something for the camp-fire pot. The hunter (let us use the correct word) must have skill, endurance, versatility and, above all, knowledge. Knowledge of the country he is in, and the ways of its furred and feathered inhabitants. He cannot depend on that of his gamekeeper or his own loader. True, the lithe, lean-faced, red-brown, leather-clad gamekeeper can always show you sport, but, as experts and true sportsmen, they would be ashamed for the hunter, and for themselves as his companion, did he show less knowledge and skill than they.

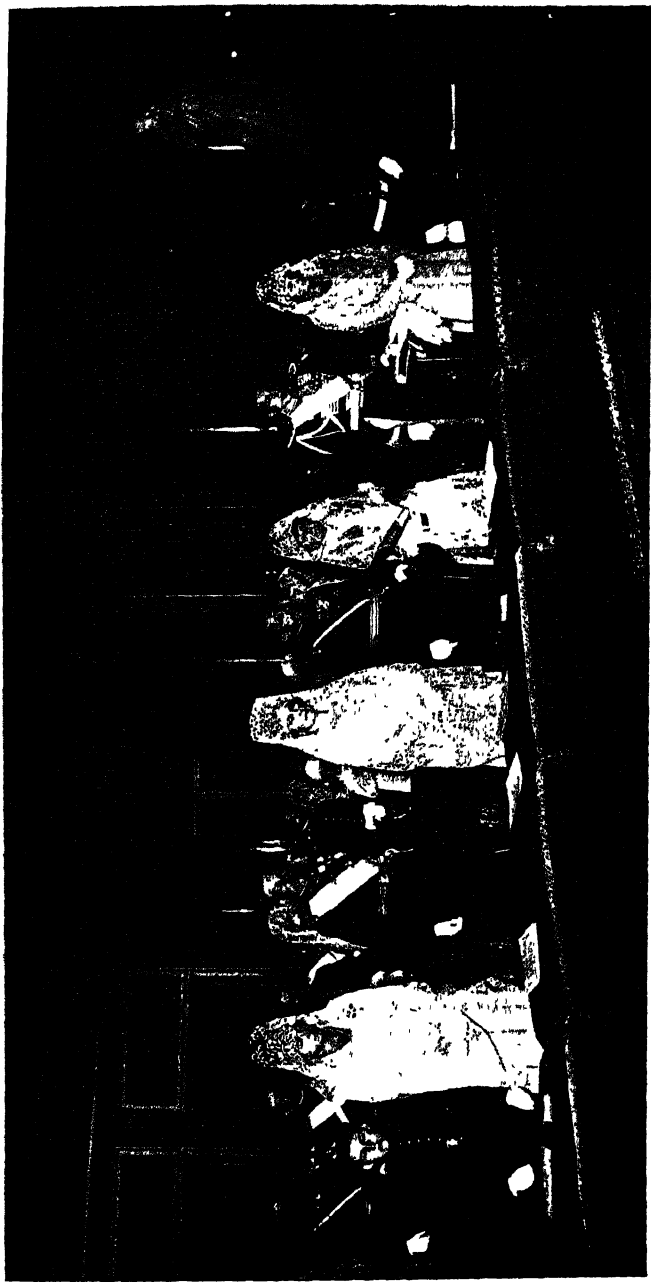
Spain offers such a manifold variety of sport and it is found under such diverse conditions, that a lifetime would not be too long in which to become acquainted with all. First, and perhaps most unexpected and attractive, there is the Ibex, in all Europe found only in the Peninsula. To meet its like the hunter must journey nearly three thousand miles to the Caucasus, there to meet its kin the Bhoral. But for the fostering care and good

example of Don Alfonso, the Ibex would have disappeared from Spain ; as it is they are well distributed in most of the mountainous parts of the country. Then there are chamois in Asturias, in the Cantabrian hills, in parts of Calabria, and in the Pyrenees ; then come the red, roe, and fallow deer ; the brown bear and, perhaps best sport of all, the wild boar. As for feathered sport, they range from the lonely, splendid lammergayer, the Imperial eagle and the vulture, and the great and lesser bustard, to the partridge, as persistent and apparently exhaustless in Spain as the rabbit elsewhere. In between these are ptarmigan, capercailzie, quail, hazel and sand grouse, woodcock, snipe, wild goose, wild duck, and myriads of wild fowl and water-fowl. By way of contrast there is the sly, wily fox (if you care to shoot it) and the slyer, wilier, more—infinately more—difficult, lynx. As for the Pyrennean musk-rat, here again you must go to Eastern Europe to find its like ; and, amongst feathered rarities, the azure-winged magpie is to be found in abundance in Sierra Morena, Estremadura and Castile ; thereafter you must say good-bye to it until you reach Japan or China. All these are sportsmen's quarry. Add to these, countless song-birds, warblers and scores of others, mere flecks of flashing loveliness against an ever azure sky, and get some idea of how rich Spain is in wild life. And if this is not enough, quite good brown and rainbow trout fishing is to be had in the north and centre ; while salmon is plentiful, though unfortunately much poached, in the rivers flowing into the Atlantic.

To be asked to shoot by King Alfonso is a distinction eagerly prized by sportsmen the world over.

Nothing less than a reputation as a first-class shot and good sportsman will ever win this coveted honour. Assuming that, as is more customary, the guest is in Madrid he will join at a stated hour a special royal train and proceed to Rio Frio or wherever the shoot is to take place. Cars, of course, meet the train, a generous Spanish luncheon is provided, and everything is done in good style, but not extravagantly. Many of the best shots at driven game use three guns: the King always does, and his work with them is unerring. The King has two *monteros*, a *montero mayor* or chief huntsman, the Count de Maceda, who is in charge of the royal preserves, and a *montero segundo* who does the secretarial work and makes all the administrative arrangements, which are perfect. Each gun is provided with a *secretario*, or loader, if he does not bring one, and often even if he does. The game-wardens on the Royal preserves wear a brown velveteen uniform with crossbelt, gilt badges and a felt hat. Printed programmes giving exact directions as to loading, firing and moving from one drive to another are handed to each guest, who had better obey them punctiliously if he has any hope of ever being invited again.

"Bags" are not everything. Nevertheless, as chamois is, after ibex, perhaps one of the best tests of skill, endurance and climbing ability, it is worth recording that King Alfonso has to his credit larger bags of chamois than almost any other sportsman in Spain—the skill, agility and endurance required appealing to him enormously. Chamois are not stalked in Spain but driven, the nature of the mountainous country in which they are obtained making this by far the best—indeed the only possible



THE KING AND ROYAL FAMILY AT MASS IN THE CHAPEL ROYAL ON THE OCCASION OF THE SILVER JUBILEE OF HIS ACCESSION, MAY 1927

Left to right Don Gonzalo, Doña Beatrice, Prince of Asturias, The Queen, The King, Queen Maria Cristina, Doña Maria Cristina, Don Juan.

—method. The beaters climb high and go far afield driving the incredibly fast chamois from peak to peak towards the guns. To bag anything worth while, lightning quickness, perfect control and relentless concentration, backed by skill and experience, are essential.

Obviously the King loves his sporting activities ; equally obviously he uses them to advertise Spain and attract visitors. They have given him unequalled opportunities of getting to know all classes of his people and all parts of his country, even the most inaccessible ; these considerations determine his every activity, and their presence in all he does is essential to his ideal of complete happiness and satisfaction.

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CHAPTER TEN
GATHERED STORMS

1930

I

WHEN Primo de Rivera lost his nerve (and his health) and, as a result, publicly made his fatal blunder, by asking the Army if he still enjoyed its support and confidence, he only brought to a head events long brewing. King Alfonso had, as we know, been for some time aware that the Dictator's day was over, that Spain was tired of him, that the delay, unavoidable though it was, in returning to some sort of Parliamentary régime, had caused bitter resentment amongst the disgruntled and dispossessed politicians of all shades of opinion: their occupation being gone, they indulged in every sort of machination, careless of the welfare of Spain if they but succeeded in maligning and discrediting the former Dictator, and even the Monarch.

In liquidating the Dictatorship without civil strife, indeed without friction of any kind, King Alfonso displayed extraordinary statesmanship. Primo de Rivera's successor, General Berenguer, had of course been for some time the head of the King's Military Household and was therefore closely in touch with feeling in the Army and, although to a much lesser extent, in the country. The King

entertained for a moment the idea of a civilian head for the new Government, but reflection, and a few inquiries, made it quite clear to him that, although the Army was tired of Primo de Rivera, it was by no means prepared to accept anyone but a soldier in his place, and the Army was still the dominating factor. Moreover, prompt action was essential if faction was not to be given its head. It is useless speculating—but had General Berenguer begun by announcing an immediate Parliamentary election all might have been well. Had he rushed the country into a decision he might have just snatched a verdict, got together a Cortes where the malcontents could have blown off the steam suppressed for six years, and enabled right-thinking men to get hold of and control the situation. As it was, he accepted the Premiership from a sense of duty ; it is probable that in his own mind he never felt suited to the task but, a loyal citizen and soldier and a man of honour, he stepped into the ugly breach, and, in circumstances of the very utmost perplexity, manfully did his best for his Sovereign and country.

Even under Primo de Rivera's Dictatorship the Army had been by no means passive. It could never forget that it had placed him where he was, and was disposed forcibly to remind him of the fact whenever it thought fit.

General Berenguer had, presumably, not bothered to read Primo de Rivera's "last will and testament" or, if he had, did not inwardly digest it. If Primo de Rivera fell between the two stools of a dictatorship and a civil administration, his successor made the same error, with the additional one of being at once too lenient and too outspoken. Forgetting

Primo de Rivera's bitter dictum that, in politics, "to announce one's death is to die," one of the first things he did was publicly to anticipate his own demise and that of his Government. This was meant to calm public opinion, whereas it only roused it to frenzied anti-Government activity. The General next began to throw doubts on the loyalty, wisdom and ability of the régime that brought about his own existence. Cynics were continually being reminded of the lady who protested too much. If Primo de Rivera's régime was that of the iron hand in the velvet glove, his successor, in his anxiety to emphasize his benevolent intentions, reversed the simile and employed a velvet hand in an iron glove ! He aroused anger and opposition while failing to inspire either respect or fear. His administration had all the vices of its parent and few of the virtues. It annoyed the Spanish people far more in every way, and ruled them much less efficiently. First of all, General Berenguer stopped a great deal of constructive work on roads, railways, and so on, thus turning many people out of employment and frightening capital ; then officials were dismissed, or their salaries curtailed ; the censorship was lightened but not lifted ; the Army was alternately petted and scolded ; the financial situation was meddled with instead of being either firmly taken in hand and regulated, or left severely alone : Government tinkering with national finances is like endeavouring to repair a leaky reservoir with sticking-plaster. Finance must, like water, be absolutely controlled, or left to find its own level. The General is an honourable man, inspired throughout by the best intentions ; but in politics good intentions are even

more futile than they are in ordinary life. In everything that the Government did, or left undone, the General was influenced by his declared intention of treating his term of office as temporary and unstable, indeed without legality, unless the Cortes for which he was preparing should subsequently endorse and legalize it. This is not the way to rule in any country, least of all in Spain: one attendance at a Bull Fight should teach any observer that truth. Let the monarch of the bull-ring, the crowned idol of the crowd, lose his boldness or dexterity for one instant and that instant he is dethroned had he reigned in twenty million hearts. In Spain, more than any other country in the world, nothing succeeds *but* success.

Apart from his inexperience as a politician the General suffered from some other obvious disadvantages. In the popular mind he was fatally associated with the Anual disaster; he had—so they said—failed in his job as a soldier—a charge they could not bring against Primo de Rivera. As head of the King's Military Household he represented the Palace, not the Army; as a soldier and a Dictator he could hardly help being a *persona non grata* with the Press. Contrary to popular belief in the United States and in England, the Army in Spain is not an aristocratic organization, and, although Primo de Rivera enjoyed a sort of popularity amongst the aristocracy it was purely because of his personality. This popularity General Berenguer never shared. Neither Primo de Rivera nor General Berenguer knew how to manage the Church without antagonizing the people, or the people without antagonizing the Church. Indeed it is doubtful if it can be done in Spain.

Then, General Berenguer, having "announced his death," for one reason or another, kept putting off the funeral. Having first given every enemy in Spain clear warning of his intentions, he continued to extend for their benefit the time originally given them in which to prepare for his downfall. Communists, Syndicalists, Republicans, Socialists, Reformists, Carlists, Clericals, Die-Hard Conservatives, anti-Primoites, anti-monarchists—every disgruntled element in Spain was given every possible opportunity of making propaganda and organizing against the régime.

Why ?

Not because of any lack of zeal, ability or disinterestedness, but solely because a man encased in a military uniform for thirty-odd years is quite unfitted in modern times to be the successful head of any civilian, or semi-civilian, Government. He must be a dictator or nothing. No nonsense about a pretence of democracy. Washington, in spite of his red and gold uniform as a Colonel in the British Army, lived and died a civilian ; Bismarck, unwillingly constricted in the stiff neck of his Prussian tunic, was at heart a civilian ; the only uniform Mussolini has ever successfully worn is a black shirt of his own designing ; Pilsudski's uniform covers, but does not disguise, the engineer, journalist and propagandist—he is the ablest propagandist in Europe, if not in the world, and could give the Soviet Government points. General Berenguer was not a civilian dressed up as a soldier, and propaganda was never his strong point.

Intimidated by the onset of events for which she had long been unwittingly preparing, when the European war broke over her, England hastily sum-

moned a great soldier and set him over the civilians. Neither Primo de Rivera nor General Berenguer would resent comparison with Lord Kitchener, but the ability to rule successfully dusky millions, to administer brilliantly vast tracts of Empire, to win battles, or to organize victory in the Field has, fortunately or unfortunately, little to do with the low cunning required to deal successfully with modern democratic politics. Political conditions ruined Kitchener, almost cancelled his great reputation as a soldier and administrator, even overshadowed his splendid vigour as a man, broke his heart and, finally, sent him to a premature grave. Could Primo de Rivera or General Berenguer hope to escape a similar fate !

II

THE most formidable weakness of General Berenguer's Government was that its information was faulty. It never seemed to know what was going on, and more than once the Monarch had to complain that he was not kept informed of the march of events. It seemed equally ignorant as to how the various political leaders were going to respond to the declared policy of the new Government—the Ministry was therefore always being taken by surprise ! For the Sovereign's lack of correct and early information the Spanish aristocracy must bear some share of the blame. In Spain the aristocracy have always engaged in the wine trade, possibly because originally it was merely a subsidiary branch of farming : largely under the inspiration of Don Alfonso aristocrats have of recent years gone in for banking and business, but the broad fact remains

that, as a class, the aristocracy is out of touch with the Church, the Army and Navy, the Civil Service, the professional and business classes, and, most surprisingly, the peasantry. Unlike England, in Spain members of the aristocracy have seldom lived and worked the whole year round on their great estates. In their way the majority of them are as urbanized as the middle and lower-middle classes. By hereditary right they are the people who stand nearest to the Throne, and they undoubtedly failed as a sure channel of communication between the Monarch and the people. That there are brilliant and notable exceptions goes without saying, but, speaking broadly, the Spanish aristocracy were not fully alive to their great responsibilities. Even when, after the fall of the Dictatorship, every other section of the community started organizing with feverish activity for their own ends, the aristocracy as such did nothing. History teaches that no privileged class can for any length of time continue to exist unless it discharges in the community responsibilities at least approximately corresponding to its privileges. Every good citizen must serve the King, but the King is the paid servant of every citizen in the realm. This Don Alfonso has always realized, as his every public utterance amply proves. The higher the position, the greater the responsibility and the more complete the servitude. What Don Alfonso has perhaps never realized is that all Spaniards did not see their duty to him as clearly or as nobly as he saw his to them. Nor did he ever realize (perhaps because of his unique birth and position could not realize) that the possessing classes in every country are nearly always the feeblest support of the régime. Socialists every-

where make the mistake of assuming that an aristocracy will never fail to fight for its privileges, but this is not really true : it will perhaps intrigue or toady for them, but it will seldom work : always having possessed they believe they always must possess. The successful business man will fight to retain his rights and privileges, and to increase them, because he has struggled to win them, but the man born to wealth and position is invariably tempted to take their continuance for granted. And there is another and more fundamental reason : men of enterprise and energy, to borrow a sporting simile, will trek endlessly after chamois or capercailzie while they will not stir a foot to shoot rabbits or other vermin : that in their view is a fitting enough pastime for schoolboys and gamekeepers but to the true sportsman (in any walk of life, or in any occupation) the only game worth while is the game he has not yet bagged. Men fight hardest for what they have not got. An hereditary aristocracy, born to everything worth while, takes it all for granted.

Don Alfonso was by birth and upbringing unfitted to realize that the climbers, those who want but have not, are the best support of any form of government, and that the régime to which they do not rally is bound in the end to fail. In social and political life, as in war, attack is the only true form of defence. Where there is no competition there is death. True aristocracy is always highly competitive, and the only way to join its ranks is to have the ability, force and boldness to do so. Aristocrats will always respect the man who storms their fortresses, and despise those who try to creep in by purchase, guile or subterfuge. Will-power,

strength and ability are the only real patents of nobility and it is noteworthy that in truly democratic Spain merit was, and is, a passport to the ranks of the aristocracy. One of the very last ceremonies held in the Throne room in Madrid was the investiture of Dr. Don Carlos Maria Cortezo y Prieto, President of the Council of the Royal and National Academy of Medicine, with the Insignia of the Order of the Golden Fleece. Membership of the Order in Spain is limited to twenty-four persons, which includes the members of the Royal family. Yet to this august and strictly limited body Don Carlos Cortezo was admitted at the same time as the King's best friend and highest Court official, the Duke of Miranda, and the Prime Minister and Admiral of the Fleet, Admiral Aznar. Moreover, Don Carlos Corteza's sponsor was no less a person than the Duke of Alba. It is difficult in democratic England to envisage even the Head of the Royal College of Surgeons becoming a Knight of the Garter.

III

It being impossible to deny the vast economic and social benefits of the Dictatorship, some other means of discrediting it root and branch had perforce to be found. Primo de Rivera was dead, and in Catholic Spain there still lingers a feeling that it is not fitting to speak ill of the dead. The rival politicians, therefore, as one man, united on two things : they would throw the entire blame on the Monarch because he had perforce accepted the Dictatorship ; and they would unscrupulously employ as their most useful and obvious weapon the

charge that in doing so the King had broken the constitution. Such a charge was obviously perfect for arousing prejudice, and therefore it, and the false statement that the King was responsible for the Annual disaster, became their battle-cry. Divided over everything else, they united on this because of its propaganda value. Of course the doctrinaire lawyers and constitutional purists, joining the politicians, raved and argued; but then such people will argue about anything and are, by their very nature, more concerned to establish their point than to arrive at truth. While the general public remained quite indifferent, base persons without character or ideals attacked the Monarch because to do so was the quickest way to notoriety; indeed scores, perhaps hundreds, of persons climbed into notoriety whose sole stock-in-trade was the venom and vulgarity with which they assailed the King.

Don Alfonso's success in successfully liquidating the Dictatorship had strengthened his belief that the time to hold Parliamentary elections should no longer be postponed. Spain having had before her for six years an example of the immense advantages of firm, sane, orderly and progressive government, would surely rise to the greatness of her opportunity and transform what had been a temporary expedient into a permanent reality! There were, broadly, only two courses open to the Spanish people: putting aside all captious criticism, ignoring all past errors, disdaining mere tactics, and dismissing as unworthy all personal ambitions and quarrels, they could unite in one solid, moderate body behind the Government and Sovereign and in a spirit of selfless devotion reform, or rather form, the consti-

tution and, in doing so, remove the Throne once for all from the arena of party politics, making its occupant the rallying-point of all that was best in Spain, and the permanent steadying and unifying factor in the national life.

On the other hand, impelled by age-old disintegrating obsessions, the country could once more divide into groups and factions, indulge in feuds and recriminations, destroy the hard-won unity of the nation, subdivide the people into antagonistic groups, throw wide her frontiers to communism and bolshevism, and imperil the stability not only of Europe but, quite possibly, of the whole world.

Basely led by false prophets, and politicians without vision, Spain chose the evil alternative—and the end is not yet.

The King made mistakes ; the King accepted the Dictatorship ; the King suspended the constitution. And to punish him for such venial errors Spaniards risked smashing Spain. Spaniards should understand the Spanish temperament, its weaknesses and its strength, and how the very excess of its fine native endowments leaves it peculiarly open to suggestion, bad as well as good, ignoble as well as noble. The impregnable individualism of the Spaniard makes it impossible for him to think in terms of institutions. He responds only to personal leadership. In England the term Mother of Parliaments means something to all, and the terms House of Commons and House of Lords represents (or did until recently) a living factor in the national consciousness. In the United States the word constitution means something concrete and vital to the people, not because it is the law under which they live and by which they are ruled—that it is

not—but really because it enshrines their declaration of independence. In Spain the Cortes represents none of these things in the national consciousness ; possibly never will.

The pale pink *intelligentsia*, more objectionable in Madrid, and even less truly representative than in London, Paris, Berlin or New York, led the opposition.¹ Then monarchists, constitutionalists, revisionists, conservatives and liberals all divided and sub-divided, each little group, indeed each little leader, insisting on his own pet programme. Even to mention them is a weariness ; there were seven groups amongst the conservatives, at least five amongst the liberals, fifteen or more amongst the republicans, and endless smaller groups, each with their own infallible panacea. The Catholic, agricultural, commercial, industrial, and other great and important interests were without organization or leadership. On the other hand the only element of unity was that which, at all costs, sought to destroy the existing régime and enthrone something else instead. To the surprise of everyone the communists and republicans combined, and both accepted the help of the pale pink idealists, professors, writers and journalists, the disaffected monarchists, and all others, using them as the spear-heads of revolution and intending, when the time came, to put them in their proper place which, as they will find, will be one of complete subservience

¹ In May 1930 Professor de Unamuno, who had recently been appointed to the Chair of Greek at Salamanca, preached open rebellion in the Athenæum in Madrid, calling upon the youth of Spain to establish the revolution by force : the next day there was serious street rioting and the red flag was hoisted on the University and the San Carlos Hospital.

and perhaps rightly so, because people who aspire to lead and cannot, should be eliminated for their lack of judgment and foresight.

IV

ON the King's forty-fourth birthday,¹ five months after General Berenguer took office, innumerable congratulations poured into the Royal Palace ; the enthusiasm displayed surpassed anything that took place on similar occasions during the Dictatorship of Primo de Rivera.

In May the Sovereigns and their family paid their customary spring visit to Barcelona, and were received with a warmth unequalled in extent and apparently unequalled in depth, spontaneity and sincerity. Queen Ena was presented with a large bouquet tied with Catalan colours, which are the scarlet and gold bars of the ancient kingdom of Aragon—and which had been forbidden by Primo de Rivera. Yet this intense enthusiasm seems to have meant little. The Spaniard, apparently, will cheer the Monarch to-day and vote republican to-morrow ! It is not as if the Sovereign and Royal family were personally unknown to the people, because in Catalonia, as everywhere, they regularly visited mills, factories, warehouses, churches, schools, bull-fights, concerts and every sort of public gathering. They were accessible to all classes, and, when going amongst the people, etiquette was always reduced to a minimum.

It is also noteworthy that General Berenguer who accompanied them seemed to share the popularity of the Royal party in Barcelona as in Madrid.

¹ May 17, 1930.



THE KING AND QUEEN ARRIVING AT NORTH STATION, MADRID, FROM SAN SEBASTIAN,
OCTOBER 1930

*Left to right - Front row - Don Berenguer, The King, The Queen, Prince of Asturias, Duke de Vistahermosa
Back row - The Infante Don Fernando de Baviera, Marchioness de San Carlos de Pedrosa, the Infante Don Luis de Baviera*

He repeatedly emphasized his early intention of fulfilling the late Dictator's long-standing promise of a return to Parliamentary régime. New lists of voters were being prepared and carefully checked. On the outside everything looked quite reasonably promising. But six years of repression could not pass leaving no reaction. Delayed reaction is the most dangerous of all. Evil subterranean forces were gathering power and intensity.

By midsummer 1930 the Government plans to hold a general election were fairly laid. The King had seen Don Santiago Alba in Paris and, it was announced, had frankly discussed the whole situation; the Monarch accepting fully the principle of a limited monarchy, Don Santiago Alba had promised his support and influence. Don Francisco Cambó, the distinguished Catalan leader, occupied the post of Finance Minister in General Berenguer's Cabinet, and this seemed to indicate that moderate Catalonia was prepared to collaborate in the reconstruction and play a federal, not a separatist, part in the evolutionary progress of the new Spain. Nevertheless, the Peseta continued its sinister fall. The Republicans announced that they would boycott the elections, while Count de Romanones pledged himself and his party to the support of the King, declaring that, if necessary, they would defend the Monarch in the new Cortes, although he held that, as was formerly the custom, Municipal and Provincial elections should be held before a general election. The decision to go direct to a general election was obviously the outcome of a desire for haste and was not meant to deny established rights or privileges: nevertheless, it was of course made a major grievance.

Meanwhile the King publicly received and acknowledged the loyal adhesion of the Artillery, now reorganized and shriven of rebellion, and, in a marked manner, passed it on to the Prime Minister.¹ This gesture was probably meant to indicate the Monarch's constitutional attitude and, at the same time, do something to heal the long-standing feud between the Army and the politicians, neither of which ever trusted the other. A general strike broke out in Madrid in November, which had repercussions in various industrial centres; it was, however, evidence of the quarrels and jealousies of the communists and republicans in their rival ambitions to control Labour, rather than an outcome of the existing political unrest. The Labour Party, being the only one with a real organization, was courted by all. General Berenguer seized the farcical collapse of the general strike as a suitable opportunity for declaring that "the Army was entirely loyal, and that political revolution was impossible."

Less than a month afterwards² the garrison of Jaca, a town in the north of Spain, revolted. The rebels cut all telephone and telegraph lines, isolating the town. The revolt was led by Lieutenant-Colonel Julio Mencada, the officer commanding the garrison. The Government, being for once well informed, acted with promptitude and great decision; the rebellion was suppressed in twenty-four hours, many persons being arrested; Captain Fermín Galán Rodríguez—a good soldier, but a very inept and foolish politician—and Captain Angel Garcia Hernández, his accomplice, were

¹ November 21, 1930: see p. 247 *ante*.

² December 12, 1930.

court-martialled and immediately shot; five of their fellow-rebels were sentenced to death, but not executed. Captains Galán and Hernández, wearing the King's uniform and bound to the existing régime by an oath of loyalty, were rebels of a peculiarly odious kind; they were vain, self-deluded and dangerous. Nevertheless, their summary execution was a tactical blunder. General Don Manuel de Las Heres, Military Governor of the Province of Huesca, Captain Menguez and three Civil Guards were shot by the rebels who, with the butt end of their rifles, forced the aged Bishop of Jaca and the clergy to precede them into action against the loyalists among the garrison and the civil population. The fate of General de Las Heres, Captain Menguez and his men, martyrs to their duty, apparently aroused no resentment.

The sequel to all this was played out in the capital. Four days later¹ a theatrical revolt was staged at the Cuatro Vientos Military aerodrome near Madrid. The rebels seized some aeroplanes and, flying low over the capital, scattered leaflets declaring that a republic had been proclaimed and stating that if the troops in barracks in Madrid did not join the revolution by noon they would be blown to pieces! The outbreak was suppressed before the *Madriileño* had realized what it was all about. It was led by Major Franco, and Señor Rada his mechanic on his Atlantic flight: one General Queipo de Llano, an inept officer on the retired list was offered command of the rebellion by telephone, accepted, and pushed off to the aerodrome by taxi, arriving just in time to run away with Franco and Rada to Portugal. Franco became

¹ December 16, 1930.

a cheap hero, a rôle that suited his ridiculous vanity to perfection.¹ The three Civil Guards who had died doing the duty to which they were sworn, were ignored. The King, as usual, exercised his clemency and, with the exception of Hernández and Galán, no one was really punished. To have acquitted them would have been to outrage every Civil Guard in Spain, and this magnificent body of men, although only some twenty-eight thousand strong, is the mainstay of the country. Without their support the Provisional Republican Government—or any other—could not exist forty-eight hours.

The Jaca and Madrid outbreaks were intended to be part of a general plan to set up a Republic, but the egregious vanity of Galán and Franco, and their jealousy of each other, led them to anticipate events. Galán, determined to be the first in the limelight, moved prematurely; Franco in Madrid, hearing this, declined to play second fiddle: the Government discovered the whole plot, settled both outbreaks without trouble, and proceeded to arrest all those concerned in plotting the revolution. They numbered several hundred, including many well-known persons. The leaders had ready for publication a manifesto proclaiming the Republic; being signed by each one of them, there was no doubt whatever about their guilt.

¹ The *Madrileño* loves a story against a popular hero. The Revolutionary Government appointed Franco Head of the Air Force to appease his vanity and throw a sop to the mob. Two days later he stalked unannounced into the office of the Minister for War, who is reported to have said: "I did not send for you; return to-morrow at noon." Franco did—and was kept waiting the Minister's convenience. Later, Franco tried to set up a Free State in Andalusia, with himself as its Chief!

In Madrid and throughout Spain Christmas was celebrated quite normally. As is always the case in Spain, the population as a whole was cynically indifferent to Party politics.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

THE FLAG OF MOURNING

1931

I

EARLY in January 1931 the entire Flying Corps was disbanded and forbidden to wear its characteristic uniform. This was an unduly severe punishment for their share in the outrageous conduct of Franco and his dupes. After all, if some were ready to follow him, many resisted him. There is reason to believe that, in inflicting this punishment, the old Army Chiefs seized a welcome opportunity. As in England, before flying became an independent Service with its own Chiefs, there was in Spain much jealousy and misunderstanding of the new arm, and some quite important elderly officers were not exactly sorry for its misfortune. This ignorant and childish feeling played into the hands of those with subversive plans who hated the possibility of the central Government having control of a strong, mobile, loyal force, with its own wireless stations and aerodromes, which could at a few hours' notice dominate a revolutionary outbreak in any part of the Peninsula. It is tragic how disruptive elements were again and again able to use the petty jealousies of the loyalists and monarchists for their own sinister ends.

None of these distressing events caused the Government to depart from its intention to hold a General Election during which the completest liberty would be guaranteed to all voters : in spite of repeated postponements, the elections were to take place. The cynics scoffed unbelievably ; a few of the judicious, scenting serious danger, trembled ; the opposition went on steadily organizing.

In due course it became clear that all the important political groups were going to boycott elections to a Cortes that was not a Constituent one, that is, one with power to revise the Constitution. This was forcibly brought home to General Berenguer when Count de Romanones and the Marquess de Alhucemas called on him and told him that although they and their supporters would, as promised, take part in the general election, immediately the new Cortes assembled they would demand a vote of the whole Chamber in favour of a *Cortes Constituyentes* ; in this unwise decision Don Francisco Cambó and the Catalan leaders concurred. As it plainly only meant prevaricating and wasting time, General Berenguer, support from every direction being withheld or withdrawn, had no option but to resign : Count de Romanones, the Marquess de Alhucemas, Don Francisco Cambó and their followers forced the decision.

The King then sent for all the prominent politicians in turn and spent two fate-filled days in consultation. Count de Romanones, the Marquess de Alhucemas, the Duke de Maura,¹ Don Juan La

¹ Author of *Bosque jo histórico de la Dictadura* (1930) : a very able, detailed, ingenious, often subtly unjust, account of the Dictatorship of Primo de Rivera.

Cierva, Count de Bugallal, Don Melquíades Alvarez and Don Francisco Cambó all went to the Palace leaving behind nothing really helpful or constructive. The King even telegraphed and telephoned to Don Santiago Alba in Paris who, for the moment, contented himself with offering good advice.¹

The responsibility the Sovereign had to discharge was of the utmost gravity, and the advice he received unhelpful. The Monarchists naturally urged the necessity for setting up a strong Conservative Cabinet and the resistance of pressure from the Left. The Liberals besought the King to trust the people and leave everything to the hazard of a debate in a *Cortes Constituyentes* which might or, more likely might not, be representative of the will of the Spanish people; Count de Romanones declared that in bringing about the downfall of the Berenguer Ministry he believed himself to be serving the best interests of Spain.

What does he think now?

Everyone seemed to advise the King as if the decision and its momentous outcome merely concerned him personally or his Party; the King apparently being almost alone in his unshakeable belief that he was the supreme interpreter of the will of the nation, a life-holder of the crown, the trustee, as it were, of the monarchy and all that it had meant, and might still mean, to Spain. The Politicians seemed to have nothing in common but an utter lack of unanimity. The truth of course

¹ Early in April 1931 this gentleman announced that he was returning immediately to Madrid to reorganize the Liberal Party, and place it and himself entirely at the service of the Monarch and the country. He failed to do so.

was that the King and the Berenguer Cabinet could in all probability have piloted Spain through the morass, but the Party politicians would not let them, the Liberals by their belated decision to boycott the elections being the most blameworthy : theirs will be the greatest guilt before the bar of history. What was urgently needed by the country was a return to normality in finance and other germane matters, the stabilization of the Peseta, the calling into existence of an ordinary Cortes where steam could have been safely let off and the Catalan question satisfactorily settled ; then, after lapse of a reasonable period, the summoning of a *Cortes Constituyentes* to settle once for all the true place of the crown in the constitution. However, all Parties seemed to agree that the boycott was their most effective weapon. They were right. But the boycott is a boomerang, as they will all one day discover.¹ The barren and factional quarrel as to whether the constitution had been abrogated by the Dictatorship, or only suspended, triumphed over common sense, unity and realism, as similar quarrels have all too often done in Spain.

II

THE King then did a magnanimous and patriotic thing ; he sent for Señor Sanchez Guerra, the

¹ In May 1907 Señor Moret initiated this system of boycott by deciding that no Liberal candidates should be presented for the Senatorial elections, and that the Monarchical opposition in the Cortes should go on strike. The King immediately sent for Señor Moret and pointed out that this abstention was bringing Parliamentary Government into disrepute.

veteran Conservative, his avowed enemy,¹ asked him to form a Cabinet, and his magnanimity met with a generous response. The Sovereign having freely accepted the necessity of summoning a *Cortes Constituyentes*, Señor Sanchez Guerra undertook the difficult task of organizing a Government on a broadly national basis.

Señor Sanchez Guerra was received by the King on the Saturday² and spent the week-end trying, with the notable help of Don Melquiades Alvarez, to get together a Cabinet. He went everywhere seeing moderate Conservatives and Liberals, Socialists and Republicans; he even shocked the ultra-Conservatives by going to the Model Prison where he interviewed Señor Alcalá Zamora and the interned leaders of the December rebellion.

There was great excitement in Madrid on the Saturday; but Sunday was Carnival Sunday; its advent signalized the end of Lent, and for that day the populace put political affairs aside and enjoyed the occasion as the inhabitants of the Mediterranean basin have enjoyed it long before it became a Christian festival.

III

DURING the week-end of the most serious political crisis of his reign Don Alfonso was alone. Some time before, owing to the very serious illness of Princess Beatrice, the Queen had been hurriedly summoned to England. Upon hearing in London of the crisis in Spain, her anxiety for her mother

¹ He bitterly attacked the Monarch in a speech at the Zarzuela Theatre in Madrid on February 27, 1930.

² February 14, 1931.

being fortunately over, she decided to go home at once saying : " My place now is by my husband's side."

On Monday afternoon, accompanied by a friend and driving himself, the King motored to Escorial. He got out alone and going to the tomb of his mother, Queen Maria Cristina, he spent some time there in silent prayer. She rests in the little Chamber half-way down the stone staircase leading to the tombs of the Kings and Mothers of Kings where an empty place awaits her. But, in accordance with the custom of the Royal House, she must first sleep for five years in her temporary resting-place. There, beside the casket, in that sacred spot where none but he may enter, Don Alfonso prayed for guidance for himself and Spain, and the little stone chamber was full of the sweetness of the fresh flowers with which, by his orders, his mother is always surrounded. . . . The King went in and came out alone, but, we may believe, strengthened and comforted.

IV

UNHAPPILY, Señor Sanchez Guerra and Don Melquiades Alvarez failed. The Republicans were triumphant. They had succeeded in completely dividing all the moderate political elements in Spain. The oldest and most astute politicians were hoodwinked and manipulated by Señor Alcalá Zamora and men who had never held office for an hour ! Señor Sanchez Guerra could only obtain extremist support on the understanding that the Sovereign should at once lay aside the exercise of his regal power until a *Cortes Constituyentes* had

met and decided the future. The King is reported to have said to Señor Sanchez Guerra :

"Can you, personally, guarantee that, if I do what they ask, order and tranquillity will in the interregnum be maintained throughout Spain? If you cannot, I must decline your proposals. I am the rightful guardian of Spain and the Spanish people, and I cannot abandon the power and authority I might at any moment have to exercise in order to save Spain from civil war."

Señor Sanchez Guerra could not honourably give the required assurance and, praising the King for his open-mindedness, charm, tact and patriotism, he left the Palace—in tears. He had made a noble and gallant attempt to save his country from anarchy—and failed. He made it too late. Perhaps his own political past made failure inevitable.

That evening¹ Queen Ena returned from England. The King and Court of course met her at the Station and she received such a tumultuous reception that she was overwhelmed. The crowds followed the motor-cars to the Palace and would not go away until the Sovereigns appeared on the balcony to acknowledge their loud and repeated cries of "Long live the Monarchy" and "Down with the Republic." The Sovereigns were visibly moved, and Queen Ena might well have felt assured that she had an abiding place in the hearts of the Spanish people. The Government considered the ovation so significant that the Prime Minister sent a circular letter to all Spanish Ambassadors and Ministers pointing out its importance.

The King, having no alternative, now sent for

¹ Wednesday, February 18, 1931.



THE QUEEN'S RETURN, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1931

Admiral Aznar and asked him to form a Government, which he did : inevitably, it was composed of Monarchists from the Right and Centre groups and, on the face of it, appeared to be a strong, reasonably representative, united and influential body.¹ It was generally considered that the King had, once again, steered the ship of state through most dangerous cross-currents with unerring skill. The new Government immediately announced that the Parliamentary elections would certainly be held as promised, but would be preceded by Municipal and Provincial elections as was formerly the custom. The need for a revision of the constitution was now frankly admitted by all, but it was pointed out by influential personages that revision of the judicial code—sixty years out of date—the preparation of a commercial code, the stabilization of the Peseta, the relationships of the Army to the Government, and many other matters, were of equal, if not of greater, importance and more urgent. The outlook seemed hopeful. The Monarchists with their characteristic easy optimism said all was now plain sailing, and that a monarchist majority in the new *Cortes Constituyentes* was certain. The Labour Confederation decided to prevent strikes and disorders, to take part in the elections to the Cortes, and to advocate an economic

¹ As the Cabinet in office when the revolution broke out on April the 14th, it is of interest. The Marquess de Hoyos, Mayor of Madrid, was Minister of the Interior ; Finance, Don Juan Ventosa ; Foreign Affairs, Count de Romanones ; Justice, Marquess de Alhucemas ; Public Works, Don Juan de La Cierva ; Economy, Count de Bugallal ; Labour, Duke de Maura ; War, General Berenguer ; Navy, Admiral Don José Rivera y Alvarez Canero ; Public Instruction, Señor Gastoni y Marin.

rather than a political programme : this was both patriotic and reassuring. On the other hand the Socialists (who, for tactical reasons, had meanwhile combined with the Republicans) decided to take part in the Municipal and Provincial elections, as they concerned administrative bodies, but to abstain from taking part in a subsequent Parliamentary election. Don Juan Ventosa, the able Catalan member of the Cabinet, wisely and patriotically declared that "neither separation nor assimilation" should be the motto of all, adding that Catalonia was "eager to see all Spain's problems settled with her own." Señor Cambó's noble ambition was a new Centre party for the whole of Spain which, while ensuring the fulfilment of every just and moderate Catalan demand, would unite under one banner all patriots to fight the extremists of every camp. But this was altogether too great a novelty in Spanish politics for the public to believe in its possibility : moreover, there was now no time to bring into existence organizations through which those lofty, eminently sane and patriotic views could have their effect : most important of all, it had become quite clear that the Syndicalists were the best organized, best disciplined, and most formidable Party in the State. Meanwhile Colonel Macia, the extremist Catalan leader who was in exile in Belgium, was allowed to return to Spain ; too old and perhaps by nature too visionary to learn, he announced that he came back if possible more separatist than ever ! A man of undoubtedly lofty mind, his constitutional ability to combine idealism and realism is a calamity for Spain.

The members of the "Cabinet" of the "Republic" of December remained in the Model Prison,



THE KING'S BEDROOM, ROYAL PALACE, MADRID

receiving their friends, being interviewed by journalists, issuing propaganda, jeering at the Government and the King. The court-martial on the soldiers implicated in the Jaca rising dragged to its close. The King went to England to see his mother-in-law, Princess Beatrice, who was still ill and, returning, was received by the Royal family with the customary ceremonial. His first act was to reprieve Captain Sediles, who had been sentenced to death for his share in the Jaca rising.

Yet this is the man whom the Republicans now accuse of all sorts of crimes. Within a fortnight of the establishment of the Provisional Government one of its most ardent supporters, Don José Lopez,¹ made the following statement to a representative of the *Chicago Sunday Tribune* ² :

I know that he (King Alfonso) personally gave the command for the execution of the two Spanish officers after the affair at Jaca, December 14. He was in telephonic communication with the court-martial and ordered them to shoot the two officers before the trial had even started. He called up several times during the proceedings and asked if they had been executed yet, saying, "What are you waiting for?"

This wicked and absolutely unfounded and discreditable statement went all over the United States and was presumably meant to injure King Alfonso and help the new-born republic. All it did was to disgust all fair-minded people everywhere. Fortunately King Alfonso's true character is well known in Europe and America. The cowardly lie only brought shame on its perpetrator

¹ An enthusiastic Spanish Republican and director of *Le Livre Libre*, a publishing organization in Paris.

² Published in the Paris Edition of that paper, Sunday, April 26, 1931.

and aroused immediate suspicions of the stability and purity of a cause that requires such revolting weapons. Both the authors of this book were in Madrid at the time, knew from hour to hour everything that was happening, and formally and absolutely deny every word uttered by Señor Lopez.

The Jaca rebellion was a military one, the most serious of all rebellions ; the rebels were caught red-handed ; duly tried by a properly constituted court martial, and executed according to military law. As always, the King's personal desire was to exercise clemency, but in the operations of military law during a period of rebellion believed to be national in its scope no Chief of State dare interfere. Captain Galán and his fellow-conspirators were given a fair and open trial by their peers, and, as would have happened in similar circumstances in any Army in the world, were summarily shot. In the rebellious proclamation which he issued Captain Galán said : " I bid the inhabitants of Jaca note that all persons who speak, or write, or take up arms against the new-born republic *will be shot without trial.*"

In view of his own words it is difficult to believe that the writer was a real friend of freedom, or that he was unjustly treated. It might be argued that the execution of Captains Fermín Galán Rodríguez and Angel Garcia Hernández was a political blunder ; no honest person anywhere could contend that it was a crime. What no Briton or American could ever understand, much less pardon, is that these persons, and others, could debase themselves so far as to conspire against King Alfonso and his Government while eating his bread, drawing his pay and, worst of all,

wearing his uniform. Such conduct is that of a spy and merits the punishment meted out to spies since the world began. It is open to any man to change his political convictions and allegiance, but it must be done before the world. If a soldier serving in a monarchical army becomes a republican he must at once proclaim the fact, take back his oath, take off his uniform. In fact he must behave as a soldier, a sportsman, and a gentleman. He may not skulk dishonourably in the uniform he is deliberately, and of malice aforethought, betraying.

In the sequel Captains Galán and Hernández became the somewhat sorry martyrs of the Revolution, and Captain Franco its sole and tawdry hero. Galán and Hernández at least died for their cause; Franco's characteristic contribution was to get his leg broken for it in a political brawl. Having betrayed his royalist uniform, he speedily betrayed the republican uniform also. Like a *passée prima donna*, his ridiculous vanity will go any lengths to keep him in the limelight. In England he flouted the hospitality freely accorded there to all exiles. Since his admittedly gallant Atlantic flight he has behaved as if transcontinental flights began and ended with him. For his achievement, Don Alfonso—always eager to acknowledge and reward anything done for Spain—gave him a high decoration, publicly accorded him the Royal accolade and, as a unique honour gave him "The Key." This Decoration, a small golden key on a riband, is most sparingly bestowed and symbolically indicates that its recipient has the Monarch's utmost confidence and, nominally, has at all times access to the Royal Palace and the Royal presence. Moreover, owing to the Monarch's initiative, a very

large sum of money was got together and presented to Captain Franco for his transatlantic flight. Yet he was never tired of complaining of being insufficiently appreciated.

If such be truly the chosen heroes of contemporary Spain, her sincere lovers can only echo in despair the old upbraiding : These be thy gods, O Israel !

The trial of Señor Alcalá Zamora, Don Miguel Maura and the others responsible for inciting the Jaca revolt, and for attempting to set up a Republic, duly took place. It resembled in all respects a political meeting, the Court, although a high Military tribunal, being lenient to the verge of absurdity. The sentences were so nominal that they amounted to an acquittal, and even the prisoners and their friends were astonished. The students, according to Spanish custom, celebrated the acquittal by a riot ; a day or two later another students' riot broke out in Madrid in which one Civil Guard was killed and six wounded and ten civilians wounded. Moreover, inadequate as they were, all the sentences passed by the Jaca court-martial were reduced by the new Government.

Candidates for the Municipal elections were duly nominated throughout Spain. They were as the sands of the sea ; in Madrid nearly a thousand candidates contested fifty seats. Some days before the date of the election the Duchess de la Victoria and a few other great ladies announced that, as the men in the Monarchist party were divided and therefore ineffective, they proposed to set up throughout Spain women's organizations to work for the Monarchists, who were in a majority in all the rural districts, and, if in a minority in the

urban districts, were nevertheless an educated and powerful minority if only they would awake, organize and legitimately assert themselves.

The Monarchists, headed by the King, were quite prepared for an unfavourable majority in Madrid, which has long been infested with republicanism, and which, as has been emphasized, is not really representative of Spain, but, one and all, they anticipated a clear Monarchist majority in the country as a whole.

V

To be privileged to take part in the Court ceremonies of Easter week ¹ in Madrid is to get a real and very wonderful insight into Spanish history, life and character. In their unique mixture of regal splendour and democracy, of ancient and modern, of sacred and familiar, of formal and friendly they are, taken as a whole, a complete revelation of Spain and her past, and throw long beams of light across her distant future. The most delightful thing about these Court ceremonies is that they belong to the people of Spain. In other countries Court ceremonial concerns only the aristocracy, the officials and, to a lesser extent, the members of the Government. It is a tribute to the genius, innate democracy and equally innate aristocracy of Spain that she has evolved with perfect success an infallible method of enabling the people to share the life of the Court.

Palm Sunday ushers in with the *Capilla Publica* in the Royal Palace the first and one of the love-

¹ In 1931 Easter Sunday was April the 5th.

liest, if not the most imposing, of the Easter ceremonies. Armed with the necessary authority admitting to the Gallery and Chapel Royal, the visitor gets to the Palace by ten-thirty. The circular Plaza de Oriente is drenched in sunshine and swarming with people; two-horsed broughams, the latest and most costly type of motor-car and dozens of Madrid's cheap and comfortable taxis come from all directions and deposit at the east entrance of the Palace all sorts of people; an old, decorative gentleman with snow-white hair and wearing the richly embroidered blue coat of a Grandee of Spain, a lady in cloth of gold and silver "uniform" with high neck and long sleeves and train; she wears a diadem over a wonderful white lace mantilla, and the bow of red ribbon on which is a brooch with Queen Ena's cipher and crown in diamonds indicates that she is one of the hundred ladies, Grandees of Spain by birth or marriage—very often by both—who are *Damas de Su Majestad la Reina*. Alighting at the same moment from the humble taxi will be a privileged foreign visitor, most often from South America, the United States or England; or perhaps the cook of the *Dama de Su Majestad la Reina* who, having a handsome black-headed boy a drummer in the band of the Royal Halberdiers has, through her mistress, obtained a permit for the Gallery: the occasion being at once religious and social, she immediately takes command, marshals her husband and the innumerable small brothers and sisters of the King's drummer (for so the proud mother thinks of him) and they all troop up the royal staircase, past Halberdiers and footmen in gala livery, search diligently until they have found a good sight-

seeing position, and settle down as happily and contentedly as in their own kitchen. Presently "the King's drummer" wanders up, a little proud and self-conscious in his smart uniform; introduces the whole family to several of the Halberdiers on duty in the vicinity who, a few feet apart, are keeping the processional way. Over three thousand people are crowded into the Gallery; the sun is getting stronger and it is very hot. True, some of the great windows opening into the perfectly proportioned courtyard are wide apart, but Spaniards have been known to drop dead at the very idea of a draught, and, somehow, they all get closed. Chamberlains, Aides-de-camp to the King, high ecclesiastical dignitaries in gorgeous robes, simple monks, children, old men and women, masses of young people, unregretful that the crowd makes it necessary for them to stick so close to each other; a short, very fat, very excited, very breathless, very American lady hopes that, at the last moment, she may be able to stand on the chair she seems somehow to have purloined from the Sacristy of the Royal Chapel—and thus defeat everyone. An English maiden lady from Cheltenham having been told that a mantilla is not only the correct, but by far the most becoming, wear has obviously bought hers the day before. She has not been extravagant; the black lace is cheap, stiff and shiny; the comb, of real imitation tortoiseshell, is far too high; her ill-arranged hair is not so plentiful as it perhaps was once. The comb will not stay put, the mantilla, it must be admitted, is not exactly worn with Andalusian grace. Yet the lady is erect and happy. She feels that she represents England—she would never

think of herself as representing Britain: only portly people could do that and she is in every direction genteely thin and flat. But she stands firmly for the spinsterhood of England, and is there to convey their greetings to Princess Ena—for so she thinks of the Queen of Spain. She forgets the crown and splendour and expects to see only the little, light-footed laughing girl with blue eyes, golden hair and a happy heart whom, when on holiday, she used to see enjoying herself with her three brothers at Ryde, Cowes, or Bembridge in the Isle of Wight. And, later, as the Queen passes that is just what she does see. Is it because in the romantic excitement of donning a mantilla she has forgotten her spectacles? Or is it because by some strange inner gift she sees truly, and the stately, glittering Queen still keeps all the loveliness of childish innocence in her heart?

Suddenly in the old Arab fashion a distant Chamberlain claps his hands, a word of command is muttered, and silence falls upon the chattering, lively crowd; the Halberdiers, leaning lazily on their tall silver halberds, straighten their Napoleonic hats and stand to attention; visitors in the back rows get on tiptoe; the American lady climbs determinedly on to her chair and not the Pope himself, were he present, could prevent her; distant music proclaims the fact that the Royal procession has left the state apartment in which it assembled and is at that moment entering the Gallery. The Royal Procession was late because once a year the Civil Guard have the privilege of Mounting Guard at the Palace. They did so for the last time on Palm Sunday, March 29th, 1931. A few days before one of the Guards had been

killed in a students' riot in Madrid and the King decided to show his sympathy by witnessing the Mounting of the Guard from the balcony. The ovation he received from the Civil Guard, and from the public, was so great that he was twenty minutes late for the Capilla Publica.

First come three grooms of the chambers ; white-haired, dignified they have been in the Royal service for many years and they carry the prayer-books of the King, the Queen and the Infantas ; they are followed by Chamberlains two and two who move with a curious, but impressive, swaying step to the haunting music of the Royal March ; next come the Grandees of Spain and, as they pass, great names are whispered in the crowd—Alba, in the olive-green uniform of the Spanish Academy and wearing the chain of the Golden Fleece, Sotomayor, Santa Cruz, Abrantes, Medinaceli, Medina Sidonia, Altamira, Baena, Castel Rodrigo, Fernán Nuñez, Infantado, Hoyos, Comillas, Peñaranda, Tarancón, Victoria, Lécera, Sentmenat, Híjar, Maceda, Bailén, and many more—the personified history of Spain. Then came the Princes of the Blood Royal, headed by the Infante Fernando in the splendid uniform of the Escolta Real, wearing only a few of the forty-five or fifty first-class European Orders to which he is entitled, and carrying his silver white-plumed helmet ; close behind him are his two sons, the Infantes Don Luis and Don José, both in Engineer uniform ; walking behind their father they take precedence of him because, as nephews of the King, they are closer to the Throne, and therefore, on formal occasions are placed nearer to the person of the Monarch, who, in accordance with Spanish etiquette,

always comes last. Next come the King's second and third sons, the Infantes Don Jaime and Don Juan. Don Jaime, well over six feet and always smiling and happy, wears the white, gold-epauletted tunic and red overalls of the Knights of Calatrava ; its great red cross is embroidered on his breast and he too wears the collar of the Golden Fleece. Don Juan, in blue sailor's uniform, although only seventeen is even taller than his brother, and is in appearance the image of his younger sister; the Infanta Doña Maria Cristina.

Side by side, closely guarded by four Halberdiers, come the Sovereigns ; the King wears the blue tunic and red overalls of a Captain-General or Field-Marshal, many Orders, and carries his *Leopoldina*, the characteristic headdress of the Spanish Infantry. As for the Queen, she is a tall, handsome vision in cloth of silver with gold embroidery. Her Majesty, of course, like all the ladies in the Royal procession, wears a white mantilla of marvellous lace over her diamond coronet and falling over her train. The onlooker, gazing intently, has difficulty in realizing that the graceful Queen is the mother of four great sons and two daughters, and that the King with his alert, sportman's figure, unlined face and plentiful black hair is almost forty-five years old. True, the soldierly bearing is serious, the fine sombre eyes enigmatic, the general impression one of reserve and conscious power. But the twenty-eight years of strenuous and exacting kingship have left no single sign of weariness.¹

¹ Alas ! this is no longer so ; the hair is now a little grey ; the eyes a little weary, disillusion and sadness cloud the ready smile,



THE KING AND HIS HALBERDIERS

With him is General Miláns del Bosch, Governor of Barcelona during the Dictatorship.

Occupied with such thoughts there passes like a vision the two beautiful young Infantas, Doña Beatrice and Doña Maria Cristina; next comes the King's aunt the Infanta Doña Paz walking alone, followed by the Infanta Doña Luisa and she by Princess Pilar, each of whom walk alone. The Royal procession is a short one because the Infanta Isabel, being ill, is not present, the Infanta Eulalia is in Rome and the Infante Alfonso de Orleans y Bourbon and his wife, the Infanta Beatrice, are in mourning for the Infante's father Don Antonio.¹

Immediately after the Royal family walks the Queen's friend and Mistress of the Robes, the Duchess de San Carlos: as one who has served Queen Ena since she was a child of six has put it, "the Duchess has been a mother to Her Majesty ever since the day she arrived in Spain"—a true and beautiful tribute. Then follows, two by two, a long procession of the Queen's *Damas*, all dressed alike in what is known in Court circles as "uniform"; some wear tiaras or other diamond head-dress with their mantillas, and some do not. Everything is silvery-white save for the coloured riband or coloured jewel of an Order and the uniformity has, from an artistic point of view, an incalculable value. They are followed by the Chiefs of the Royal, and the Military, Households; Count de Maceda (the Grand Huntsman), the Count de Casa Valencia, the Duke de Montellano, the Duke de Arión, the Duke de Santa Cristina, the Marquess de Castelar, the Duke of Villahermosa, and General

¹ Duke of Galliera, the husband of the Infanta Eulalia: he was the o.s. of the Infanta Maria Luisa (sister of Isabel II) and the Duke of Montpensier (y.s. of King Louis Philippe); died December 1930.

d' Pio Lopez-Pozar, chief of the King's Military Household.

The procession vanishes into the Chapel; the crowd, breaking into movement and speech, composes itself to wait patiently for its return.

VI

THE Blessing of the Palms inside the Chapel Royal is an extraordinarily lovely ceremony. The palms, each one over ten feet high, all come from the palm forests of Elche¹ on the Mediterranean. While still green they are cut and tied up to the trees so that the sun may bleach them to a soft and shimmering gold. The Papal Nuncio, who is officiating, having blessed all the palms which lie like a golden forest in front of the altar, the King leaves the throne, goes to the altar and kneeling down on a red velvet cushion receives his palm from the Nuncio, kisses it, then kisses the Nuncio's ring, and returns to his place beside the Queen. The Queen does likewise: then all the Infantes and Infantas do likewise. Going to and returning from the altar, the ladies have each to make a full curtsy both to the King and to the Queen. The tall palms are very top-heavy and, while this is being done, wave—not to say wobble—towards the Sovereigns. It is a difficult moment, especially for those who, like Princess Pilar, do not take part in the ceremony every year; her long court train, her mantilla, and a tiara borrowed from her aunt Isabel, do not help

¹ The famous bust known as the *Lady of Elche* in the Archæological museum in Madrid, as inscrutable as the Sphinx, and as alluring as the Mona Lisa, was discovered in this most ancient city.

matters. As she curtsies to the King her knees (or so she afterwards declares) crack, her palm, by a blessed miracle, just escapes putting the King's eyes out, and both smile broadly. . . . Why not? Only Catholics seem to be thoroughly at home in their Father's House.

Meanwhile, as the Divine Office proceeds the scene is one of ever-changing wonder and beauty. During part of the Office the palms are held erect; at a prescribed moment they are all simultaneously cast down on the ground with a great swish like distant music; the movement is quickly repeated and has the effect of soft wind in a far-away forest. At another time the palms lie for a time on the floor strewn on the crimson carpet like unto swathes of molten gold. . . . Does One come riding on an ass into the midst of this Royal ceremonial whose inner radiance makes all earthly splendour dim . . . are there shouts of heavenly Hosannas . . .

So the ceremony continues until the Chapel is no longer a house made by men's hands but a place of golden wonder where God abides in light eternal and beauty imperishable . . . *being about to overcome the sharpness of death and open the Kingdom of Heaven to all believers.* . . .

VII

AGAIN the Halberdiers are at their posts and called to attention and, as Shakespeare would say, music sounds. Slowly from out the Chapel the procession emerges two and two, each person carrying their tall, golden-green palm: whether seen advancing, passing or receding the effect is magical. The men use their palms as tall walking-sticks and as they

move in step with the music an extraordinary rhythm is obtained. The silver white stone walls and arches of the Gallery ; the packed lines of black-clad spectators on each side, the statuesque Halberdiers, some ten feet apart, acting as jewelled links in a living ebony frieze ; the slowly-moving, robed and uniformed personages in the Procession, the tips of their golden palms turned to gleaming silver by the top lights from the shaded windows.

This time the Procession, enriched by Bishops and high dignitaries of the Catholic Church, walks right round the Gallery, a distance of several hundred yards. The King and Queen walk alone. The Papal Nuncio is at the head of the clergy, and is followed by the Patriarca de las Indias, a title dating from the great days when Spain founded the New World : the tall distinguished-looking Prelate wearing a mitre, his cope held by two attendants, is the Bishop of Sion, Chaplain-General to the Forces ; the Canons of the Chapel Royal, with white ermine capes, trail long crimson robes over the thick carpet ; many of the Church dignitaries wear the Stars or Crosses of the famous Orders—such as Montesa, Calatrava, or the Holy Sepulchre.

The Procession, like some unique pageant from an ancient missal, again passes out of the sun-drenched Gallery into the hushed light of the Chapel ; the music fades away ; the doors are closed.

The crowd in the Gallery begins to disintegrate. The Halberdiers, hot in their fine uniforms, remove their hats and push their way into their great stone guard-room to rest and smoke until they must again be on duty an hour hence when the Procession finally leaves the Chapel and returns to the Royal

apartments. Many spectators will wait in the Gallery to watch it return ; others, having seen it in previous years, hurry out to join their friends and relations amongst the watching crowd in the Plaza de Oriente.

The drummer boy, now bareheaded and without his drum, but accompanied by his comrade who plays a fife, shepherds his perspiring mother and her brood into a cool corner where they take their ease on the wide stone ledge of an open window through which they gaze curiously into one of the Royal ante-rooms. Just inside the doorway, at the head of the grand staircase, the Halberdiers have carelessly piled their halberds, and the little brothers and sisters of the drummer boy amuse themselves by playing with them. The American lady seats herself firmly on her purloined chair ; the only one to be seen anywhere in that part of the Palace, one idly wonders how or where she secured it. Perhaps, by some extraordinary gift of foresight peculiar to her remarkable and enterprising nation, she envisaged the necessities of this very emergency and brought it with her the whole long way from Detroit, Mich., Seattle, Wash., or Milwaukee, Wis.

As for the English maiden lady, as the Queen passed, carrying her newly-blessed palm as if it were a heavenly sceptre, she almost collapsed into tears of satisfied ecstasy. Nevertheless, she leans grimly against the Gallery wall determined to wait all day if necessary in order to see " Princess Ena " for the third time. As the daughter of a Protestant clergyman of strictly evangelical views, she is not quite sure that she is not endangering her faith by spending so much time in close proximity to a Catholic church. Yet, after the manner of the

English, she easily succeeds in putting patriotism before religion, convinced that it is her bounden duty to enlighten the ladies of Cheltenham about the inmost secrets of the Court of Spain. For all she knew, a Palm Sunday service might, in a Catholic country, last all day : even so, she will remain to the end. At all costs Cheltenham must be exhaustively told all about the faultless manner in which " Princess Ena " carries out her ceremonial duties as Queen of Spain.

VIII

OF all the Easter ceremonies of the Spanish Court, the Lavatorio, or washing of the feet on Holy Thursday, is by far the most pregnant and moving. As practised to-day it dates from 1242 during the reign of Ferdinand the Saint. Its real foundation, of course, took place on the evening of that day when, tired after a long journey, the twelve friends sat wearily in an upper room, and One of them who, being their King was also their servant, having girded Himself with a towel, took water and washed their dusty way-worn feet, and the refreshment of that simple act comes to us renewed throughout the centuries. Once every ten years, thousands of pilgrims journey from all over the earth to see this act represented by the Oberammergau peasants amongst the Bavarian mountains ; but here, in Spain, it is to be seen once every year, and the beautiful action is performed on their knees by the King and by the Queen of Spain.

In the reign of Isabel II, she of course washed the feet of the women, and her Consort, King Francisco, those of the men : in that of Alfonso XII

it was once carried out by him with the girl Mercedes by his side : Maria Cristina, as Queen Consort, took part in the ceremonial six times ; during the Regency she carried it out alone, and no men took part : directly he came of age Don Alfonso XIII undertook this ancient privilege, but only men took part until his marriage four years later.

The ceremony is held in the magnificent stone Chamber known as the Hall of Columns which is specially fitted up for the occasion. It is preceded by a Capilla Publica ; when this is over the Court officials, Grandees and the Royal family walk in procession from the Chapel Royal to the Hall of Columns. The crowd lining the Gallery is even greater than on Palm Sunday. Having seen the Procession enter the Chapel Royal, privileged visitors hurry off to take a reserved seat in the Hall of Columns and watch with intense interest all that happens there. In the bay opposite the main entrance is a temporary altar behind which hangs a sombre tapestry on which is gloriously portrayed The Last Supper to which the first washing of the feet was the prelude. On either side of the altar there is a long empty circular baize-covered seat with a foot-stool raised some distance from the ground ; on the left and right of the hall, but farther away from the altar, are long tables also raised from the ground ; they are covered with a white cloth and on each are twelve large blue and white pitchers and twelve large platters of bread. On each side of the altar on tables are a small gold basin and jug and near them a very large silver basin. Down one side of the Hall three tribunes have been erected, the centre one for the Royal family, on its right, one for the *Corps Diplomatique*,

and on its left one for the Prime Minister, Cabinet Ministers and others. Opposite is the space reserved for the general public which is filled with the same democratic mixture of people as attend a *Capilla Publica*. The whole centre of the great Hall is entirely clear and is covered with a magnificent carpet made in the famous Royal tapestry works in Madrid.

Presently gorgeous Royal footmen appear and lead in one by one twelve old men and twelve old women, placing them with great care on the baize-covered curved seats on each side of the altar : care is essential because many of them are blind. The women, all in dead black, wear black mantillas ; the men wear the long dark Spanish *capa* or cloak and carry old-fashioned looking silk hats. Both women and men have stout shoes and what looks like grey woollen stockings or socks.

Now enters the Duke of Vistahermosa, Marshal of the Diplomatic Corps, and his Staff. The Duke takes up a position at the main entrance and, one by one, welcomes the foreign Ambassadors, their ladies and their staffs. The ladies are, of course, beautifully dressed, some in white and some in colours because, on Maundy Thursday, colour is permissible, but all wear the becoming white mantilla. In the crowd, as in all crowds, there is someone who knows everything and insists on " naming " the various important personages as they appear. That is the Apostolic Nuncio, Monsignor Federico Tedeschini, who rejoices in the great title of Archbishop of Lepanto ; Count de Welczeck, urbane and dignified, represents Germany in the magnificent Embassy in the Paseo de la Castellana ; that very tall, distinguished figure is Sir George

Grahame, unbelievably young-looking to be the British Ambassador Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary, yet he was Ambassador in Brussels before he came to Madrid. The smiling, genial-looking figure in plain black evening dress is Mr. Irwing B. Laughlin, the United States Ambassador. One does not wish that he should, like one of his colleagues in a European capital, invent a fancy uniform for himself, but the thought imposes itself that, failing the provision of a suitable official one he might be given, as is sometimes done in England, an Honorary Colonelcy in a famous United States Regiment and thus be saved from being so conspicuous : an American diplomat wearing the fine, dignified uniform of a Colonel of Marines would put any European diplomatic dress into the shade. But the Diplomatic box is now crowded. France, Chile, Argentina, Cuba, Belgium, Portugal, send Ambassadors to Spain ; Austria, Mexico, Japan, Brazil, Turkey and all the other countries content themselves with Ministers, but, collectively they make an exceedingly brave show. The Government tribune on the left of the Royal box is now almost full. There is the Prime Minister, Admiral Aznar ; the Marquess de Hoyos, Minister of the Interior and Mayor of Madrid ; the Liberal leader, Count de Romanones, three times Premier and now in charge of Foreign Affairs ; the Marquess de Alhucemas, four times Liberal Premier, now Minister of Justice ; the Duke de Maura, Minister of Labour, eldest son of a distinguished father and firm friend of the Monarchy ; Don Juan Ventosa, the brilliant Catalan leader, Finance ; the distinguished Don Juan de La Cierva, Public Works ; the Conservative leader, Count de Bugallal, Economy ;

Señor Gaston y Marin, Education ; Admiral Rivera, Minister of Marine, and General Berenguer, happier as Minister of War than he ever was as Premier. Surely, it would seem, a "Ministry of all the talents" ?

Except for the empty Royal box and the centre of the floor, every corner of the Hall of Columns is now occupied. The candles on the altar have been lit ; the twenty-four old people in black sit motionless ; there is a faint stir ; everyone stands up and the Royal family enter. Bowing, or curtsying, first to the right to the Diplomats, then to the Government tribune, one by one they take their places. As it happens it is a Bavarian day. The Infanta Paz sits in the centre, in cloth of silver with a peach-coloured train, a diadem and white lace mantilla, she wears across her breast the violet riband of the Order of Alfonso XII which she has been given by her nephew in recognition of her educational and social work for Spaniards resident in Bavaria. Next her is her eldest son, the Infante Fernando, his wife the Infanta Luisa, and his sister Princess Pilar, who also wears a diadem, white mantilla, several Orders, including the riband of Maria Luisa, and a long shimmering train. On the left of the Infanta Paz are her three grandchildren, Doña Mercedes, Don José and Don Luis, the children of the Infante Fernando ; next to them sit two of the King's children, Doña Beatrice and Don Juan who, in his simple naval cadet's uniform, rubs shoulders with Admiral Aznar's magnificence in the adjoining box.

Court officials now appear in the doorway and there group themselves. The Grandees of Spain file in and take up positions in line, gentlemen on the left, ladies on the right, forming a long avenue

from the entrance to the altar. Clergy arrive, ushering in the mitred Bishop of Sion, who takes up a central position on the altar steps. Last of all come the King and Queen. At this moment the spectacle is magnificent. The greatest ladies of Spain in full Court dress with long trains, diadems, Orders ; opposite them the Grandees in every sort of uniform and every sort and kind of Order and riband, some old, all distinguished, all bearing great names and titles, many of whom have rendered signal service to the state. The Gospel for the day is recited in Latin :

Now before the feast of the passover, when Jesus knew that his hour was come that he should depart out of this world unto the Father, having loved his own which were in the world, he loved them unto the end. . . .

He riseth from supper, and laid aside his garments ; and took a towel, and girded himself.

After that he poureth water into a bason, and began to wash the disciples' feet, and to wipe them with the towel wherewith he was girded . . .

So after he had washed their feet, and had taken his garments, and was set down again, he said unto them, Know ye what I have done to you ?

Ye call me Master and Lord : and ye say well ; for so I am.

If I then, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet ; ye also ought to wash one another's feet.

For I have given you an example, that ye should do as I have done to you.

Verily, verily, I say unto you, The servant is not greater than his lord ; neither he that is sent greater than he that sent him.

If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them.

The assembly is then blessed, the King and Queen are sprinkled with holy water, and, turning from the altar, face the assembly. The King, who is immediately attended by the Duke of Miranda, his Lord Great Chamberlain, hands his *Leopoldina*

to an Equerry, and removing his white gloves and his sword, hands them to another. The Duchess de San Carlos, the Duke of Miranda's mother, is in immediate attendance on the Queen. Her Majesty hands her bag and gloves to one of her *Damas* and, at the same moment, she and the King are girded in long white towels, handed by the clergy on golden trays to their attendants for the purpose. Meanwhile, a Grandee of Spain has knelt in front of each old man and begun to remove his shoe and sock; a Duchess, Marchioness or Countess, Grandee of Spain, all *Damas de Su Majestad la Reina*, are on their knees performing a similar service for the twelve old women. Officials bring the gold basins and ewers from the tables beside the altar; the King, now girded in white over his uniform and holding a white napkin, kneels down on both knees in front of the old man nearest the altar; the old man holds his foot over the large silver basin on the ground; the Bishop pours over it a little water; the King dries it carefully and then, bending right down, kisses it. Slithering along on both knees he performs this ceremony for each of the twelve, sometimes his lips touch an instep, sometimes a big toe crippled from disease or unsightly from toil and old age. As the King passes, the Grandee appointed to wait on each poor man kneels down and replaces the sock and shoe. The ceremony is profoundly significant, unbelievably poignant: it is Spain. In no other country could it take on such a living value and meaning. In Spain, poverty is not ignoble; if the passer-by cannot spare a beggar a coin a courteous apology must be offered instead: old age is not derided, nor does anyone consider that organized State

charity, however widespread and efficient, can excuse men and women from the privilege of personal service to the unfortunate and weak. Above all, worldly failure is not a crime, because every true Spaniard knows that worldly success, eminence, great wealth have like all other things in life to be bought, and that too often they are only attained by self-seeking, by selfishness, by arrogance of mind and hardness of heart. . . .

While the King washes the feet of the old men, the Queen in like manner washes those of the old women. She takes longer because before each one she must kneel and rise again, her long dress making the King's more expeditious method impossible. Her Consort, having finished, stands waiting for her in the centre of the room before the altar ; presently she comes, a Chamberlain carrying her long sky-blue mantle lined with gold tissue and bordered with sable. The gold basins are brought, the Sovereigns wash their hands, the Queen assisted by the Duchess de San Carlos, the King by the Duke de Miranda. Meanwhile, each *Dama* and each *Grande*, ceremoniously conduct their individual charge to a seat at the long table already prepared : the King goes to that of the men, the Queen to that of the women. Chamberlains hand the Sovereigns each dish and it is placed by them individually and consecutively before each guest. Then, returning to the far end of the table, the King removes each plate and gives it to the Chamberlain ; it is thus passed from hand to hand out of the room : in this manner the eight or nine courses are quickly served. The first is a Spanish omelette which, containing onions and potatoes, is both toothsome and substantial ; next follow two or three fish courses (it

being Lent); after that a whole round Dutch cheese. A Grandee who happens to be brilliant at clay pigeon-shooting, taking one of the plates from the King, let both plate and cheese fall to the ground and they rolled inside the balustrade which divided the Royal and privileged spectators from the rest of the room. In Spanish the clay pigeons are called *platos* and a crack shot not only breaks them but makes them fall inside the ring. In the Royal box just above, Don Alfonso is overheard saying: "Must you always break the *platos*?"

The Grandee, just as quick, retorted: "It's all right, Sir—it fell *inside* the ring!"

A small barrel of olives, quantities of preserved plums, peaches, and then what looks suspiciously like a rice pudding, are served in turn. It is difficult to see exactly what the Queen is doing because her *Damas* screen her from view, but by now the King, full of zest, is thoroughly enjoying himself. He tastes the preserved plums, pronounces them excellent and insists on one of the old men and the United States Ambassador also tasting them and endorsing his opinion. Last of all the jorums, each containing two litres of wine, and the platters of bread are removed; then the drinking glasses and salt cellars—because all the food, the full service of plates, the jorums, salt-cellars and so on, are the perquisites of the old people and are taken home to be preserved as priceless souvenirs, while the food will keep their families for at least a week. Last of all, with a great sweep of his arm the King clears the long white cloth from the table and bundles it into the arms of a Chamberlain. His task is finished efficiently and smilingly—as are most of the jobs Don Alfonso undertakes in life.

In his own inimitable way he has made everyone in the great Hall feel, not only at home but a personal participant in each part of the unique ceremony. He is to perfection the King of the Spains acting as the representative of all his peoples—acting, indeed, as the representative of all the Catholics in the world—setting before them once a year in this age-old picturesque ceremonial, the high ideal of personal humility and personal service : yet, the man is never submerged in the Sovereign, and Alfonso of Bourbon and Hapsburg who knows so well how to employ the magic touch that humanizes all life's duties and relationships, in his own inimitable way, fills the whole assembly with a warm encompassing humanity.

Then, having again washed his hands, he returns to the front of the altar, resumes his sword, takes his gloves and helmet and there awaits the Queen.

Presently, side by side they stand as they have done in storm and sunshine these five and twenty years.

The magnificent Procession reforms and passes out, the Sovereigns last. As they leave the Hall of Columns, the King bows and the Queen makes a sweeping Court curtsy in turn to the Government tribune, to the Royal box and to the Diplomatic tribune. The Royal party then leave their places, each one similarly bowing and curtsying right and left ; they are followed by the Diplomats, the Cabinet Ministers and the general company. . . . The Lavatorio is over.

Twenty-four old people have for once in their lives occupied the foremost place in one of the most ancient and most inspired royal ceremonies left in the modern world ; a very modern King, in a very

ancient yet very modern Spain, has emulated that other thorn-crowned King who initiated this very ceremonial more than two thousand years ago : is it mere imagination that something of the fragrance and kingly brotherliness of that first washing of the feet has survived in undiminished potency and beauty to this very day !

IX

THE Good Friday Capilla Publica is chiefly remarkable for the length of the service, the fact that it begins at nine instead of eleven o'clock, that the Queen and ladies of the Court wear no jewels, all dresses and mantillas being black. The black-clad spectators, and the Court ladies, make a dramatic contrast to the uniforms of the men, the Halberdiers, and the glorious blue sky and spring sunshine without. As one of her ladies expressed it, whatever colour Queen Ena wears you immediately decide that it is the one most perfectly designed to suit her ; Laszló has twice chosen to paint the Queen in black and the effect is unusually striking and distinguished : on Good Friday, in black, she looks wonderful. The interior of the Chapel Royal is draped entirely with black ; so sombre is the atmosphere that the hundreds of candles on, around and above the altar seem to shed only a dim light. Since the Office of Holy Thursday, the day before, the Blessed Sacrament has lain exposed on the High Altar, and, as it has no canopy, neither have the Sovereigns, the one over the thrones having been removed. The Royal Procession enters silently and each one takes their appointed place. In presence of the uncovered Sacrament no one curtsies to the

King. The Divine Office begins to the accompaniment of mournful music, all the instruments—which include three glorious Stradivari—being muffled. The Priests go two by two, or, according to their rank, one by one, to the west of the Chapel and then, making three genuflexions on the way, advance to the High Altar. Lying on the bottom step is the *Lignum Crucis*, a piece of the true Cross surrounded by marvellous emeralds and other precious stones, the gift of Isabel II: this they kneel and kiss. The clergy having all performed the act of veneration, then comes the Duke de Miranda to the King and tells him that he is next. Slowly and with the utmost dignity, Don Alfonso proceeds to the west door, turns, faces the High Altar, kneels, rises and advances, kneels again, rises, and having now reached the High Altar kneels for the third time and kisses the Cross. Still kneeling, the Bishop presents to him a golden tray on which rest a number of white envelopes loosely tied with a black ribbon. Each one contains the name of a man whom human justice has condemned to death. Formerly the Sovereign selected one envelope haphazard and the man whose name was inside was reprieved. When the young Queen Isabel II was required to do this her great charitable heart would not allow her to make a choice, so, spreading her two hands wide, she covered them all—thus establishing a precedent never since broken. Now every condemned person in Spain knows he will be forgiven on Good Friday. As the King covers the envelopes with his hands he unties the black ribbon and casts it away saying:

“*Que Dios me pardone como yo les perdono*”
(May God forgive me as I forgive them): the old

formula used by his ancestors was : “ *Yo les perdono para que Dios me perdone* ” (I forgive them so that God may forgive me). Don Alfonso, who dislikes half-heartedness and compromise, or anything savouring of a bargain with the Almighty, changed the wording when he came of age. The King then deposits on a salver a sum of money in gold which is his Easter offering to the Church.

Then, the King having returned to his uncanopied seat, the Marquess de Bendaña, the Queen's Lord Chamberlain, leads Her Majesty to the west doorway and, except for the Act of Forgiveness, she goes through exactly the same ceremonial. Then follow, one by one, all the Princes and Princesses of the Blood : Don Jaime, Don Juan, Doña Beatrice, Doña Maria Cristina, Don Luis, Don José, Doña Paz, who is followed by her son, Don Fernando, and he by his wife, Doña Luisa, then Doña Pilar. Next come the Grantees, two by two, the *Damas* two by two, and so throughout until the whole congregation has knelt and kissed the Cross. Candles are then handed to everyone, and their soft brilliance shatters to some extent the dimness. The Blessed Sacrament is taken by the clergy from the High Altar ; the entire congregation (except the Halberdiers) go in procession round the Church : one by one the candles are handed back to the Servers ; the Chapel again grows dim : the Office ends.

The great doors in the south side of the Chapel opening into the Gallery are thrown wide by royal footmen ; the brilliant sunshine floods the dim interior ; the Halberdiers' band waiting outside begins the Royal March and through the patient waiting crowd the Procession passes along the Gallery to the Royal apartments. . . .

The old phrase, *Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those that trespass against us*, unfolds for some of those who worshipped on that day, a fuller meaning than it ever held before. . . .

X

AFTER the Good Friday Capilla it is necessary to hasten off to the Iglesia de la Concepcion Real de Calatrava to attend the service of the Knights of the four Military Orders of Calatrava, Santiago, Alcantara and Montesa. Armed with a special order from the Marquess de Acha, privileged visitors get to their places just in time to see the Infante Don Jaime arrive hurriedly from the Capilla Publica. His father has recently invested him with the dignity of Comendador Mayor de Castile, or Grand Commander, an office second only to that of the Sovereign of the Order and vacant since the death of his grandfather, King Francisco, its last occupant. In the becoming white tunic of the Knights of the Order, the tall young Prince marches quickly into the vestry to put on the voluminous white robe of the Order with its great crimson embroidered Cross on the left breast and its headdress, which is like that of the Garter except that both the cap and ostrich plumes are white. For the first time as Comendador Mayor the Prince is formally to receive his father, the Hereditary Grand Master of the four Military Orders, and his boyish eagerness and fear of being late are charming to see. The Orders of Alcantara, Santiago and Calatrava were all founded about the middle of the twelfth century; Montesa, comparatively modern, dates from the early years of the

fourteenth century. Each of the Orders has a glorious history and was, generally speaking, founded to defend the Christian religion, help to expel the Moors and other infidels from Spain, protect pilgrims and the poor ; all four Orders were pledged to both religious and military vows, and members were required to show all valour, chivalry and knightly virtue. In return for these services the Orders were at various times granted all sorts of privileges and honours by Popes and Kings. After the abdication of Isabel II the Orders fell into neglect, but, like almost everything else in Spain, have been revived and reinvigorated by Don Alfonso XIII.

Don Jaime, now fully robed, and followed by the other Officers of the Order, hastens to the door ; there is a warm cheer from the huge crowd waiting outside in the wide, modern Calle de Alcalá : the King has arrived. Wearing military uniform, he is a striking contrast to the white-robed Knights surrounding him. Pausing a moment inside the doorway he smiles at the two nuns seated with a collecting-plate at a small table and stuffs some notes into their hand—a little duty strangely neglected by many in that large congregation ! Presently the Knights emerge from the ante-chapel two and two, and line the centre aisle from east to west. The Comendador Mayor and the Secretario del Capitulo de Calatrava immediately precede the Sovereign, who walks last and alone. The robes of all the Knights are exactly the same except that the Calatrava cross is red, the Alcantara green, and the Montesa black and red. The Santiago is considered to be the most important of the Orders ; its cross, also red, is three-pointed like a sword ;



THE KING IN HIS ROBES AS GRAND MASTER OF THE FOUR
MILITARY ORDERS OF CALATRAVA, SANTIAGO, ALCANTARA AND
MONTESA

The last portrait taken in Madrid, December 1930.

all the other crosses have four equal points. The King, as Grand Master, wears a combination of all four crosses embroidered on his breast and carries the white Santiago *birete* with its crimson tassel. He takes his seat in a reserved place by the altar rails. The Calatrava Church, which dates from the early seventeenth century, although large, is not nearly spacious enough for the ceremony. Knightly robes require much room and one day when the new Cathedral of Santa Maria de la Almudena is sufficiently finished, perhaps the ceremonial will take place there ; if so, its splendid proportions will indeed give ample space for the most elaborate ceremonial.

However, the Divine Office begins ; hundreds of candles in crystal candelabra on and around the High Altar cast a warm, soft light ; there is not much music, but what there is, is good ; at one moment the double line of Knights completely prostrate themselves, making a white pathway from West of the Church to the High Altar. So the Office proceeds. The entire nave, both sides, is reserved for ladies in black dresses and mantillas. The church is hung with red tapestries and decorated with the banners of the Orders. Each of the Knights, two and two, their long trains first arranged by pages, proceed to the altar, salute the Sovereign and return to their places : towards the end they all go in procession to the ante-chapel and return carrying a long lighted candle : one is afraid of a flame catching a feather plume or of grease spots on spotless mantles—but nothing happens.

Presently there is the final procession into the ante-chapel ; the King disrobes and is escorted to the door by the Comendador Mayor, the Officers,

the senior Knights and all the clergy. Amongst the Knights are the Duke de Alba, Prince Pio de Saboya—almost as tall as Don Jaime—the Duke de Béjar, Count de Peñaranda (de Bracamonte), the Duke de T'Serclaes, the Marquess del Vasto and the Marquess de Someruelos and many more. The King, forgetful of nothing, on his way out has a charming bow and smile for the two nuns sitting so patiently by the door. There is another hearty cheer as the King enters his waiting car. Don Jaime and the Knights return and disrobe and, a few minutes later, as the King's second son follows his father to the Palace, he too is greeted with warm cheers.

XI

EASTER is over. On the eve of Low Sunday¹ the King formally received the new Italian Ambassador, Count Durini di Monza, who presented his credentials from King Victor Emmanuel. In every country Ambassadors are accorded all due ceremony but in no other is so much splendour observed as in Spain. Italy has easily the most interesting and splendid Embassy in Madrid. The German Embassy is perhaps the largest but is quite modern; the British Ambassador occupies a new house of some dignity but rather huddled up in a side street; the United States Ambassador is housed in a commodious modern abode; but the Italian Ambassador lives like a Prince in the old Palace of the Dukes of Abrantes in the Calle Mayor, a stone's throw from the main entrance to the Royal Palace.

The hour fixed for the reception is noon.

¹ Saturday, April 11, 1931.

Twenty minutes before that time four gala carriages with bewigged and resplendent coachmen, outriders, standing footmen and running grooms leave the Royal stables adjoining the north side of the Palace. The first is the famous *el coche de Concha*—the coach of tortoiseshell, so-called because it is made of that beautiful material exquisitely engraved and gilded in bold formal patterns. It is drawn by eight horses, wearing magnificent red and gold harness and tossing in the sunlight on their heads high straight plumes of red and yellow; eight horses are only accorded to a King, and an Ambassador is received exactly as if he were his Sovereign in person. He has also a Sovereign's escort of the Escolta Real in full dress. The second carriage, almost equally beautiful, is *el coche de Vernis Martin*—the painted coach—which is French, Louis XVI; it and the other two have only six horses as they are for the Ambassador's staff. In the tortoiseshell coach is the Duke of Vistahermosa and his Deputy, Señor Don José de Landecho, who have been sent by their Sovereign to fetch the Ambassador; on the way back to the Palace only the Ambassador and the Duke are in the coach. When he arrives in the Plaza de Armas, followed by his suite, the Ambassador is received with full military honours and the Italian National Anthem. On each side of the coach rides one of King Alfonso's own Equerries. The fairy coach—the whole scene is like fairy-land—deposits the Ambassador at the foot of the Grand staircase. The quotation is overworn but it is impossible not to remember Napoleon's well-known remark as, for the only time in his life, he climbed these steps; "King" Joseph is beside him and the master of

all the lordly Royal palaces of France remarks : " Why, brother, you will be better lodged than I." Poor Joseph's tenancy was as uneasy and brief as his abode was splendid. Does the Ambassador remember that another Italian, Amadeus of Savoy, for two brief years also uneasily climbed those splendid stairs !

The Procession now begins to ascend slowly. The Italian and Spanish Royal marches are played in turn by the full band of the Halberdiers stationed on the steps of one of the upper wings of the vast stone staircase ; the other wing and the centre flight of steps are lined on each side with Halberdiers at attention and between them ascends the Ambassador and his suite.

Meanwhile, unseen by those assembled at the head of the staircase to witness the Ambassador's arrival, the Royal procession has left the *Camara* or audience chamber and entered the Throne Room in the following order ; the Mayordomos de Semana, or Lords-in-Waiting on duty, the Grandees on duty, the Lord Chamberlain, the King, the Palace officials, the members of the Cabinet, the King's Military Household, and the Officers commanding the Halberdiers and the Escolta Real. The King mounts the steps of the Throne and remains standing ; on his right the Grandees and Cabinet Ministers group themselves, on his left the Lord Chamberlain, Lords-in-Waiting and the officers of the Military Household. The Commandants of the Halberdiers and Escolta Real take their places behind the Throne. The Duke de Vistahermosa enters and announces the Ambassador by his full style and titles ; the King bows his willingness to receive him ; the Ambassador then

enters and, followed by his staff, takes up a position in the centre of the Throne Room immediately before the King. Bowing formally he advances and hands his Credentials to the King who, after glancing at the signature of the Italian Monarch, passes them on to the Prime Minister. The Ambassador then reads aloud his speech and the King his reply. Then the King descends from the dais and the Ambassador, now fully accredited, presents each member of his suite. The King's procession reforms and, as it leaves the Throne Room, is joined by that of the Ambassador, and all proceed to the *Camara* where the Ambassador and his suite are presented by the King to the Queen.

The Ambassador then leaves the Palace for the Embassy with exactly the same ceremony as when he arrived.

The waiting crowds are clearly enchanted at all this state and ceremony which so vividly symbolizes the past, present and future greatness of the Kingdom of Spain. . . . Having conveyed the Ambassador home, the marvellous carriages, the escort, the Equerries and officials make their way back to the Palace. The idle, watching crowd begins to disperse. The Spanish sun shines brilliantly and, so far as can be seen, not a single cloud foreshadows imminent disaster. . . .

XII

ON Low Sunday, April the 12th, Madrid voted for the Municipal elections.

The working-class parts of the city were alive with bustle and excitement throughout the day, long queues of people, many of them wearing

communist colours, assembling outside every polling booth. In the fashionable streets like the Paseo de la Castellana, the Calle de Alcalá and the Gran Vía, usually crowded on Sunday mornings, comparatively few people were to be seen. Everywhere there was evidence of republican effort and propaganda, hardly any signs of the Monarchist colours, and no evidence whatever of any Monarchist organization or activity. The Government had taken extraordinary precautions to ensure order. In the Calle de San Jerónimo, the Plaza de Canalejas, the Puerta del Sol and surrounding streets the surfaces were well sanded in order that the horses of the Civil Guards, mounted police and cavalry could move without slipping, should their active interference be required. Everything, however, passed off with extraordinary quiet. At about eight o'clock in the evening there was considerable activity, some excitement and a lot of talking in the Republican headquarters in the Calle Zorilla behind the Chamber of Deputies; but by ten o'clock only an official or two and a few stragglers were there—still talking. On Sunday evenings the principal streets of Madrid are usually one long crowded promenade, gay and amusing. On this unlucky Sunday they were strangely deserted, sinister with an unusual silence. Small groups wandered vaguely from point to point trying to read the written official announcements of the results of the poll, but, even in the Alcalá the groups never numbered more than a dozen persons. In the Plaza de Oriente outside a brilliantly illuminated polling booth almost opposite the Royal Palace perhaps twenty persons were trying to decipher the result of the poll in the District de Palacio. To

those behind the scenes it was already quite clear that the Republicans were victorious, but the returns from the Provinces had not yet been received, and the general public went to bed on Sunday night quite ignorant of the fact that—all except the shouting—the Revolution was over. The revolutionists, satisfied and astounded, needed time to realize the completeness of their victory and to organize the inevitable celebrations.

The King and Royal family spent a quiet day. Chapel in the morning was followed by a family luncheon. Directly after, the Queen and the Infantas Beatrice and Maria Cristina went to see the Infanta Isabel on their way to be present at a Charity Matinée. While they were doing this Don Alfonso went for a quiet drive in the Casa de Campo; afterwards he received various members of the Ministry. The whole Royal family met at tea, and there was the customary Sunday family dinner party in the evening—the last.

XIII

THE publication of the full returns from all over Spain and the proclamation of the candidates was announced to take place on Thursday; meanwhile, events began to move with unbelievable rapidity. An astonishing thing was the apparent inadequacy of the Government's intelligence service. A few weeks before the King had publicly complained of being kept in ignorance of the true trend of events, and there is no doubt that throughout his reign he had to depend on his own extraordinary *flair* for public feeling far more than on the knowledge and foresight of those who served him. So little

did the Government seem to understand the dangerous possibilities of the situation that the first Cabinet Council to consider the results of the elections had been fixed for the Tuesday evening at six o'clock, and had to be advanced by twenty-four hours when the results of the poll in Madrid and the large provincial cities became known!

Even so, it was held twenty-four hours too late

The Republicans and Señor Alcalá Zamora wasted no time: he immediately issued a manifesto to the nation claiming a moral victory and, some inevitable Spanish rhetoric apart, more or less accurately outlining the situation. But even he hardly went so far as the Prime Minister, Admiral Aznar, who, on the Monday evening, himself, in effect, publicly admitted the birth of a Republic! Like his predecessors General Primo and General Berenguer he had not learned that in politics "to announce one's death is to die"!

An odd thing, and one that will have far-reaching consequences in the future, is that the Republic was accepted by all, even the Monarchists, and proclaimed on grounds that were both technically illegal and morally inequitable. It was proclaimed on a minority vote,¹ solely urban; the returns from the rural districts were not even waited for: indeed the rural vote was treated as entirely negligible. It was an interesting illustration of the fundamental and unbridgeable enmity between the

¹ It is significant that no figures concerning the Municipal Elections of April, or the General Election in July, have yet been issued! A correct analysis of the situation is therefore impossible—but throughout the country as a whole the Monarchists secured an undoubted majority! Some even declare that as much as eighty per cent. of the population is Monarchist.

town and country dweller which, in Spain, is one of the main driving forces behind Separatism. The outcome of this age-old, ineradicable enmity will determine the future of our present civilization. Cain, who was a tiller of the soil, hated and killed Abel the merchant who bred and sold sheep—and that feud has gone on to this day.

Meanwhile *mañana* appears to have been the Government's watchword—the Spaniard's equivalent for the late Lord Oxford's famous "Wait and see." After a prolonged, hastily summoned Cabinet Council on Monday evening the members separated without making any official announcement and all that the Prime Minister could be induced to say was that "to-morrow we shall submit our decisions to the King." To-morrow—always to-morrow! Count de Romanones, however, strongly denied rumours of the King's abdication.

But why were another twelve hours wasted?

All day on Monday Madrid was again ominously quiet; throughout Monday night (the capital only awakens at night) there was as usual a good deal of noise in the centre of the city, but it was impossible to assess its importance, and nothing really significant took place in public.

XIV

ON Tuesday morning the main streets of Madrid appeared normal. By noon groups of children began to march up and down wearing red ribbons and shouting *Viva la Republica*. At first they were regarded as merely a nuisance. As the day wore on the noise and excitement grew; the crowds increased; the processions became larger and more

vociferous, and now included many youths and girls. Even between one and four o'clock, the hot hours, when Spain eats and rests, the noise continued: anything that draws Spaniards away from their midday meal and rest is very serious.

Towards seven o'clock it was very difficult to get from the Carrera de San Jerónimo via the Plaza de Canalejas to the Puerta del Sol. The great square was packed. Like Piccadilly Circus, it has been long outgrown by the city of which it is the centre. Worse still, it is the focus of the Madrid tramway system. A score or so of Madrid's single-decker trams immobilized by the crowd were packed inside and on top with shouting spectators. Movement was almost impossible. Daylight was just fading and the thousands of white faces all turned towards the façade of the Ministerio de la Gobernación or Home Office looked curiously unreal. Although there was some shouting and some gesticulating and flag-wagging there was, as it were, superimposed, a great silence. Waiting. Youths were climbing the Home Office windows and trying to stick on to the heavy bars that completely cover those on the lower story. The great doorway was shut. The central balcony on the second story and most of the windows were filled with what looked like juvenile male and female shorthand typists, mixed with older inferior-grade clerks. The new republican flag, the old glorious red and gold stripes of Aragon, with the addition of a feeble purple stripe, hung limply from the central balcony. The Spanish Heralds could have told those who designed it that, while a purple standard denotes Royalty, the introduction of a purple stripe into the Spanish flag makes of it a

flag of mourning! Two flurried-looking, white-helmeted traffic policemen were caught up by the crowd in the middle of the Sol: otherwise not a single policeman, mounted or on foot, was visible. Throughout the evening not a score of police were to be seen in the whole of Madrid. The crowd was entirely composed of children, girls and youths—hardly a man over twenty-five amongst them! The vast assembly could only have mustered a few score votes! There were cries of *Viva la Republica*, and still they continued gazing towards the Home Office windows waiting for—what?

It took time and patience to get across the square; the Calle de Arenal, leading from the Sol towards the Royal Palace, was lively, but by no means impassable; the Plaza de Isabel II, in the vicinity of the Palace, was full of movement. Between the Plaza and the Plaza de Oriente lies the Calle de Felipe V. It was packed to half its length with people, mostly young men. They formed a cordon three or four deep, refusing to let anyone go down the street and across the Plaza de Oriente to the Palace. However, they were quite courteous and, after some parleying, were firmly overruled: once past them no one else interfered in any way. Under the trees on the north side of the Oriente a group of mounted Civil Guards stood ghostlike and motionless. Their smart grey-green uniform covered with dark cloaks, they might have passed unnoticed had not the sheen of their odd-shaped black patent-leather hats occasionally caught the light from the big street lamps surrounding the centre ring of the Oriente. The end of the Calle de Carlos III, the parallel street to the Calle de Felipe V leading into

the Oriente, was also barricaded but by cavalry in khaki who absolutely declined to let anyone pass. An odd civilian or two and a few policemen were wandering about the Oriente. The mounted sentries in their gay Hussar uniforms were at their posts as usual. The great white east doors of the Palace were closed, and the dismounted Infantry sentries in their red trousers, blue overcoats and *Leopoldinas* were at their usual posts outside the stone sentry boxes on each side of the doorway. In the immediate vicinity of the Palace there was nobody. Taxis, even tramcars, and occasional pedestrians passed, but no one was there loitering or gaping. There were lights in the suite of rooms on the top floor occupied by the Marquess de Torres and the Private Secretariat,¹ otherwise the great building was in utter darkness. What was happening inside?

From one of the seats opposite the private apartments of the King and Queen in the south-east wing a good view of the whole area was obtainable. On the left the junction of the Calle Mayor and the Calle de Bailén was held by a civilian barricade just like the Calle de Felipe V. They seemed to allow taxis and tramcars proceeding north along the Bailén past the Palace to go through, but not individuals on foot. Amongst them was one traffic policeman in white helmet trying to convince himself that he was still important. The crowds were held at the opposite end of the Calle de Bailén where it enters the Plaza de España, and at the Calle de San Quintin near the old Ministry of

¹ Later in the evening the new Government telephoned saying the shutters of these rooms were to be closed and no lights shown anywhere in the Palace.

Marine, apparently by mounted cavalry in khaki. The two big doorways of the Infante Fernando's Palace in the Calle Mayor opposite the new Cathedral were closed ; only the small east door was open, and the old red-faced porter with his long blue livery and gold-peaked cap with a crown in front, was peering out anxiously. As usual at that hour that detached bit of the Mayor containing only a large block of flats, the house of the Duke de Bailén and the Palace of Don Fernando, was quiet and deserted ; the two wooden sentry boxes outside the Infante's house were empty.

Walking eastward from the Palace towards the Puerto del Sol the Calle Mayor was passable for half its length. There were no signs of activity at the headquarters of the Captain-General of Madrid ; the residence of the newly-received Italian Ambassador was closed and shuttered ; almost opposite, from the balcony in the centre of the *Ayuntamiento* or Town Hall, the insignificant-looking Republican flag hung limply over an empty Plaza de la Villa : the statue of Don Alvaro de Bazan, Marquess de Santa Cruz, one of the great sailors of all time, turned his back on it contemptuously. What did he think of it all ? An odd thought obtruded itself : had he lived to command the Armada, England as we know it, might never have been ? A few hours later Don Alvaro's baton was decorated with a red flag. Turning left down a side street the Calle de la Aduna to escape the Sol, growing crowds and increasing excitement were observable everywhere. There were now loud and almost continuous cheers of *Viva la Republica* ; excited processions were organized and marched to and fro singing the *Marseillaise*, waving

red flags, occasionally, the new republican flag and frequently cheap, gaudy pictures of Galán and his fellow rebels, Galán seeming to be the more popular. Such propaganda posters as were to be seen were of the crudest and most vulgar description, obviously designed to appeal to the very lowest passions of the mob. Of the lofty idealism imputed to Señor Alcalá Zamora and his friends and supporters there was no evidence anywhere. A coloured poster of an ugly, masculine-looking figure apparently in a state of dementia and, save for a red cap, almost naked, represented "the Republic."

By ten o'clock there was an infernal din. Taxis, full inside and crowded on top, were everywhere. Tradesmen's vans and lorries packed with people mixed with the marching, yelling crowds. The taxi drivers were either all communists or they wanted to be in with the mob, because practically every one of them flaunted communist colours; a good many had pasted Galán's picture on the backs of their cars. There was no choice between a communist taxi and walking. There was no violence; the crowd was very civil to obvious strangers, once in the Calle Mayor shouting *Vivan los Ingleses*, to which the somewhat mixed and incoherent response was *Viva España—Vive le Roi d'Angleterre*, it seemed to cause surprise rather than resentment.

The crowd, although now more turbulent, was still mostly composed of people under twenty-five. To the majority of them it was all obviously a great lark—a wonderful opportunity for making promiscuous acquaintanceships and letting off steam. To some of the girls it was mainly an excuse for indulgence in exhibitionism; although that aspect of their conduct did not become unpleasantly pro-

nounced until between twenty-four and forty-eight hours later.

The Calle de Alcalá, wide and modern, was comparatively easy to traverse, and the crowded taxis, vans and lorries could race up and down it at excessive speed without undue danger. It was all rather like a boat race crowd in the vicinity of Leicester Square and Piccadilly Circus.

The General Post Office was guarded by less than a troop of Civil Guards, who, however, standing by their horses, had nothing to do. One, when spoken to, said very good-humouredly that they were hungry and should have been relieved long ago. The antics of the crowd he dismissed with a laugh, describing them as only "a manifesto." The huge modern, rather ugly Post Office was almost empty, only the department that despatched foreign telegrams being extremely busy.

Throughout the early evening all attempts to get through to the Palace by telephone were a failure; to journey back there by side streets was, however, easy enough.

Three hours had passed.

XV

THE big space in front of the closed east doorway of the Palace was now packed with an excited crowd; it filled the Calle de Bailén and overflowed into the Oriente: the stone sentry boxes were empty; there were no police or soldiers. A mounted troop of Civil Guards was on duty at the entrance to the Royal stables which adjoin the north end of the Palace. Screaming boys and youths were clinging to the ironwork of the bottom

storey windows or trying to climb the stonework and reach the stone balconies higher up ; one or two had succeeded in getting on to the sloping stone roofs of the sentry boxes and awkwardly affixing the red flag to the stone ball on the top. They obviously felt terribly heroic, determined fellows.

Three hours ago the King was still in the Palace ; now he was on his way to Cartagena by motor, and the Queen and Royal family were alone. But of this the crowd knew nothing.

For some reason the few Civil Guards wheeled their horses—and the crowd scattered like chaff. It appeared truculent, yet apprehensive ; every now and then large sections of it made backward rushes so that it was necessary to shelter behind one of the huge marble statues of the forty-four Visigothic and Spanish Kings surrounding the Oriente in order to avoid being swept away : some of the statues now bore red flags and a red rag had somehow been placed on the beautiful bronze statue of Philip IV, that adorns the centre. A few score of Civil Guards, and Police armed with rubber truncheons, would have cleared the streets of Madrid in an hour, probably without firing a single shot. The soldiers and civilians who had barricaded the Oriente earlier in the evening had disappeared. In the Plaza de Isabel II the bronze statue of the Queen had been pulled down and lay on its face on the ground. On the sides of the stone pedestal the crown and Royal Arms were defaced and “ *Viva Galán* ” chalked up. In front of the great ironwork gateway that admits to the Palace forecourt from the Calle de Bailén a diminutive sentry with fixed bayonet stalked up and down.

The crowd chaffed him and he retorted laughingly—still marching to and fro. Groups of unmounted troops in khaki were to be seen inside the forecourt, which was darker than usual.

To reach the Infante Fernando's house was quite easy, but to get in another matter. Pounding and shouting was useless. At last what looked like a valet or footman came along; he yelled something in Spanish and after some delay the door was opened. Don Fernando came at once and said that he had been at the Palace until a quarter to nine o'clock when the King had left for Cartagena accompanied by the Infante Don Alfonso de Orleans y Bourbon, the Duke de Miranda, and Admiral Don José Rivera y Alvarez Canero, the Minister of Marine. A second car contained a valet and some hastily packed luggage. Except the Infanta Isabel, who was ill, all the Royal family had been in the Palace to say farewell to the King. Don Alfonso had gone to the rooms of the Prince of Asturias to say good-bye to his Heir, and had afterwards said good-bye privately to the Queen, the Infantas Doña Beatrice and Doña Maria Cristina and the Infantes Don Jaime and Don Gonzalo: the Infante Don Juan was not present, having already returned to his naval studies at Cadiz after the Easter vacation.

The Infante Don Fernando had gone to the Palace at six-thirty entering by the Campo de Moro gateway near his home. The King was perfectly calm and collected and said that to prevent bloodshed and civil war he must at once leave Spain. In order to avoid pressure to abdicate, the Queen and Royal family urged the King to go without them and, assured that they were in no

personal danger, he consented. He was reinforced as to the wisdom of his decision by the knowledge that if he gave the Monarchists even twenty-four hours in which to organize, bloodshed would be inevitable. Taken completely by surprise, they were for the time being impotent.

The only moment Don Alfonso's marvellous composure showed signs of wavering was when in passing a portrait of Queen Maria Cristina he raised his hand to the salute; he then said good-bye to the Halberdiers, and to those members of the Royal family and his Household assembled on the west steps of the Incognito entrance leading to the Campo de Moro or Palace gardens. He had calmly drafted that last manifesto in which, as he said afterwards to a friend: "I explained my intense desire to avoid bloodshed and tried to express all my love for our dear Spain." Having bade farewell to his country he gave one last thought to the oldest and frailest member of his family:

"Tell Aunt Isabel not to worry about money or anything; I will take care of her."¹

The lights from the doors and windows gleamed out over the Palace gardens in the soft night. The shouts of the distant crowds could be distinctly heard. Those in the waiting group stood rigid, or busied themselves with trivial things, as people will in moments of great emotional repression.

The two cars purred off into the shaded depths of the Royal gardens, left them by the south gateway, sped across the lovely Toledo bridge over the

¹ The King, like everyone else, knew that his Aunt gave away everything she possessed. An Infanta of Spain for eighty years, she died almost in poverty.

Manzanares and turned left along the road to the sea. . . .

The King had gone.

XVI

THE Queen and her children spent a most unhappy last night in the Royal Palace. Her sister-in-law, Lady Carisbrooke, who had been staying with her for some time, had only a few days before left the Red Cross Hospital where she had undergone a severe operation. The noise outside the Palace never ceased ; those inside had no means of knowing how serious it was ; continuous attempts were made by rowdies to climb up on to the windows and balconies ; sleep, even rest, was out of the question. A friendly telephone inquirer succeeded in getting through to the Palace an hour or so after midnight : the Queen and Royal family were quite calm and well, but the noise, though not alarming, was distracting ; the Queen was deeply grateful for all offers of help, was anxiously waiting to hear of the King's safe arrival in Cartagena, and was endeavouring to rest.

Soon after the King's departure the Palace Commandant withdrew the outside sentries and ordered them to join the troops on duty in the forecourt and elsewhere. Outside a few men were useless and in danger. Nearly all the Court officials and many of the Grandees had managed to get to the Palace to pay their last respects to the King, and many of them remained there all night. At four-thirty in the morning the news came in by telephone that the King had safely reached Cartagena, greatly relieving the anxiety of the

Queen and Royal family. Several accounts of the Queen's last night in the Palace have appeared, all of them inaccurate. One of these chroniclers, who had early in the evening hysterically telephoned to her Ambassador beseeching him for reasons of safety to come and hoist her country's flag over the Palace, was curtly advised to exercise self-control. Before the King left he had received ample assurance from his own supporters and friends, and from the provisional Republican Government, that the Queen and Royal family were perfectly safe, and that their departure next day would be carried out with every convenience and courtesy. Never at any time was there the slightest real danger.

The next morning the Queen and Royal family said good-bye privately to their more intimate friends; they then passed through the Gallery for the last time. There they greeted the Queen's *Damas*, all the Court officials and Royal staff; also the Halberdiers, the officers and men of the Husares de la Princesa, and the Royal squadron of the Escolta Real, who had been on duty all Tuesday night, and remained on duty until after the Queen left the Palace on Wednesday morning.

Before ten o'clock the Queen and her family entered the Royal motor-cars outside the Incognito entrance. There were no attempts at secrecy, and the cars were in the well-known Royal colours and bore the cipher and crown. Passing through the Campo de Moro by the tunnel entrance to the Casa de Campo the little procession of cars traversed the private road through the Royal estate, only entering the main Madrid-Escorial road a few miles from the station—practically the same route as the young Princess Ena followed when, from El

Pardo, she paid her first visit to Madrid and first entered the Palace five and twenty years before. The Royal family, when entering or leaving the Casa de Campo by the Palace gardens, were accustomed to use what is known as the Tunnel entrance ; had the King done so the previous evening he would have been attacked as it was guarded by rowdy communists for most of the night.

It was the Queen's wish to keep her departure as quiet as possible, but, unavoidably, a good many of the friends of the Royal family heard of it and at a spot in the Casa de Campo where a large group of them were waiting, the Queen alighted and, seated on a rock, held an impromptu Court in unforgettable circumstances. The scene was as moving and poignant as any in history.¹ Madrid lay behind in a glorious morning haze and with it a quarter of a century of devoted and unflinching service to the Spanish people, now faithless. The sun caught the white upstanding Palace—a splendid shell without a kernel. In the far distance lay the nobly austere Escorial enshrining centuries of the history of Spain. The Queen's rock, the surroundings, and the whole landscape were such as Velasquez loved to paint, indeed often painted from almost this very spot. The two young Infantas, gracious, tearful, surrounded by their girl friends. Don Jaime—with that queer interior strength and uprightness deaf people seem so often to possess—

¹ Those who hurriedly left all and accompanied their Queen into exile must be recorded with honour. They were the Duchess de San Carlos, the Countess del Puerto, her Mayor-domo Mayor the Marquess de Bendaña, the Marquess de Hoyos, the Duchess de la Victoria, the Duchess de Lécera, and several other members of the Court.

solicitous for his mother, shielding her and sparing her as far as might be, unconsciously deputizing for his absent father and his brother the Prince of Asturias who was unable to leave his motor-car. Young Don Gonzalo, watchful, self-effacing, finely and sensitively unobtrusive, standing close to the Queen.

The moment to move on arrives ; the Queen, apprehensive of being late, yet not wishing to be at Escorial station a moment too soon. The farewells. Then, as she entered her car, the Queen's last charge to one of her *Damas* :

"Take care of my Red Cross."

Queen Victoria Eugenia had held many Courts in the Palace on the horizon, received foreign Sovereigns, been the brilliant central figure in many splendid and sumptuous ceremonials. At not one of them had she been more queenly, more royally self-controlled, more splendidly a woman than on this sun-drenched morning with a rock for her throne, the high blue sky for her canopy and the unfailing love of a few of her truest friends and servants as her only solace and support. . . .

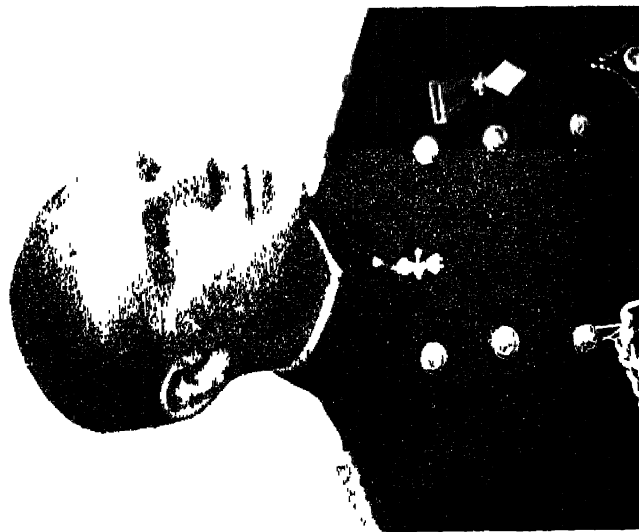
XVII

THE silent procession of four or five cars moves on. It is discovered to be before time, and travels at a funereal pace, infinitely distressing. In due course it turns out of the Royal estate, as if reluctantly leaving the last acre of home, and takes the main road. The Queen and her daughters in the first car are weeping, unnerved by the scenes in the Palace and in the Casa de Campo, and the almost unbearable farewells.

Awaiting the Royal party at Escorial station there



THE INFANTE DON GONZALO



THE INFANTE DON JUAN

were only, at first, a few people, Count and Countess de Romanones, and one or two more. The Queen arrived just before eleven, when the train was almost due, but, unfortunately, it was some forty minutes late leaving Madrid and there was a miserable wait.

The little Royal waiting-room became more and more crowded, people seeming to materialize from nowhere. The Queen and Lady Carisbrooke, side by side on the rather ugly leather-covered sofa, were the only persons seated. The Infantas and Infantes stood all the time. The Queen's ordeal was even greater than in the Casa de Campo. Following the anxiety of a terrible two days and a sleepless night it might well have been unendurable. Yet her courage and self-control never deserted her, and her dignity was incomparable. As, one by one, men and women pushed into the little room and curtsied or, as some did, even knelt to kiss her hand; she fought hard to retain her poise—and won in a running fight.

To an Englishman present who offered her his services she said: "It is too late to do anything now." A little later she said to the same person: "My husband has not abdicated: he has signed nothing."

"Can I take any message to the Infanta Isabel, or telephone to Princess Beatrice for Your Majesty?"

"I have sent the Infanta a little note; this will kill the poor old lady¹; but do give her my love.

¹ It did. Accompanied by the Infanta Beatrice of Orleans y Bourbon, one lady-in-waiting, Doña Margarita Bertrán de Lis y Gurowski, and two nurses, the Infanta left Escorial on Sunday evening, April 19, arrived in Paris on Monday evening and died three days later of exile and a broken heart. Her last joy was that her adored nephew met and welcomed her: the

My mother—yes, if you can. But I don't know her address—she is at Torquay."

The Infanta Maria Cristina, only just recovering from an operation for appendicitis, in a corner with one or two of her girl friends was in tears. The Infanta Beatrice, tearful, but mistress of herself, spoke feelingly of "poor Miss Moran"; then, high breeding and courteous thought for others being second nature, she continued: "And the book about Papa—how is it getting on?"

A Spaniard standing near having collapsed into loud sobs, he was begged, perhaps somewhat sternly, to exercise self-control, when the Infanta Beatrice said:

"He cannot help it; he has been with us for thirty years."

"Yes, Ma'am, I understand; but it's not quite fair to Her Majesty." The Infanta's rebuke, softened by its word of explanation, was an expression of utter unselfishness.

Meanwhile, the Prince of Asturias, who remained in his car to the last moment, was busy saying farewell with his own unusual charm: sending messages to various absent friends; begging the Count de Guevara to bring him some cigarettes from the little refreshment room.

The Queen was anxious about the Duchess de San Carlos, who, by mistake, has joined the train in Madrid; but her Lord Chamberlain, the Marquess de Bendaña assured her that it would be all right.

extraordinary warmth of the reception given to King Alfonso in London next day gave the Infanta profound gratification. At the end she murmured brokenly some prayers of her childhood; her last articulate word was "Spain."

At last the train arrived. The Duke de Zaragoza, hereditary Engine Driver to the Sovereigns, is at his post : he is no ornamental amateur, knows his job, dons his overalls, and takes his turn on the roster like any other driver.

Led by the Marquess de Bendaña, the Queen and her children entered the Royal coach which had been drawn up by the Duke just opposite the waiting-room. Lady Carisbrooke was the last of the Royal family to be helped, almost lifted in, and, with the Prince of Asturias, went straight to her seat, the Queen having thoughtfully said to her some time before : "The moment you get into the train you must put your feet up."

The Queen and her family lingered in the vestibule to catch a last glimpse of their friends. As the man who helped Lady Carisbrooke in to the train turned round he saw a person with a camera clinging on to the top of the motor-car of the Prince of Asturias, preparatory to taking a photograph, and instinctively shouted : "Take that away !" The Queen's friends turned round and, seeing what was happening, twenty Spanish gentlemen echoed immediately :

"Take it away : take it away."

The Queen thereupon said :

"Oh, please don't make an incident now."

"No, Ma'am ; but it is an outrage and must be prevented."

The Duchess de San Carlos, faithful friend of years, joins her Royal mistress. The last farewells are said. A lady in tears, arriving late, pushes her way through the crowd, partly climbs and is partly pushed up the high step of the train to kiss the Queen's hand. . . . The Queen and her children

retire behind the drawn blinds of the Royal saloon. There is an attempt at a cheer, at once instinctively hushed into an almost reverent silence. Wet faces ; sobs ; many a fervent " God bless Your Majesty " ; " God bless the King." . . .

The train steamed slowly out towards Hendaye whence, just short of a quarter of a century ago, it had brought her whom it now bore away. . . .

XVIII

WHILE in Madrid the Queen and Royal family tried to rest if not to sleep, the King and his little party were speeding along the road south-east to Cartagena. The Infante Alfonso de Orleans y Bourbon sat beside the King. His wife, the Infanta Beatrice, had urged him to go saying : " You are a great strong man ; rush home and get your revolvers, go with and guard him ; he may need you." This heroic Princess insisted on remaining behind the Queen in order to take care of the aged and ailing Infanta Isabel. The next day, the sentries gone from her Palace door, she said to a friend : " Let them come if they like ; all they can do is to kill me."

Each occupant of the King's motor-car had left with fate their most precious hostages ; the Infante Alfonso, his wife and youngest son ; the Duke of Miranda ; his wife and family and mother. The King had left everything he possessed—including his whole life work. On an occasion such as this a man's thoughts must remain his own.

As the party passed through Murcia they saw

evidence that the inhabitants had accepted the republic. They safely reached Cartagena, founded by the brother of Hannibal, alive with a fierce romantic history, and went direct to the harbour, the second finest in Spain and her most important naval base. The Captain-General, Admiral the Marquess de Magaz, who had been Vice-President of the Military Directory, and his Staff received the King in the Naval Arsenal. A company of Marines rendered Royal honours, while outside shouts of *Viva la Republica* could be heard. At their own request many naval and military officers and men were present to take leave of their Sovereign.

The King embarked on the cruiser *Principe Alfonso*, and as she left the quayside bared his head and cried :

“ *Viva España.*” . . .

XIX

THE unhappy voyage away from Spain continued. The *Principe Alfonso* was the latest type Spanish cruiser on which some time before the King had journeyed to Italy to be present at the marriage of Princess Anne of France and the Duke of Apulia. Soon after he got on board, and continuously throughout the voyage, Don Alfonso desired to know the news arriving by wireless, but, for some unfathomable reason, this very natural wish was denied ; for the first time in his life he was officially on board a Spanish warship in mufti. The Captain and most of the officers and seamen were personally known to him ; all his life he had been not only their Sovereign, but their brother

officer ; often he had been their shipmate ; always he had been their friend.

What was he now ?

Perhaps the only agreeable incident throughout the voyage was the reception of a wireless message from the British Commander-in-Chief at Gibraltar¹ saying that the King's third son, the Infante Don Juan, had arrived there from the Spanish Naval College at Cadiz, and asking Don Alfonso where he wished the Prince to go. The message concluded with an expression of deep regret for the situation in which the King found himself. As His Majesty afterwards remarked :

“ It was entirely friendly, correct and courteous—in fact entirely British.”

The King did not then know that upon Don Juan arriving in Gibraltar and, characteristically, going to an hotel, the Commander-in-Chief had at once sent his official motor-car and a Staff Officer to bring the Infante to the Palace as his guest ; moreover, he was received there with the full ceremonial proper to the son of the King of Spain.

The King at once dictated a wireless message thanking Sir Alexander and asking him to send the Infante in the first available British ship to France, adding that his address was the Hotel Meurice, Paris, and signing the telegram “ Alfonso.” It hurt the King when he was told that it was preferable that the message should be signed by the Duke de Miranda : in deferring to this wish Don Alfonso felt that he was failing in courtesy to Sir Alexander, whose chivalry had been perfect.

¹ General Sir Alexander Godley, G.C.B., Governor of Gibraltar since 1928.

But worse was to come.

When the Monarch is on board a Spanish battleship of course always flies the Royal Standard known as the *Pendón de Castilla*. It was not flown throughout the voyage. It is a purple flag bearing in the centre the Royal Arms in correct heraldic colours. On board a battleship nothing can be hid, and the King soon got to know that his own standard was being cut up by the ship's tailor in order to make the new republican flag, which, however, owing to the courteous orders of the Provisional Government, was not to be hoisted until one hour after Don Alfonso had left the ship.

A few hours before he did so the King begged from the Captain three of the small Spanish pennants flown at the masthead on entering harbour : one he gave to his cousin Don Alfonso de Orleans y Bourbon and one to the Duke de Miranda ; the third one he carries with him wherever he goes . . . finding in it at once a comfort, an inspiration, and a promise . . .

Next morning before dawn the *Príncipe Alfonso* reached a small harbour in the port of Marseilles. Having disembarked almost unnoticed, the King, standing to attention, bareheaded, watched the *Príncipe Alfonso* move slowly outward into the mist : she took with her his heart, and as she disappeared it was as if he prayed when he murmured :

“ *Viva España.* ”

XX

THE King had entrusted to the Prime Minister Admiral Aznar his last Manifesto to the Spanish people. Afraid, the Provisional Government suppressed it for two days, and then it only reached Spain through the foreign Press. These burning, spontaneous words are not those of a man who has come to the end, but rather of one who makes a new beginning :

The elections held on Sunday have revealed to me that I no longer hold the love of my people, but my conscience tells me that this attitude will not be permanent, because I have always striven to serve Spain with utmost devotion to the public interest, even in the most critical moments. A King may make mistakes, and without doubt I have sometimes done so, but I know that our country has always shown herself generous towards the faults of others committed without malice.

I am King of all the Spaniards and I am a Spaniard. I could find ample means to maintain my Royal Prerogatives in effective resistance to those who assail them : but I prefer to stand resolutely aside rather than provoke a conflict which might array my fellow-countrymen against one another in civil and patricidal strife.

I renounce no single one of my rights which, rather than being mine, are an accumulated legacy of history for the guardianship of which I shall one day have to render strict account.

I shall await the true and full expression of the collective conscience and, until the nation speaks, I deliberately suspend my exercise of the Royal power and am leaving Spain, thus acknowledging that she is the sole mistress of her destinies. In doing so I believe that I am fulfilling the duty which the love of my country dictates. I pray God that all other Spaniards may feel and fulfil this duty as sincerely as I do mine.

The story of the remainder of the reign of Don Alfonso XIII belongs to the future.

APPENDIX I

STYLE AND TITLES OF HIS MAJESTY THE KING OF SPAIN

ALFONSO XIII. Leon Fernando Maria Isidro Pascual Antonio of Bourbon and of Hapsburg, Catholic King of Spain of Castile of Aragon of Leon of the Two Sicilies of Jerusalem of Navarre of Granada of Toledo of Valencia of Cerdena of Galicia of Mallorca of Menorca of Seville of Cordoba of Corcega of Murcia of Jaen of the Algarbes of Algeciras of Gibraltar of the Canary Islands of the Oriental and Occidental Indes and the Oceanic Continent Archduke of Austria Duke of Borgona of Brabant and of Milan Count of Hapsburg of Flanders of Tirol of the Barcelona Lord of Vizcaya of the Molina, etc. etc. etc. *usado con la fórmula non praejudicando para los Estados de familia de que ua no es Soberano* : Grand Master of the four Military Orders of the Knights of Santiago of Calatrava of Alcantara and Montesa Knight Grand Cross of the Sovereign Order of St. John of Jerusalem Sovereign and Chief of the Order of the Golden Fleece Chief and Grand Master of the Royal and Distinguished Order of Carlos III Chief of the Royal American Order of Isabel the Catholic Supreme Chief of the Order of Civil Merit Grand Cross of the Order of Military Merit (Red) Grand Cross of the Order of St. Hermenegildo Grand Cross of Beneficence Honorary and Hereditary Canon of the Cathedral Church of Leon and of the Church of St. John Lateran of Rome Honorary Mayor of every Municipal District in Spain, *que Dios guarde.*

APPENDIX II

KING ALFONSO'S FOREIGN HONOURS

AUSTRIAN :

1905, Nov. 12. Colonel-in-Chief 38th Infantry Regiment.
1908. General of Cavalry.

BAVARIAN :

1904, January. Colonel-in-Chief 5th Artillery Regiment.

BELGIAN :

Grand Cross of the Order of Leopold.

BRITISH :

1897, July 28. Grand Cross of the Royal Victorian Order.
1902, May 16. Knight of the Most Noble Order of the
Garter.
1905, May 17. General.
1905, June 6. The Royal Victorian Chain.
1905, June 8. Colonel-in-Chief 16th Lancers.
1926, July 5. Honorary LL.D. Oxford.
1928, June 6. Field-Marshal.

FRENCH :

1918, December. Grand Cordon of the Legion of Honour.
French Gratitude War Medal.
1924, July. Associate Member of the Academy of
Beaux Arts.

GERMAN :

1899. Grand Cross of the Order of the Black
Eagle.
1902, May. Colonel 3rd Infantry Regiment of Magde-
burg, No. 66.
1905. Honorary Admiral Imperial German Navy.

HUNGARIAN :

1905. Colonel 38th Infantry Regiment.

ITALIAN :

Grand Cross of St. Stephen.
Collar of the Order of the Annunciata.

PORTUGUESE :

1906.

Honorary Colonel of the 16th Infantry
Regiment.

RUMANIAN :

Collar of the Order of Carlos I.

RUSSIAN :

1908, Jan. 23.

Colonel of the 7th Olviopol Lancers.
Grand Cross of the Order of St. Andrew.

SAXON :

Colonel of the 18th Uhlan Regiment.

SWEDISH :

Collar of the Order of St. Seraphim.

APPENDIX III

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